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■ T. S. Eliot:
Letters to Ezra Pou

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The Real Thing

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Totalitarianism Revisited

William Phillips
Glasnost for America

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl
Anna Freud's Analysis

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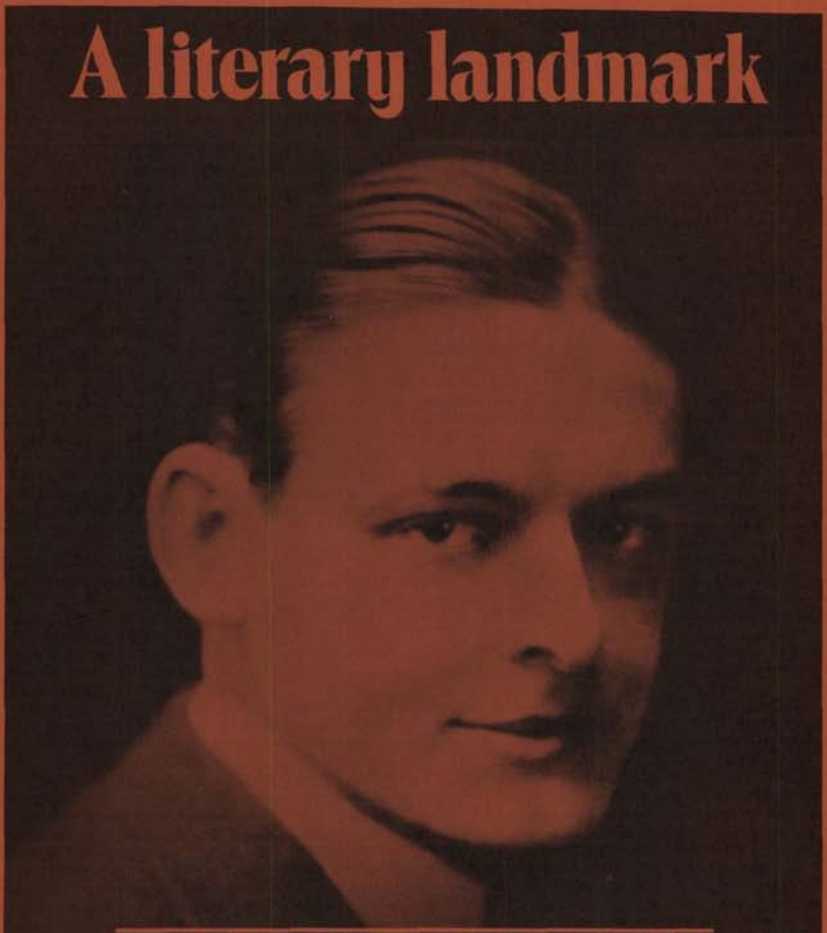

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COMMENT

TEN PROPOSITIONS ABOUT GLASNOST AND AMERICA

It is time we recognized that we are in a new political situation—one that has far-reaching consequences for American opinion, particularly for the liberals and the left. For Gorbachev has not only brought a glimpse of democracy into the Soviet regime, but has necessitated a change in our own thinking. We do not know how far *glasnost* can go in Russia; perhaps it is doomed as long as the Communist Party refuses to relinquish its power and maintains a one-party system. Perhaps its economy is too far gone to be saved. But in the meantime its political consequences should be clear.

1. Russia no longer presents itself in the image of the enemy. This might be a myth. But it is bound to affect public opinion here. It might even diminish the influence of conservatives and the Republican Party. For foreign policy has constituted their main appeal, with its emphasis on defense and security.

2. Given the myth—or at least the temporary reality—of a Russia preoccupied with internal problems, the conservatives might find that their strongest point, the clarity and resolve of their anti-communism, will be undermined.

3. The rehabilitation of the old Bolsheviks, particularly of the arch-demon Trotsky, and the partial lifting of censorship and restoration of free speech, should lead to a reconsideration of the accepted theories of totalitarianism. The possibility of its reversal has to be examined, along with the belief that only authoritarian regimes can be reversed. Hannah Arendt's analysis of totalitarianism, which was so impressive and original, has to be looked at again. And Jeane Kirkpatrick's seemingly convincing distinction between totalitarianism and authoritarianism is now open to question. So is the idea that independent thought can be extinguished permanently. Now, with a lessening of terror, it appears that the free mind was suppressed but not dead.

4. It should be evident that we can neither deny the Russian effort to reform its economy and permit greater intellectual freedom nor try to further it by economic and political support of the Soviet Union. Since we cannot foresee the future of *glasnost* nor have any effect on its outcome, all America can do is pursue its own national interest—which is to welcome democratization but be wary of the ef-

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fect on us either of a reversal to some form of Stalinism or of the added strength of a possibly revitalized Russia.

5. More important is the meaning of events in Russia for liberal and left thinking. If the Soviet Union has not killed the dream of socialism by a rule of terror, the present appeal of Gorbachev for a freer market and the restoration of the profit motive, even if much of it is rhetoric and proceeds cautiously, must further put into question the viability of socialism—an ideal the satellite countries in fact left far behind a long time ago.

6. The new praise of democracy in Russia, however limited, should lead liberals to be less hostile to Western democracy and more critical of autocratic regimes in Asia and Africa.

7. Now that Gorbachev is pushing for intellectual freedom, again some of it rhetorically, how can so many liberals and so much of the left fail to be more critical of the denial of human rights in Cuba and Nicaragua? How long can they continue to support these oppressive regimes, without at least calling for their democratization? Of course, there is the unreconstructed left, a leading member of which is Alexander Cockburn, who declared recently in *The Nation* that Gorbachev has gone too far.

8. How long can we overlook the contradiction between the Soviet Union's continuing to bolster repression in the satellite countries and in Cuba and Nicaragua, while urging more democracy at home?

9. Now that Marxism, along with God, is being questioned in Russia, the academic Marxism being revived on American campuses has become meaningless and anachronistic.

10. It is time for American intellectuals to re-examine their own ideological commitments in relation to the realities of the moment and to stop repeating the cliches of the past. The Soviet turn should dispel illusions about Cuba and Nicaragua, and querulous criticism of Israel should be seen as not furthering either Israel's or America's interests. However, the basic question is our view of the Soviet Union—which is trying to reform its economy and loosen intellectual restriction, but has not subordinated its own interests to those of America. The truth is that *glasnost* is Russia's problem, not ours. Now is the time for intellectuals to stop running after strange gods.

W. P.

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T. S. Eliot

LETTERS TO EZRA POUND

MS Yale

2 February [1915] Merton College, Oxford

My dear Pound,

I am very glad to hear from you[1], and it is certainly very kind of you to make these efforts[2] on my behalf. I enclose a copy of the Lady,[3] which seems cruder and awkwarder and more juvenile every time I copy it. The only ~~enrichment~~ enhancement which time has brought is the fact that by this time there are two or three other ladies who, if it is ever printed, may vie for the honour of having sat for it. It will please you, I hope, to hear that I had a Christmas card from the lady,[4] bearing the "ringing greetings of friend to friend at this season of high festival". It seems like old times. . . .

I have been reading some of your work lately. I enjoyed the article on the Vortex[5] (please tell me who Kandinsky[6] is). I distrust and detest Aesthetics, when it cuts loose from the Object, and vapours in the void, but you have not done that. The closer one keeps to the Artist's discussion of his technique the better, I think, and the only kind of art worth talking about is the art one happens to like. There can be no contemplative or easychair aesthetics, I think; only

---

1. Ezra Weston Loomis Pound (1885–1972), American poet and critic. TSE had called on him at 5 Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, on 22 September 1914, with an introduction from Conrad Aiken.
2. Above these smudged words TSE added 'excuse tea' which he had spilt on them.
3. 'Portrait of a Lady'.
4. Miss Adeleine Moffatt, the subject of the poem, lived behind the State House in Boston and invited selected Harvard undergraduates to tea. During a visit to London in 1927 she asked the Eliots to dine, offering 'a modest choice of dates to sacrifice yourselves on the altar of New England', but they were away.
5. 'Affirmations . . . II. Vorticism', *New Age*, XVI, ii (14 January 1915), 277–8.
6. Wassily Kandinsky (1886–1944), Russian painter and writer on art; a founder of the abstract movement.

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the aesthetics of the person who is about to do something. I was fearful lest you should hitch it up to Bergson or James or some philosopher, and was relieved to find that Vorticism was not a philosophy.

I hope that your work is progressing satisfactorily. I probably shall not be in town again until March. I hope that Yeats will still be there. Please remember me to Mrs. Pound.

Sincerely yours Thomas S. Eliot

I enclose one small verse. I know it is not good, but everything else I have done is worse. Besides, I am constipated and have a cold on the chest. Burn it.

SUPPRESSED COMPLEX[7]

She lay very still in bed with stubborn eyes
Holding her breath lest she begin to think.
I was a shadow upright in the corner
Dancing joyously in the firelight.

She stirred in her sleep and clutched the blanket with
her fingers.
She was very pale and breathed hard.
When morning shook the long nasturtium creeper in the
tawny bowl
I passed joyously out through the window.

TS Yale

15 April [1915] Merton College, Oxford

Dear Pound:

I hope that my delay in returning the manifesto[8] has not inconvenienced you. A number of criticisms have formed themselves in my head and disintegrated again during the course of the week. I think that a thing of the sort has to be written by one man, and cannot be made up like an Appropriation Bill to please the congressman from Louisiana and Dakotah. Doubtless the enlightened public will see the work of your hands, and I trust that you will keep the same order—i.e. an alphabetical taxis for all the names except your own.

7. [Leaf] 50, in black ink, Berg Notebook.

8. It was probably connected with Pound's 'Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts,' *Egoist*, 1, 21 (2 November 1914), 413–14, which was reprinted as a separate leaflet in the same month.

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How much is implied by the word Alliance? Is the alliance anything more than for the purposes of the manifesto? Of course I don't know the work of any of these men myself, but that doesn't matter. But I should like to know in what way this is to be promulgated and how followed up.

I have made only ~~one~~ two comment <s> in the text, and it they can be easily erased. As to the rest, I should have liked a more crystallised statement of the function of the university and the need for an intellectual capital. The reference to the war does strike me as platitudinous, and I wonder if one could not get the thing said more concretely and immediately, without the use of such generalisations. It would be more irritating, too. I mean, I like the mention of Stendhal, James, etc., and again in your article "The Renaissance"[9] you succeed. If you pointed out the need to have our universities situated in and their life merged in the life of a metropolis; the pernicious influence of athletics, social helpfulness and sermons; if it could be mentioned that a university is not the same thing as a school of agriculture, but that America has schools of agriculture which are better and honester places than its universities; because they have a work to do which they can take seriously; and that the function of the university is not to turn out Culcher and Civic Pageants. At present, you see, I am more alarmed at the Americanisation than at the Prussianisation of our universities. The Germans have at least a few facts, and we have only words; they have Archaeologie and we have How to Appreciate the Hundred Best Paintings, the Maiden Aunt and the Social Worker. Something might be said (at another time) about the Evil Influence of Virginity on American Civilisation.

It might be pointed out again and again that literature has rights of its own which extend beyond Uplift and Recreation. Of course it is imprudent to sneer at the monopolisation of literature by women.

The Degradation of Women in American Society.

. . . . . .

Yours ever
Th. Eliot

9. The second of three articles under this title published in *Poetry* in February, March and May respectively. TSE included them in his choice of the *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound* (1954).

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TS Yale

31 October 1917 [London]

My dear Ezra,

I return the enclosed card or memo. Would you oblige with further particulars? WHO is Lynch? Irish? WHAT female talent, besides Weaver?

MR Pallister's communication shall be used. I had overlooked the Anglo-French Society, Ltd., you read the papers more thoroughly than I do. Burnham is a Jew merchant, named Lawson (sc. Levi-sohn?)

Upward[10] answers on Club paper and asks me for the one day when I said I could not come. Businesslike?

I have been invited by female VANDERVELDE to contribute to a reading of pOETS: big wigs, OSWALD[11] and EDITH[12] Shitwell, Graves[13] (query, George?) Nichols, and OTHERS. Shall I oblige them with our old friend COLUMBO? or Bolo, since famous?

One day Columbo went below
To see the ship's physician:
"It's this way, doc" he said said he
I just can't stop a-pissin" . . .

or

King Bolo's big black kukquheen
Was fresh as ocean breezes.
She burst aboard Columbo's ship
With a cry of gentle Jesus.

After all, you say nothing about the Dear old Men[14], so I suppose you want to get Out of it.

Yrs ever
TSE

10. Allen Upward (1863–1926), barrister-at-law, author of *The Divine Mystery* (1913).

11. Osbert Sitwell (1892–1969), English man of letters.

12. Edith Louisa Sitwell (1887–1964), English poet and critic.

13. Robert Ranke Graves (1895–1985), poet, critic, and novelist.

14. A reference to Henry James in 'The old men with beautiful manners' from Pound's 'Moeurs Contemporaines' (1918). Pound wrote his review of *The Middle Years* for the January *Egoist*.

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TS Yale

3 July 1920 at 31 West Street, Marlow, Bucks

Dear EP

I have not yet received the Benda of which you speak. I recall his name as a colleague of Péguy. Is that the same man? I will try to do it as soon as possible but shall be rushed for the next three or four weeks trying to finish polishing the essays for my book. You appear to have made a pretty clean sweep of Paris, on which I congratulate you. With all this stuff and the best English it ought to be possible to extend the circulation of the *Dial* even into England. I certainly cannot think of any other French writer worth having. I am afraid there won't be so much in this country. I am sending Scofield two articles I have just done on criticism, which I hope he will use soon if at all as I must use them for the book. . . .

Bodenheim now says he is returning to New York at the earliest possible opportunity. He has discovered that it is very difficult to make a living in London, Murry after preliminary effusiveness has dropped him altogether, and he has put the backs up against him of most of the native English whom he has met. I don't know that there is anything to be done for him (I fear a contribution toward his travelling expenses will be necessary—Mr. B. Mrs. B. and Master Max junior). He is in some ways more intelligent than the native Britons and excites hostility in that and other ways. Do you take any interest in this case? Lewis finds him much more tolerable than Rodker. But I can't see any means by which Bodenheim might be made self-supporting here; can you?

. . . . . .

Yours
T

TS Lilly Library

12 March 1922 12, Wigmore Street, W.I.

Cher maitre;

. . . . . .

Now there is this in which your cooperation is necessary. I have now arranged with Lady Rothermere about the quarterly review, have decided on quite a good small format and paper, neat but no extravagance and not arty, to be published probably by Cobden-Sanderson, in such a way that I shall have only to select the con-

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tributions. She will finance it for three years anyhow, there is enough money to pay contributors at £10 per 5000 words and proprotionately (should be 80 pages) and I don't see why it shouldn't be tried and the right people as far as possible (i.e. as far as they can be enlisted) get the money regardless of consequences. Lady R. is a particular admirer of yours and especially anxious for your collaboration, as of course I also consider it an essential condition. Also, my credit with her would suffer seriously if you did not. Will you therefore consider

1. A Paris letter every quarter as per *Dial*, say 1500 words.
2. Of course cantos etc. except that I suppose you would get more by putting them in the *Dial*, but I shall hope to arrange much higher rates for verse.
3. Sending over contributions by the best people. I am particularly anxious to obtain Picabia,[15] for whom I have much respect. None of these people can get printed in England otherwise. When you translate, translator's fee also.

It is of course clear that the selection of contributions is entirely in my hands. If Lady R. goes in for illustrations later, which I discouraged for the present, I should with your permission suggest that you should for a fitting consideration be given a free hand to make up special numbers devoted to the work of one man each. Otherwise illustrations do more harm than good, and she warmly admires the Brancusi no. of *Little Review*.

Lewis has not got a portrait out of Lady R. and is in an extremely pessimistic mood, as you will find when you see him. Do not allow this to affect you. I want the paper to be good while it lasts, and if at any time I could not have my own way with it I should drop out and publish the fact. But I see no reason for anticipating this. Any suggestions from you as to people anywhere on the continent to be approached would be cordially welcome, but I should take anything from Picabia, Cocteau, etc. that you approved provided the space permitted.

I thought it would be a good idea to get Larbaud to send me his lecture on Joyce. I also see no reason why some things should not appear in this and in the *Little Review* concurrently. Please consider that this venture is impossible without your collaboration, and let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Best sympathies to D. and enquiries after Agamemnon.

T.S.E.

15. Francis Picabia (1879–1953), French avant-garde painter and writer.

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28 July 1922

9 Clarence Gate Gardens
Regents Park, London N.W.I.

Dear Ezra,

I have this evening your letter with the typed script of the prose of your unknown friend which I shall peruse carefully over the weekend, hoping that I shall see the point to which you refer. Your letter, as frequently, is extremely obscure; I do not understand the point of the pug dog nor the apparently more significant allusion of the storming of the bastille. Perhaps you will kindly explain this latter point to me as it might prove a useful piece of knowledge?

I will let you have a copy of the *Waste Land* for confidential use as soon as I can make one. Of the two available copies, one has gone to Quinn to present to Liveright on completion of the contract, and the other is the only one I possess. I infer from your remarks that Watson is at present in Paris. I have no objection to either his or Thayer's seeing the manuscript. . . .

Yrs. fraternally
T.

TS Lilly Library

30 August 1922

The Criterion, 9 Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.I.

Cher Ezra,

Yes, it is quite true that one does not want to write any prose, and I never feel quite justified in doing so myself, nevertheless one does. I can't myself see what good it does, and the effort of persuading oneself that it is worth while writing at all is only just about enough to cover one's verse and nothing over. 99% of the people who "appreciate" what one writes are undisguisable shits and that's that. Your notes, epistolary, telegraphic, etc. are cordially appreciated and after I have corrected the speling will in due time appear and in due time be paid for. With most grateful thanks yours always sincerely, faithfully. I received a letter from your friend Watson most amiable in tone

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For below a voice did answer, sweet in its youthful tone,
The sea-dog with difficulty descended, for he had a
manly bone.

(From "The Fall of Admiral Barry")[16]

offering $150 for the "Waste Land" (not "Waste Land", please, but "*The* Waste Land", and (in the strictest confidence) the award for virtue also. Unfortunately, it seemed considerably too late, as I had the preceding day got the contract, signed by Liveright and Quinn, book to be out by Nov. 1st, etc.) I can't bother Quinn any more about it, I don't see why Liveright should find it to his advantage to postpone publication in order to let the *Dial* kill the sale by printing it first, and there has been so much fluster and business about this contract that I don't want to start the whole thing up again, so I see nothing but to hope that the *Dial* will be more businesslike with other people. Watson's manner was charming, if Thayer had behaved in the same way the *Dial* might have published it long ago, instead of pretending that I had given him the lie as if he was *ehrenfähig*[17] anyhow. Anyway, it's my loss I suppose; if Watson wants to try to fix it up with Liveright I suppose he can, that's his affair. I suppose the move was entirely due to your beneficent and pacific efforts, which are appreciated. Dam but why don't they give the prize to you?

More presently.

. . . . . .

TS Lilly Library

22 October 1922

9 Clarence Gate Gardens,
London, N.W.I.

My dear Ezra,

I am glad to receive your expression of approbation of the first number. Of course I should be delighted to have a few poems of Yeats, but so far I have had to go on the principle of asking people whom for one reason or another I felt pretty sure of getting, and as Yeats does not particularly like me, I believe, there appeared no

16. These unidentified lines probably refer to Rear-Admiral Edward B. Barry, who was commander of the US Pacific Fleet, 2nd Division. His flagship, the *West Virginian*, docked in Manila Harbour in October and November, 1909.

17. 'capable of honour'.

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reason why he should consent if I wrote to him direct. Could you do anything in the matter? About Heuffer I have already explained to you my difficulties. I certainly do not want him for several numbers yet because there are a great many other people beside myself who do not like him: the difficulty, if I asked him, would be to get some of his really best work but not simply his egotistical meanderings about his own services to English literature. If you happen to hear however of his having done anything praiseworthy you might let me know.

I think it is particularly important to reserve the *verse* contributions to the really first-rate people. For that reason I should very much like to get Yeats. There ought of course to be some other less formal periodical in existence which would serve as a kindergarten for meritorious youth but I do not think that the *Criterion* can afford to print verse, for the present at least, except by people who really know their jobs. Hence my desire to get hold of Yeats. I do not see why we should not arrange later on to print some of your cantos in the same month in which they appear in the *Dial*. That is to say, if the *Dial* would print on the 25th of the month before one of our quarterly numbers it would be all right. They wd have it *first*, and I don't suppose they insist on *exclusive*?

You will possibly observe in the list of contributors a few passengers who will have to walk the plank as soon as the ship gets out of sight of land.

Re the Dostoevski. Lady Rothermere has some early Swinburne manuscripts, one of which is quite good. I should like to print it in the next number.[18] Have you any suspicion as to whether it would be necessary to get the consent of Gosse. Gosse is certainly the last person in England to give me any assistance if he could avoid it. . . .

Has anything been heard of Proust? I see that the *Nouvelle Revue Française* announce what appears to be a fragment from a new volume, to appear in their monthly magazine. Is this to be available for the *Criterion*?

I am off tomorrow for ten days at the seaside. I feel much too tired for the journey to Paris and simply want to get away to some dull place and "have left no addresses".[19] Will write on my return.

Yours,
T.

18. It did not appear.
19. *The Waste Land,* 1, 181.

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MS Lilly Library

[3 November 1922] [London]

Cher Ezra

Vivien wrote to you yesterday about the position I am in. Lady Rothermere has been getting increasingly offensive ever since the *Criterion* came out, and especially since she entered her retreat for maniacs. I wish you could see her before she leaves Paris and tell her bluntly that the *Criterion* is a SUCCESS. I have had nothing but good notices. Nearly all the copies are sold (600 printed). But this woman will shipwreck it.

V's idea is to get the money somehow and buy the paper from her—before she has time or opportunity to make my position such that I must throw it up, on her hands. V. thinks she would take £500 for it *now*, especially if my name was kept out of it, and we could find some American who would allow us to use his name in the purchase.

Can you not come over to London for a weekend and see me, as you *know* I cannot come to you.

If you and I could get the *Criterion* into our own hands and could only find the money to run it for a couple of years, it would be the thing of our lives.

Try to get over here to see me, and meanwhile *don't let a soul suspect that* everything is not absolutely right between me and Rothermere.

T.

cc

7 November 1922 9 Clarence Gate Gardens

Cher Ezra,

In answer to your question: yes, of course I have a contract for three years, prepared for me by an able solicitor, as binding and clear as possible, and OF COURSE I know that a contract would be no damb use if she wanted to chuck the paper or give it to someone else. Even with the contract the TITLE, which we presented, belongs to her, and the title is the paper.

So far the point is not the number of lunatics whom she wants included. She objects (I) to the whole getup and printing of the paper without specifying anything good about it, and I have with difficulty

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persuaded the publisher not to throw it all up at once; which would mean the trouble for me of getting another publisher if possible, lot of trouble, and she would probably insult him too (this in STRICT confidence); also her only comment on the contents is that it is Dull and that Saintsbury is bad.

I am not running the paper for Binyon any more than for K. Mansfield. Of course I don't mind printing a story by K. Mansfield, though I prefer Binyon and have no use for either. I will however suggest to Lady R. that she should secure a story from K. Mansfield. I myself should much prefer to have something from Murry; he is at least in every way preferable to his wife. The latter is not by any means the most intelligent woman Lady R. has ever met. She is simply one of the most persistent and thickskinned toadies and one of the vulgarest women Lady R. has ever met and is also a sentimental crank.

I notice that the *Criterion* is generally reckoned as a source of income when Bel Esprit income is calculated, but is useless and hopeless on other occasions. I am not entitled to want more than £300 stipend, but am expected to edit a review for which there is no need or use and to write articles for the *Times* which are also of no use and furthermore are said to damage my brain. My dear Ezra, I don't want to write articles for the *Times* or for anything else, I don't want to write articles at all, I don't want to write, no sensible man does who wants to write verse. But I don't see how I am supposed to be selfsupporting in five years except by an enormous output of useless articles, literary rubbish etc. instead of the small number of which I have hitherto supplemented my income. It is preferable to run a review and be paid for letting other people write than to write oneself, but if the situation for a review is as hopeless as you make out I don't see any reason for bothering about that either. (I thought you said it "might become a property").

Of course I do not see England exactly as you do, it comes largely from having spent so much of my time among commercial people and not mixing with literary people as much as you have done; it also comes from a belief that nothing matters about a country except being let alone, climate, chemists, and the character of the lower classes; of course England is deficient in some of these qualities.

My own idea is that the way to make a review is to make it as unliterary as possible: there are only half a dozen men of letters (and no women) worth printing, better get good people from other occupations who at least write about something they know something

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about. (This is NOT for publication to Lady R. or anyone else.) I want Sir J. Frazer, Trotter, Eddingron, Sherrington or people like that. Also historians if they can write. (Hence Whibley[20] on Bolingbroke).

Unless I can edit a paper that pays, or else that is so "important" in some way or other that rich ignoramuses will feel that they MUST subsidise it, I don't see how I can ever earn more than £150 per year maximum.

Lady R. is (so far as I can make out her address) at La Prieuré, Avon, Fontainebleau. Only thing is to congratulate her on the review as if ignorant of what I have told you, to counteract influence of K. M. who has presumably told [her] that it is bad.

[T.]

TS Lilly Library

12 December 1922 9 Clarence Gate Gardens, London

My dear Ezra,

Enclosed is a copy of your proof. I have already, in order to save time, corrected (so far as necessary) one copy and returned it to the printer, so I hope and trust that you will not require any alteration beyond such printers' errors as I have not spotted. I have seen Yeats and passed a very agreeable afternoon with him and he has promised a contribution in prose for the following.

Now as to the Obsequies.[21] I couldn't have got it in to this number because I had already accepted for that purpose some time ago a short sketch which you will see, and which I think is good of its kind. For the next number I have got Virginia Woolf, also arranged some time ago. There will be no number therefore before July, so please let me know when you wish to produce the lady's book. It seems to me very good, although not emphatically a work of genius. I have been offered a story by Pirandello,[22] do you know anything about him? . . .

Yours ever,
T.

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20. Charles Whibley (1859–1930), scholar, critic, and journalist, whose friendship was important to TSE.

21. 'The Obsequies' by B. M. Goold-Adams, *Criterion*, I. 3 April 1923, 293–302.

22. Luigi Pirandello (1867–1936), Italian dramatist and novelist. 'The Shrine' appeared in the second number.

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Ralf Dahrendorf

TOTALITARIANISM REVISITED

Other centuries were probably no better than this murderous, horrific one which is slowly drawing to its close. There was the "calamitous fourteenth century" whose "distant mirror" Barbara Tuchman held up for us moderns. There was the first Thirty Years War of the seventeenth century which the contemporary German author, Grimmelshausen, tried to make bearable by the black humor of his novel, *Adventuresome Simplicius Simplicissimus.* The age of revolutions may look glorious in retrospect, but it was an age of fear and worry and random death to those who lived through it. A long series of wars followed, the Crimean War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War among them. And yet there was no other time which fell so far short of what it might have been than our own. Never before were there greater opportunities for prosperity and civilization than in the twentieth century, and thus never before such a dramatic relapse into barbarism and misery.

The heart of the story is what Fritz Stern calls the Second Thirty Years War. It began in that innocent summer of 1914 when in a matter of weeks a little local Austrian difficulty turned into the apparent inevitability of a world war. Before the war ended, Lenin had undertaken his fateful journey to the Finland Station in Petersburg and set up the regime of the Bolsheviki. Five years later, in the middle of economic turmoil everywhere, Mussolini marched on Rome and made the notorious "fascicles" the symbol of a sinister new movement. Another seven years later, the Great Crash impoverished Americans and spread mass unemployment in Europe. In 1933, Hitler came to power in Germany. In 1936, the Spanish Civil War began. From then on, every year marks another fateful step towards the Holocaust of Europe's Jews and, in the end, of large parts of Europe.

To me, the most frightening aspect of this history is (to quote Fritz Stern once again) the extent to which the march of evil held out temptations to many. It was not just the Austrians who were

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jubilant when, fifty years ago, Hitler led German troops to Linz and then to Vienna. Tens of thousands shouted "hurrah!" when the troop trains left cities in August 1914. The Russian Revolution spread a sense of triumph among progressives all over Europe. Mussolini's march on Rome was certainly popular. Hitler's movement may not have had an electoral majority in 1933, but it was close to it and certainly engendered much enthusiasm soon after. The same still was true when Czechoslovakia was annexed and Austria domesticated in 1938, though both the *Kristallnacht* and, a year later, the beginnings of the war were occasions of mixed feelings among many Germans. These were precariously lifted during the apparent early successes of the war, but after June 1941, one of the least comprehensible processes of modern history began: the systematic murder of an entire people, followed by the collective suicide of the murderers.

The temptations of evil were least excusable where they were strongest, among the men of the mind. Stern wrote "National Socialism as Temptation" to describe what happened in Germany in 1933, when not only Heidegger and Juenger and Freyer fell for the new heroism of total mobilization, but even seemingly liberal authors, some of them Jewish, toyed for a few weeks with the new regime. In any case, they thought that it was a good thing that clear "leadership" had taken the place of the "chaos" of democracy. Others had pointed the way much earlier. Robert Michels stood for many disappointed socialists who could not bear the grind of normal politics, who had lost the belief in revolution and therefore turned to charismatic leaders—in his case, Mussolini—as their salvation. Many of course continued to believe in the revolution, or rather in the Third Rome, Moscow. I shall never cease to be amazed by how long it took for that pseudo-god to fail. It is true that some were disillusioned by the early news from the Soviet Union, others by Trotsky's expulsion. The Ukrainian "harvest of sorrow" awakened some, the trials of revolutionary heroes others. During the Spanish Civil War the other civil war between Stalinists and social democrats became a tragic scandal. But the book *The God That Failed* was published as late as 1950, and even after that, it took the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 and the Prague Spring of 1968 to persuade the remaining faithful of the evil of really existing socialism, Soviet-style.

Manès Sperber was not one of these latecomers to liberty. His own story—the story of his life and the story he told, from *Analysis of Tyranny* to the great cycle of novels, *Like a Tear in the Ocean*—is a passionate plea for humanity in the face of the inhumanity of the Second

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Thirty Years War. Sperber never fell for one moment to the temptations of fascism. But despite the strong influence of the proud psychology of personality which one associates with his teacher, Alfred Adler, Sperber shared the view for a while that organized communism might lead to the realization of our hopes for a better world. Indeed, the conditional "might" is a euphemism; Manès Sperber was in fact a communist.

Recently, I have reread Sperber's books and several writings about him. (I should add that I read them in German, in some though not all cases the original language in which they were written.) I met the great man at least once and remember his slight figure, exuding irony and subtle humor but deeply involved by compassion, deeply humane. *God's Water Carriers,* the wonderful, almost miraculous first volume of his autobiography, *All Our Yesterdays,* tells the story; it is the most moving description of the *shtetl* which I have read. He is, in a sense, the Tocqueville of the *shtetl,* never free of the nostalgia for a world that no longer is, and yet filled by courage to live in a different, more "modern" world. "All our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death" is the gloomy Shakespearean motto of the book. Anyway, a man who could write about his origins in this way at any time in his life cannot ever have been the sort of person whom he described in his cycle of novels as a party-liner, not even a "Sonnecke," though this working-class communist—Thälmann?—seems to engage some of his sympathies.

The tragedy of *Like a Tear in the Ocean* is of course that of our century. It is—dare I even mention it?—that of humans walking, or being pushed, into gas chambers, individual human beings whose names merge with a dark river of bloody history, "shapeless," as Sperber emphasizes when he tries to explain the title of his trilogy. "Shapeless" for him is a special word; its German version is *gestaltlos,* and *gestalt* is more than shape; it is a combination of structure and individual, perhaps after all "personality" in Adler's sense, which is Sperber's answer to the inhuman forces of the century. *Like a Tear in the Ocean* tells the story of the temptation of total answers, which while not always intellectually convincing are sustained by a network of organization, and of the conflict of this abstract abode with the real homes of real people. One of his heroes after the other discovers that what matters really is a woman, a child, a village, a memory, and that man cannot live by the party alone. The reinterpretation of events by distant authorities, half-Kafka and half-Orwell, emphasizes the border between the real and the unreal. And

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yet there is something enticing about total answers that relieves one of the need to live with complexity.

Few of the great minds of the century have remained entirely immune to the temptation. The *trahison des clercs* was almost complete. One of those who resisted was Raymond Aron. Aron and Sperber were friends. They met in the mid-1930s through André Malraux. Aron ascribed what he called Sperber's yielding to temptation to his having experienced "the total collapse of a world" and added, in his tribute of 1976, the slightly puzzling comment that Sperber's "perspective on the Marxist tragedy met with both my instinctive liberalism and the beliefs of Soviet dissidents."

I admire Aron for his resistance of the temptations of the age and for his writings. But it is hard to deny that the quality for which he is often praised also raises a question: Aron was a "dispassionate" author. The "committed observer" was committed to nothing as much as to observation. He rarely took sides, though some would argue that when he did, as in his books on Algeria, he was at his best. The totalitarian temptation never touched him. But I am not sure that he was its best analyst. He was horrified as he stood *Unter den Linden* with Golo Mann and watched the burning of unwanted books by the Nazis. Hitler made him discover his own Jewishness. He despised Stalin and Stalinism. Yet somehow he failed to identify the deeper sources of totalitarianism. Indeed, in his *Eighteen Lectures on Industrial Society* he speaks about the United States and the Soviet Union as if they were subject to the same forces of industrialism. Colin Clark and Jean Fourastié, the great generalizers of modern socioeconomic development, occupy prime place in Aron's analysis, and political differences between countries are introduced almost as an afterthought. As a result, Aron fails to explain the vicious force of totalitarianism.

In one sense, this failure is not just the weakness of an individual but also the result of a melancholy weakness of social science. This autumn the German Sociological Association will meet in Zurich to discuss the question of why the recent debate about Auschwitz, Stalin, and the uniqueness of Nazi crimes is an "historian's debate" rather than one of social scientists. The answer is, I believe, simple but serious. Social scientists look for general trends, and somehow totalitarianism, and more particularly National Socialism, do not fit such generalizations. This is notably the case if one subscribes, explicitly or by implication, to the notion that modernization, including the spirit of the Enlightenment as well as the reality

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of industrialism, is an inexorable force which determines the progress of all societies which have been touched, however indirectly, by the eighteenth-century revolutions. Totalitarianism has no place in this scheme. For a while, to be sure, a *Marxisant* variant of the general theory of modernity held sway in some quarters, according to which fascism is but the latest and probably last stage of capitalism, but neither the structure of its support nor the nature of its policies gave credence to this theory, to say nothing of the fact that fascism removed the prospects of revolution further than ever. Explaining totalitarianism requires the assumption of a *Sonderweg* which in itself conflicts with the methodology of social science.

I was asked to contribute to the discussion in Zurich because some regard my book, *Society and Democracy in Germany*, as an exception to the rule. In this book, I argued that there was in fact a social *Sonderweg* for Germany which I described with a geological metaphor, as the faulting of old and new, the *Herr im Haus* as industrial leader, the explosive mixture of feudal remnants and modern strains. I shall return to this attempt at analysis, but first let us look at the classical theories of totalitarianism. Even defining the phenomenon is not easy. Carl Friedrich's definition is often quoted: "an ideology, a single party typically led by one man, a terroristic police, a communications monopoly, and a centrally directed economy." But is totalitarianism really just another "form of government" or even "mode of legitimation"? One thinks of Hitler's German National Socialism and Stalin's Soviet Communism. Both were full of contradictions, "blood and soil" but also "total mobilization," emphasis on solidarity but also brutal power, romantic antimodernism but also an architecture of frightening "modernity," sentimental songs of yesterday and tomorrow in cold military formations. There were unmistakable differences too. One attracted the traditional right, the other the traditional left. But underlying all contradictions and differences the objective of total control by mobilization stands out. Authoritarian regimes control but also allow large areas of privacy and apathy; democracy mobilizes but does so in order to diffuse control. In totalitarian regimes mobilization is the instrument of centralized control.

For an important group of authors, this observation was the starting point of a widely accepted, yet curiously implausible explanation of the phenomenon. The core thesis of these authors is that totalitarianism is the result of the replacement of older social structures by structureless "mass" societies. "Totalitarianism," wrote Leon-

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ard Schapiro, "is a new form of dictatorship which grew up in the conditions of mass democracy after the First World War." Hannah Arendt took up a theme of Franz Neumann's when she traced totalitarianism not only to the "structurelessness of a mass society" but to the "specific conditions of an atomized and individualized mass." In his very last (unfinished) article, Neumann returned to the idea and described totalitarian techniques *inter alia* by "the atomization and individualization of the individual, which involves negatively the destruction or at least weakening of social units based on biology (family), tradition, religion, or cooperation in work or leisure; and positively the imposition of huge and undifferentiated mass organizations which leave the individual isolated and more easily manipulable." Characteristically, several authors on the subject quote with approval Tocqueville's fears of the tyranny of the majority and the risks of a new "democratic despotism."

The analysis corresponds to the experience of those involved. "I became converted because I was ripe for it and lived in a disintegrating society thirsting for faith," Arthur Koestler wrote in describing his conversion to communism. The theme is familiar. It has to do with modernity and the loss of community, of linkages, of those time-honored deep bonds which I have called ligatures. An antimodern streak, a revolt against modernity is indeed unmistakable in the temptation of totalitarianism. But we must not be misled by easy language. Structureless mass societies? What were these authors talking about? Europe in the 1920s? Surely there is something wrong here.

Tocqueville wrote, of course, about the United States, where feudal structures had never existed and individualist values had been enshrined in the Constitution. If there was one mass society in the 1920s, it was American society. However, America adopted Model T Fords and early Hollywood films and perhaps the attitude of "keeping up with the Joneses" which David Riesman was to describe much later as "other-directedness," but it did not become either fascist or communist, nor was it ever at risk. Germany and Russia in the 1920s, on the other hand, were hardly prototypical modern mass societies. Weimar Germany was shot through with active remnants of an earlier age, East Elbian landlords and industrial cartels, estate-conscious civil servants, and stable church allegiances. In the Soviet Union, the 1920s and 1930s were a time of the deliberate destruction of surviving premodern structures, but no one would describe Russia in 1917 or the Soviet Union in 1927 as a

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modern mass society of atomized individuals. Totalitarianism was tempting not to atomized modern masses (if such existed or exist anywhere) but to those who got stuck halfway between old and new, who had lost one without having found the other and then fell for the false promise of the best of both. Its ingredients are incomplete modernity, the treason of intellectuals, and the lure of leadership.

The temptation lay in particular in setting an end to the discomforts of civil society at a time of uncertain economic growth. Those tempted were in many cases people—voters—who had lost their place in an old scheme of things without having found one in a new order, in that sense "dislocated strata." Many Nazi leaders were recruited from socially rootless families. Their supporters came from certain lower-class groups which were "never integrated in the total society" as well as small businessmen and other self-employed people who were equally upset about organized capital and organized labor, white-collar people torn between their aspirations and their position, and those "conservative and traditionalist elements" who wanted to preserve a world without modern politics. National Socialism expressed the interests of the disoriented products of a faulted structure of old and new. Their problem was that they were groups without a home rather than atomized masses of individuals.

Other factors entered the story of European totalitarianism apart from the dislocations of incomplete modernity, the lure of leadership, and the treason of intellectuals. There are important differences between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. But in important respects the two were also similar. When Franz Neumann speaks of "the atomization and isolation of the individual" in connection with totalitarianism, he actually uses the words transitively. In other words, this is what totalitarianism does, not why it has come about. Totalitarianism as a process—Hannah Arendt would say, "totalitarianism in power"—atomizes and isolates people, and has to do so in order to maintain its grip. Totalitarianism is not the result of an atomized society, but is creating it; it is therefore, in Trotsky's words, a "permanent revolution." Hannah Arendt makes a point of great importance in this context when she says that "the totalitarian ruler is confronted with a dual task which at first appears contradictory to the point of absurdity: he must establish the fictitious world of the movement as a tangible working reality of everyday life, and he must, on the other hand, prevent this new world from developing a new stability; for a stabilization of its laws and institutions would surely liquidate the movement itself and with it the hope for eventual

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world conquest." It is worth pondering this statement not only with respect to Hitler and Stalin, but also to post-totalitarian Soviet Russia and China's "cultural revolution." If the observation is correct, it also means that totalitarianism is in fact not a viable form of government; it is not built to last. Instead it deserves Franz Neumann's description of the National Socialist *Behemoth* which is at first sight so unlikely: "an unstate, a chaos, a condition of lawlessness, of rebellion and of anarchy."

The totalitarian condition is that of a society which seems unable to go either forward to civil society or back to more traditional patterns. The totalitarian process resolves the dilemma by destroying all surviving traditional or authoritarian structures. But it does not put anything durable in their place. It accomplishes the negative part of modernization without creating its positive counterpart. Totalitarianism is pure destruction. This is why the temptation is great to look at it in terms of psychopathology. Manès Sperber has pointed out, in his careful and subtle analysis which was first published in 1938, that this must be the pathology of the leaders as well as of those who allow themselves to be misled. In a little-noticed, remarkable article entitled, "Mourir à Jonestown," published in 1979, the French sociologist Jean Beechler hardly mentions Hitler but demonstrates by the example of the "Reverend" Jones and his flock how the horribly inflated ego of a leader can make him involve a whole people in his suicide, and the brittleness of the people can make them follow the leader to Guyana and into taking the fatal poison. Totalitarian leaders take their nations to collective suicide, having murdered others on the way. Less metaphorically put, the permanent revolution is also a permanent state of emergency; in fact, it is that more than a revolution. Such a state cannot be maintained forever. It either slides into some form of routinization, thus to that stability which "would surely liquidate the movement itself," or it leads to catastrophe which is most likely to mean war.

Totalitarianism is thus an extreme possibility of the organization of disorganization, a regime of anarchy. One may wonder whether it ever existed anywhere. Nazi Germany during the war probably got fairly close to being totalitarian, but the intrinsically totalitarian trends of wartime government had to be added to what the Nazis had done in six brief prewar years. Stalin too was helped by the war in cementing his rule of terror, which in some ways was even more perfect than that of the Nazis, because it was less predictable in Moscow who would be the next to hear the knock on the door

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than it was in Berlin. Mussolini's totalitarianism never got very far beyond the use of the word, and Franco's fascism increasingly turned into that hybrid, a modern autocracy, which has since become so frequent in Latin America and elsewhere. Mao Tse-tung had a huge country to deal with; yet he went a long way in the totalitarian direction. On a smaller, but no less cruel scale, Pol Pot, Idi Amin, and a number of postwar rulers come to mind.

Hitler is dead, and so is Stalin. The question is whether it can happen again. It is two questions really. One is whether totalitarianism can visit the same country twice. If the analysis suggested here is correct, it cannot. Once a totalitarian regime has run its destructive course, the conditions for its emergence are gone forever. Of course, the analysis may not be correct. It certainly has implications which need to be spelled out. One of them leads back to my book, *Society and Democracy in Germany*. There I argued that National Socialism completed in a cruel and partly unintended way the revolution of modernity for German society. Contrary to elements of its romantic ideology, it destroyed most remnants of premodern Germany. The *tabula rasa* of 1945 was above all a social *tabula rasa*. This thesis has come to be widely accepted, but it has also been severely criticized. Recently, a former student of mine, Jens Alber, has pointed out (in an inaugural lecture in Mannheim) that statistical evidence does not bear out the modernizing effect of the Nazi regime. But then, the regime was so short-lived that one would hardly expect its effect to be discernible in the statistics of the time. Others have argued that my thesis presupposes an Anglo-Saxon view of civil society which itself may well represent a *Sonderweg* rather than a yardstick for others. This I have found hard to refute.

So far as the Soviet Union is concerned, the implication of my analysis is that its post-Stalin regime is not totalitarian. This implication is intended. I know of course that some find it useful for their paranoic view of the world to retain an imagery which transforms reality into metaphysics. But if one is used to more precise language, it is clear that while totalitarianism is evil, not every regime that is undesirable, or even evil, is also totalitarian. The bureaucracy of a heavy *nomenklatura* is one of the worst forms of modern power. Max Weber had visions, nightmares rather, of it, and in one respect it is worse than the totalitarian scourge, because it can last for a very long time. Contrary to totalitarianism it does not contain the seed of its own destruction. But whatever the miseries of the "cage of bondage" of bureaucracy, they are different from total-

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itarianism, if only because they are not based on either total mobilization or total control.

Such comments naturally raise the question of how Gorbachev's reforms fit into this picture. The answer is difficult because we are looking at a process, the outcome of which we do not know. All reports from the Soviet Union seem to indicate that *glasnost*, the opening up of public discourse and debate, has been a spectacular success, if with partly unexpected and undesired consequences, whereas *perestroika*, the restructuring of economic and social conditions, has so far been an equally spectacular failure. The relation between the two raises difficult questions. Is civil society a prerequisite of economic growth, or is the coincidence of the two in Britain and the United States an accident of history? How can a civil society be created in a country without a tradition of autonomous institutions or the rule of law? I confess to belonging to those who believe that the Gorbachev experiment has too flimsy an intellectual and political base to succeed. Clearly, the General Secretary does not have the power or the courage of his apparent convictions, which would be needed to let real prices determine economic activity. He is still much closer to Karl Marx than to Adam Smith. But even if he fails, the Soviet Union will not become totalitarian again. It is more likely to turn into a technocratic version of bureaucracy than into a personalized regime of terror.

I said that the question of whether totalitarianism can happen again is two questions. The other one is whether we are likely to see more examples of that evil and destructive perversion of government. Here, the answer unfortunately must be, yes. Again, if my analysis is correct, which it may not be, countries in which old structures of hierarchy and dependence are uneasily allied with the strains of modernization are the main candidates. If in addition there is a smell of war in the air, or even the real smell of guns and bombs, the risk is even greater. I have no expertise whatsoever concerning the Middle East. But from the vantage point of a passionate observer, a number of countries in this explosive corner of the globe are characterized by precisely that unhappy mixture of traditional structures and strains of modernity that provide the conditions under which tyrants, as Manès Sperber described them, can rise to power. An inveterate eighteenth-century liberal like myself is therefore tempted to recommend the remedy of civil society in these parts as elsewhere.

So what is to be done? Step by step, I seem to have slipped

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from the *Sonderweg* to general theory, and worse, from the individual to structure, thus losing the *gestalt* of the issue, its human face. This is inexcusable at all times, but more so in an essay honoring a great witness of our times, and one addressed to its victims, or rather—using the word with the heavy irony of the title of Dan Segre's autobiographical book—the "fortunate" survivors. The question, "What is to be done?" is not a Leninist request for partisan action to help the world spirit along its inexorable path, but it is about the human qualities needed to resist the totalitarian temptation. What does it take not to become a passive object of the perversion of civil values? How do individuals—you and I—avoid the slippery slope of immoral politics?

The first answer is, *principiis obsta*. How simple the advice sounds, to beware of the first steps in the wrong direction, and yet how infinitely difficult it is in practice! My father was a young Social Democratic member of the *Reichstag* in 1933, so that he was not temptable but arrested with the others. After his release, he was an almost automatic member of the Resistance. Tried before the *Volksgerichtshof* in 1944, he survived in prison and soon rose to a prominent position in the East German Social Democratic Party (SPD). It was then that he made a decision which makes me forever proud of him. In February 1946, there was pressure on the Central Committee of the East German SPD, of which my father was vice-chairman, to send a message to the trade union congress which was meeting at the time, to the effect that the Social Democrats were prepared to have talks with the Communists about future relations between the two parties. What a harmless-sounding proposition! A mere message to a friendly organization, about mere talks, with no indication of the intended outcome. But my father recognized that this message meant in fact the subjection of the party to pressure for a merger of Social Democrats and Communists which would legitimize the new regime of Stalinism by invoking "socialist unity." He said no and stuck to it despite attempts to pacify him, to corrupt him, and in the end to threaten him. Within hours he had to leave Berlin and start a new life in West Germany.

We all know the counterarguments. "You must stay with it in order to prevent worse." "It will not work anyway; we just have to sit out a few unpleasant weeks, or at most months." As long as circumstances are even faintly normal, this is of course true. I have little patience with those professional moralists who live in free societies but claim to suspect totalitarian dangers at every turn of events.

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One may dislike the American President, or the British Prime Minister, or the West German Chancellor intensely, but they are operating within constitutional constraints which make it silly to demand or to practice absolute opposition. It should be added that the widespread tendency to use the words *communism* and especially *fascism* for all kinds of disagreeable political figures and groups is in effect no better than the deliberate minimization of the crimes of the past. It gives the notions a harmless, everyday meaning which detracts from the enormity of the totalitarian menace. This too is a requirement of effective resistance, that we distinguish between the beginnings of evil and the beginnings of merely undesirable and disagreeable conditions.

How does one do it? How does one make sure that one has identified the point at which only unambiguous resistance remains? One can never be sure, because we do not know what the future holds. But the totalitarian age has taught many a special sensitivity to turns of events. Whether this can be passed on to those who have not seen it happen, I do not know. We must try.

Clearly, the probability is high that even those who have a hunch that things around them are going badly wrong will not be able to prevent them turning from bad to worse. Life under totalitarianism poses unheard-of moral dilemmas. For one thing, they are inescapable. Those German authors who adopted Ernst Wiechert's cowardly phrase, "inner emigration," merely document that the regime of the Nazis was in fact not total; for many—and for Jews, to be sure—there were corners left in which one could remain unobserved if one did not try to say anything. Total mobilization does away with such luxury. It involves the merger of private lives and public life into one inclusive process. As a result, everyone becomes either a killer or a victim. There are passages in Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* which evoke this dreaded state of affairs, and of course George Orwell's vivid imagination of *1984* has described it as one without issue.

Individuals then find themselves in borderline situations in which normal moral prescriptions fail. My father was tried before the *Volksgerichtshof* on October 20, 1944, and sentenced to seven years' prison. His friend and mentor Julius Leber was sentenced to death in the same trial. But in January 1945, Leber was still alive, and it is said that a senior SS officer tried to involve him in a "reinsurance pact": he, the SS man, would protect Leber until the imminent end of the war, if Leber promised to do the same for him after-

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wards. Leber said no and was hanged. Who would not have wished that Julius Leber had said yes? Who would have had even a trace, a faint thought of criticism if afterwards he had not kept his side of the distasteful bargain? And yet the memory of Julius Leber stands today as a signal of hope in an evil world. Manès Sperber lets his heroes and heroines reach for such hope, which in the end is the one force that gives shape and meaning to our lives.

Again, it is important to remember the exceptional nature of the totalitarian experience. I have never liked Max Weber's distinction between an "ethics of responsibility" (for political leaders) and an "ethics of conviction" (for saints and other unpolitical people). It provides too easy an alibi for the immorality of political decisions. But it is clearly true that under normal conditions of free speech and free elections, moral considerations cannot and probably should not inform all political acts. Governments have to have dealings with disagreeable regimes; they have to take measures at home and abroad which in an ideal world one would disapprove of; they have to cope with real problems in terms of interests rather than moral principles. Again, the key question is where this quality of public life and political action becomes unacceptable, where in other words the non-moral becomes immoral. It does so a long way before we reach totalitarian excesses. Torture and killing can never be justified. Elementary human rights allow no exceptions. But again we must beware of those excitable souls who invoke moral instances all the time and thereby devalue the moments at which morality and politics become critically intertwined.

None of this, I am afraid, provides a clear answer to the question of what is to be done to rid mankind of the totalitarian scourge. Learn to discriminate, resist the beginnings, distrust temptations, remember moral principles when it matters—these are almost trite exhortations in the face of the cynical powers which determined the Second Thirty Years War. In any case, when these exhortations become relevant, it is usually too late. The real challenge exists as long as times are relatively normal and as long as we can hope to make our own small contribution to preserving the constitution of liberty. The name of this challenge is civil society. A society in which the rights of citizenship are neither mere promise nor privilege, but in which every member is equal to every other before the law, has a part in the political public, a voice, and enjoys a social status which can be called civilized, is more likely to be immune to totalitarian claims than any other. There is no perfect civil society, but some are

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doing better than others, and the objective is worth pursuing. The ultimate reason why this should be so is that simple but effective insight which, from Sperber's *Analysis of Tyranny* to Karl Popper's *Open Society* and beyond, has informed the reconstitution of liberty against the totalitarian threat: no human knows all answers; we are all living in a world of trial and error; we must therefore make sure that no one arrogates to himself superhuman certainty; we must have the courage to live with uncertainty. As Popper put it: "We can return to the beasts. But if we wish to remain human, then there is only one way, the way into the open society."

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FICTION

Doris Lessing

THE REAL THING

The first time it was Jody who rang Sebastian, and the conversation went like this. "Sebastian? Is that Sebastian? I am Jody. *Jody*! Don't you know who I am?"

A pause. "Yes, I think so. You're Henry's new. . . . "

"Hardly new, surely?"

A pause. "Ah." A pause.

"When did you hear about me?"

"Well . . . I've only just heard, actually."

The effect was of an explosion at the other end of the line, but a silent one. "You've only just heard about me? But . . . For Christ's sake I've been with Henry for over two years now."

"I have to say that surprises me."

"Does it? Nobody told you? Angela didn't say?"

A pause. "No . . . look here . . . I'm not . . . I don't feel . . . I'm sorry. . . . "

"Don't get all English with me, that's all I need."

"What do you want?"

"That's better." The voice was American—naturally, since that was what she was—loud, insistent, and tears or laughter were latent in it. "I just wanted to talk, that's all. *Don't hang up on me.*"

"I hadn't intended to."

"I am going to marry Henry, and you are going to marry Angela. The way I see it, stupid of me, I'm sure, that's enough of a bond for a short chat."

"Look," he began again, allowing it to be heard that his affability was at risk, "I'm perfectly willing to talk about anything you like, but you come as a bit of a surprise."

"You say Angela has never mentioned me?"

"No, nor Henry."

"Henry! You mean, you see Henry?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. Civilized you know—all that."

"Don't mention that word civilized to me," she said violently. "I'm sorry, but that word is *out*."

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"Very well. As you like. But yes, as it happens, Henry and I have met, you know, to discuss this and that."

"But never me."

"No, as it happens."

"Good God, no, it's simply not . . . I just can't believe it, that's all."

He said apologetically, "You see, the subject never arose."

"Oh, why should it! I'm only the woman who is going to marry Henry, that's all."

A silence. "But . . . Jody . . . Jody?"

"Jody. A name. Like Mary."

"Or like Sebastian," he said, with a small placatory laugh. "Look, Jody, don't you see? We don't discuss—that sort of thing. I'm sure you don't discuss me with Henry? You've better things to talk about!"

"No, but then you're quite a new phenomenon, aren't you? You've just happened?"

"Hardly, I've know Angela about three years now—more."

"Three years," she said, intending to sound stunned.

"Something like that, yes. Henry hasn't mentioned me to you at all?"

"Angela's new *bloke*, he said."

"Well! Oh well, and what of it? That's hardly the point, surely? I don't spend my time with Angela with the aim of discussing her ex-husband's love life."

"I must tell you that if I'd known you were *there* I'd have rung you up long ago."

"A pleasure," said he.

"Oh no," she said. "Oh no no *no* . . . not that tone. Not that English *tone*. When I hear it I. . . . "

"You reach for your revolver?"

"If I had one, yes. I'm not going to be switched *off*."

Sudden anger, the anger of a man who expects too much of himself in the way of sweet reason. "This is all too much of a good thing," he exploded. "If you want to talk, then talk, but I'm not sitting here as a substitute target for—someone or other."

"Oh God," she suddenly wailed. "I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry, I didn't mean . . . I wanted to talk to you, I *had* to, I've simply got to find out . . . no, you're right. Sorry. Goodbye Sebastian."

He was alone. It was eleven at night, and he was ready for bed. Instead he poured himself a Scotch, not his custom at that hour, and

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sat looking at a dead television set, as if it might suddenly grant information. He was much more disturbed than he felt he ought to be.

A few months later it was he who rang her.

"Jody? Sebastian."

"Hi, Sebastian," she said, deliberately offhand, he was sure.

"I hope you don't mind," he said cautiously, "but I remembered you rang me once."

"So I did."

"Well, it's like this. Henry asked me to ring you to say he has gone off with Angela to see Connie in her school play. He tried to get you and couldn't, and he can't see you this weekend." A silence. "You see, he had forgotten about the play. Connie, you know—the child."

A cautious stifled voice, which seemed to be trying out each word, listening to it. "You mean, Henry, *my* loved one, asked *you*, his ex-wife's loved one, to ring *me* about *him* not seeing *me*?"

"That's about it, yes."

A sound that could have been a sob, a curse, a prayer.

"Well," said he, "There you are."

"Excuse me, but how do you come to be in a position to be passing on messages from Henry?"

"I was with Henry and Angela last night, as it happened."

"A threesome?"

"No, actually a foursome. My wife—well, my former wife, was there too. Olga."

"Listen," she said, in a voice kept muted with an effort, "I think that's all shit. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too. But what is?"

"Henry tells me I am a barbarian. That's what he says. I don't go for all this sweetness and light. It's not natural. It's not healthy. And it's *stupid*. There's nothing but pain in it for everyone."

"A point of view, I suppose."

"Oh *God*, if you only knew how I hate this humorous sterilizing of everything."

"Everything *real*?"

"You said it. Right. Exactly so. Everything real."

"And you don't believe people should be friendly after a divorce?"

"Once my divorce was through I said I never wanted to see him again. And I haven't. My ex-husband. Marcus."

"Ah."

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"A louse."

"But I thought you had a child together?"

"We do."

"But you never meet."

"No."

"Ah."

"Ah to you too. Well, message delivered, and thank you." She rang off.

He attempted a laugh but again found himself pouring a drink.

Some months later she rang him. "What's all this about you and I going up for a nice weekend at Henry and Angela's cottage?"

"It was mentioned."

"And what did you say, Sebastian?"

"I said I thought it was premature."

"Premature," she screamed, "Look, no, just a minute. . . . I want us to meet. Just you and me. I want to talk."

"What about?"

She laughed. He felt encouraged: that was a real laugh. That's better, he was thinking.

"What I want to talk about isn't—practicalities. Not where to put the children or who pays for what. There's something . . . I don't know exactly how to put it." He did not say anything to encourage her, so there was a pretty long pause. Then she inquired, reasonably, "Don't you ever feel as if you are up against something—well, intangible?"

"What sort of thing?"

"With those two. Henry and Angela." He still did not help her, and she went on with difficulty. "I mean, inadequate, that's what I feel, I don't match up."

"Oh *that*," said he, given a handhold, "Of course, inadequate, but then, who doesn't feel inadequate?"

"For Christ's sake *no*, just don't do that."

"What?"

"Just dismiss it."

"I didn't know I had."

"Of course you didn't. You people never do, do you?"

"Meaning us, the English?"

"Yes. That's it. Precisely."

"But I understand you married one?"

"I did. And I am pledged to wed another, Henry. Marcus, then Henry. A rich education in sweeping things under the carpet."

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"It sounds to me as if we're not really your cup of tea."

She laughed. "Have you got anything against our meeting? A little chat? A meal?"

"You live in Manchester?"

"Yes, but I'm in London this weekend."

"Do you want to come here?"

"Neutral ground. A restaurant."

"Good God, I never thought of myself as a minefield. Or something."

"Or something. What kind of restaurant?"

"I don't give a damn."

"You don't? I'm told—far too often—that Angela is a perfect cook."

"You can have too much of a good thing."

"Oh. All right then, where?"

They agreed to arrive late at the restaurant, so as not to be hurried, and in fact the place was emptying. They sat examining each other with a curiosity due almost entirely to the absent Henry, the absent Angela. She was thinking, why should Angela get rid of one, and take on another just the same?

But he was thinking, My God, Henry's going to find her a handful, after Angela. And congratulated himself on getting the better bargain.

He was a tall, dark, rather stooped man—as if even the height he had seemed to him too obtrusive, and he was trying to lessen it. He wore conventionally good clothes. He had a quizzical look, a sign, she was convinced, of the deprecatory humor that drove her wild. He was smiling politely at a dramatic blonde dressed—he felt strongly—much too handsomely for the occasion.

He was more on guard than he knew, although he had said to himself before arriving, Now, careful, the slightest thing sets her off. Every line of him said, "Don't come too close." He leaned back in his chair, even tilting it as she leaned forward towards him. She was aware that they must look as if she pursued him, but she did not care.

He was thinking that her voice did nothing for her. A pity, too, that Americans had to—as they would put—verbalize everything. Intelligent: she was evidently that. But a pity that. . . .

Having got the ordering of the food out of the way—unimportant for this occasion, she said, "Sebastian, how long have you been with Angela?"

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He had to think. "Four years. At least."

"And I have been with Henry for three."

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself as much as I have."

This, which he had hoped would set the tone for their conversation, made her smile, wryly. Then he smiled too.

"All right," said he, "I'm doubtless an insensitive clod."

"It has never bothered you that it took them so long to divorce? It was a perfectly simple divorce."

"No, why should it?"

"Only a formality!"

"Do you see it as much more?"

"Yes, I do. I didn't at first, but then I began to wonder why *nothing ever got started.*"

"It's finished now, though. The thing was finally through last month."

"But let's not be too precipitous, let's not be premature!"

He acknowledged that she teased with the briefest of smiles. Let's get on with it!—he was signalling.

"I feel all the time as if things are not being said, there's something I'm not getting to grips with."

"So you said on the telephone." Lest she take this as a put-off, he made a gesture which said, No, wait . . . He took a couple of therapeutic mouthfuls of wine, and his serious glance was meant to show he had every intention of meeting her honestly. But in spite of this he looked embarrassed and reluctant. "I've been thinking about what you've been saying. You see, I don't think that I expect as much as you seem to. Of course there are barriers and difficulties. Henry and Angela were married for—I think it was ten years. They have a child—you know, Connie. All that isn't just going to disappear because of—well, you and me? And I have an ex-wife. Olga. Did I tell you? I expect Angela finds things not too easy with me sometimes. And you have an ex-husband—surely Henry must sometimes. . . . "

"No," she cut in decisively. "No, absolutely not. I've cut that off. That's the point. Finished! *Finita*! *Basta*! I don't like ghosts in the machine."

He sighed. He had not meant to, and now he looked guilty, and because of that she had to smile at him. Evidently Henry earned this smile often enough. A well-practiced smile, he was thinking. "Why do you expect so much?" he inquired. And this was the first (as

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she saw it) real thing he had said. He was speaking out of his own nature, and not what he believed he had to say out of self-defense. "Perhaps I am not so difficult to please as you? I've had a perfectly splendid time with Angela these four years. And I hope to have many more."

"I didn't say I hadn't had a perfectly splendid time with Henry," she said sweetly. And they laughed. Together. They even liked each other, as much as was possible with those two invisible presences at the meal, Angela and Henry. "But I don't see the point of marrying unless it's all there, you know, *everything*."

"Ah well, then I think you're being unreasonable. Asking for trouble."

"Why bother to get married?"

"Perhaps you shouldn't? No, I mean that—kindly, believe me. It's no good asking too much. It was the mistake I made with Olga."

"Did you ever regret divorcing her? Olga?"

Now, a hesitation. He did not like this. "Yes," he said, with difficulty. "Yes, I sometimes do. But we are the best of good friends."

"Like Henry and Angela."

"I hope so."

"And like you and Henry."

"I like Henry. My life is much better for Henry. He's one of the people I'd go to if I were in real trouble."

"Rare."

"I think so, yes."

"Immature," she sighed, histrionically. "That's me. I haven't grown up." And then, in one of the sudden, almost savage turns he had been dreading, "Except that that is bullshit. Rubbish. Oh I know what you think of me. I've had it for years from Marcus, and now with Henry."

"Marcus the louse?" He attempted humor. It was rejected.

"Yes, a louse. In a word."

"Ah."

"He behaved . . . he certainly is immature. Why should I paper it all over, pretend it never happened? If that is maturity, then. . . . "

"I never once used the word!"

"No, but put your hand on your heart and swear you didn't think it."

He had to laugh. She laughed. But hers was not the kind of

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laugh that would stand up, he was thinking. The meal ended rather sooner than they expected. He was afraid she was going to cry. So was she.

This time weeks passed, and she telephoned him to ask, "What do you think, is it really a good idea for us all to spend a cozy weekend?"

"Why not? We are all going to be seeing each other about this and that, I suppose."

"I bow to your superior worldly wisdom."

"Anyway, it is a very pretty place. I'm sure you'll like it."

She laughed. At him. He joined in.

It was a pretty place. Within five minutes of each other, he from London, she from Manchester, they drove off the main road through increasingly narrow lanes, until there was a large and old building with an arch in it, leading to a courtyard, between other, scattered buildings. The "cottage" was in fact a shabby but commodious enough house with windows on to the courtyard, and through one of them Henry and Angela were visible, sitting at a table. First Sebastian, and then, more timidly, Jody, advanced to this window past plants in tubs and a sleeping collie, and presented themselves to the couple who energetically waved and smiled and begged them to come in. As Sebastian reached the door to the kitchen, Angela ran to embrace him, kiss kiss hug hug, oh darling Sebastian, while Henry affably smiled and turned half away, and when Jody appeared, immediately afterwards, Henry went to her and held her tight. "Sweetie," he said and, his head bent beside hers, he whispered welcomes. Angela, beside Sebastian (their arms around each other still), observed this without turning away, and on her face appeared the fleetest shadow of loss.

Then Angela and Henry left their respective loved ones, and began whisking plates and glasses off the table. They stood side by side, backs to the sink, smiling.

Angela was a small, pretty woman, with masses of dark curly hair, and a sprightly amused air which did not leave her as she said enthusiastically to Jody, "I am so glad you are here. Really, it is ridiculous we haven't met long before. I kept saying so, didn't I Henry?"

"Yes, you did, but it never seemed appropriate," said Henry. He was a large, dark, amiable fellow, with a ruddy face, but this last was from the wine he and Angela had been drinking. Seen there,

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side by side, they were a pair, a match, a couple, full of well-being, full of goodwill.

"Well, thanks," said Jody, and since Sebastian had seated himself at the table that stood in the middle of this large, shabby, pleasant country kitchen, she did too, exactly where she had observed Angela sitting, through the window. They all examined each other, not concealing it: natural enough that they should be curious, their faces, their poses, frankly said. Of course the women particularly took each other's measure, meeting for the first time: but there need be no end to the new ideas suggested by their being there in the same room. For example, remembering that Jody had more than once suggested he and Henry shared qualities, Sebastian was regarding Henry from this point of view, but concluded, behind his smile, that only an angle of vision so far from anything he could approach was capable of such a comparison, and there was no sense in even trying to achieve it. He attempted this train of thought: Angela chose Henry, and now she's chosen me, so perhaps there is something in both of us we are unaware of? But then, the parallel thought, Henry chose Angela, and then Jody, cancelled the first. Delightful Angela (perfection in every way) did not have one point where she could be matched with this dramatic Jody, who was sitting there in her elegant country clothes, her yellow hair (dyed, he supposed) shiny and smooth, smiling and open, but as it were sharpened to a fine point of intelligence behind those shrewd, observant grey eyes. A very handsome creature, this Jody. Henry was welcome to her.

"We have a problem," announced Henry. "Connie isn't feeling well, and we've decided to run her into the local hospital."

"And that's why we were so rude and ate before you arrived," confessed Angela. "But if you'll just make yourselves at home, we'll be back in a jiffy."

This "jiffy" would be all afternoon, as was obvious as soon as you thought about it. Sebastian was registering Jody's look which (probably against her will) was positively shouting that *surely* it must be occurring to the parents this indisposition of eleven-year-old Connie might be related to this traumatic occasion, the presence together for a whole weekend of her two parents and their new mates. But if the parents had this thought they were not showing it.

"She's been off-color for some days," said Angela. "I nearly took her to the doctor last Saturday."

"We'll be back in a trice," said Henry, with a look at Jody that

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made her glow with pleasure, made her, suddenly, like a girl, confused and grateful. Her face, however, at once returned to its condition of sober overalertness that was making Sebastian uncomfortable.

"Sebastian knows where everything is," said Angela, with a special look at him.

Henry and Angela went out, and soon the other two watched them take their daughter, wrapped in a blanket and drooping between them, to a car. Off went the car under the big arch to the outside world, with smiles and waves, and even a kiss blown from Angela to Sebastian over Connie's head.

Then Sebastian got up, went to the refrigerator, and began unloading on to the table the lunch that was really only the preliminary to the big evening meal. Paté. Cheese. Salad. Fruit. Sebastian and Jody sat together in this amiable kitchen, and, for a while, ate.

"I've never known a woman so able to make her thoughts felt," said Sebastian, but not as if he enjoyed this quality.

"I'm certainly having plenty of them."

He said nothing, but poured out more wine, refilling her glass without asking her.

"When, for instance, were you here last?"

"Two weekends ago. No, with Olga. And the child of course—ours. Her name is Marion. And Connie was here too for the day."

She digested this. "You and your former wife spend holidays together?"

"Well, yes, for the child you know. Marion has become very friendly with Connie, I am glad to say. Henry and Angela like people using this place." Silence. He spelled out, "We have separate bedrooms, Jody."

"Naturally, since you are divorced."

"Not because we are divorced, but because I love Angela."

"Did you know that Angela and Henry were off for ten days in the spring together?"

"With Connie. They went together to visit Connie's grandmother in Switzerland—she lives there with her third husband you know. Angela's mother." He added, "Actually, Henry was only there a couple of days. I thought he was meeting you somewhere."

"I thought he was too, but then he was working—in Germany."

"Henry does work very hard. Much harder than I do."

Henry worked in the administration of some artistic founda-

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tion, and was always travelling. Sebastian was a businessman, and he travelled a lot too.

They ate cheese and drank more wine. Then Sebastian began to talk, choosing his words, while his manner said he felt he had to say all this, but would rather there was no necessity. "Did you know Henry and Angela have known each other all their lives? They grew up together."

"Yes, Henry told me."

"Brother and sister. That's what they are like. It took me some time to see it, I admit."

Now he looked at her, to judge if there was any need to spell it out.

She said drily, "I'm not jealous about sex." And added childishly, "I've no reason to be." Then she blushed, because of her boastfulness, again momentarily becoming a girl again.

Now he laughed at her. He was rather tipsy, and flushed, just like Henry, and relaxed and easy. As at ease as if he were in his own kitchen. "Well, good for you," he said. "I, on the other hand, am capable of being terribly jealous. But not about Henry. They haven't slept together for years. They can't. It doesn't work. Sex was never the important thing, for them."

"So Henry tells me."

"Well, then?" He seemed antagonistic to her now, his ruddy face directed full at her, without any of his usual watchfulness and restraint. The wine had stripped that off him! Or perhaps his dislike of her had. . . . He was going on, "Jealousy! If you want my advice, then don't. Don't even start. Don't let it enter things at all. I know. I've done it. And regret it."

"With Olga?"

"Yes, and not only with Olga. With others. It is my misfortune to be jealous. And now I spend a lot of effort in not being. You can't win with jealousy, ever."

With this warning blasted straight at her, he stood up.

"I don't think I am jealous."

"Aren't you? That's what it looks like to me."

But before she could say any more, he said, moving to the door, "I'm a bit tight. And I'm going to sleep. I don't work half as hard as Henry does, but I like to get a bit of a siesta when I'm here." At the door he stopped. "Of course, you don't know where you are sleeping."

"Presumably with Henry."

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"Naturally. When you get to the top of the stairs, then go along the passage in front of you and it's at the end." He was almost out of the door when he turned to say, "Angela and I are in the other direction, in case you are wondering. Separated by at least five rooms."

"Some cottage," she said, but he had gone.

She sat on alone in the quiet kitchen. She could hear Sebastian's footsteps overhead, and was pleased to hear them. The thin English sunlight in the courtyard outside, the way people drifted past there, a car heard passing in the lane outside, the shadow of a bird on the stones of the court—all this inflicted on her a mood of dispersal, change, loss. She began to feel out of place, sitting upright, as if on guard, her fingers around the stem of the empty wineglass. She too should go to sleep for a while. Why not?

The bedroom at the end of the corridor was a large room, furnished adequately for country visits, with rugs on the floors and an old-fashioned down quilt on the vast double bed. From the windows she looked at widely-spaced houses in green fields. She slid into the great bed and thought that here, tonight, she and Henry . . . well, better wait and see!

The two came downstairs within five minutes of each other: it was already late afternoon. Henry had rung to say he and Angela were delayed at the hospital. Would Sebastian and Jody start the dinner?

Sebastian, at home in this kitchen, directed operations while Jody obediently chopped and mixed, and then together they made a pudding she was good at. The courtyard outside the windows now held the last sunlight like a pool, and the plants, and the dog dozing on a flagstone, a tree, a bench, seemed remote, the setting for a song, or a story. Sebastian told Jody the history of this "cottage" and its environs, a long one going back centuries, and full of incident, but only the last part elucidated what they were looking at. This whole area had once been a large estate, and the big archway had been where coaches, carts, teams of horses had come under the building that housed a dozen little workshops. But now a bakery, ironsmiths, the farrier's, the tannery, the carpenter's shed, the stone mason's yard, were studios for artists and students who came here all through the year on courses. These were the people, mostly young, who were slowly passing the windows like lazy fish, lingering to look up at the windy evening sky, or standing to stare at the dog, or—briefly, before manners averted their eyes—at the window where

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Jody and Sebastian could be seen at work. Then, as dark filled the courtyard, with the meal entrusted to the oven, the two went into the sitting room. This was, like all the house, large, shabby, and comfortable. In this room Jody's smart clothes seemed out of place, but her manner said she did not propose to apologize for them.

They had a drink. Another. Then they played Scrabble.

It was quite dark when the couple returned, entering the house with Connie still drooping between them. They shouted greetings at Sebastian and Jody, and sent apologetic smiles from the door before taking the child upstairs to bed.

Soon they were downstairs again, for it appeared that Connie was exhausted and only too ready to sleep. Angela and Henry explained how there had been delays, the doctor was always overworked . . . they took Connie to the big hospital ten miles away . . . there they had to wait again. Connie might need to have her tonsils out, but of course "they" did not like doing the operation these days. Angela and Henry sat side by side in the ancient sofa that faced a fireplace, now empty, but it must be ever so cozy in winter. They animatedly told their story to Sebastian sitting in the large armchair on their right, and to Jody, in her armchair to their left. They turned from side to side, from one to the other, as if conscientiously allotting their attention. Then, it being dinner time, the four went into the kitchen where they ate, Henry at the head of the table, Angela at the foot. Angela was yawning, drooping, prettily apologizing: she had driven across from Switzerland this morning with Connie, after visiting her mother. She had hardly slept last night. "Poor love," said Henry, before Sebastian did. Angela smiled gratitude at him, and then turned her round, usually rosy, face, now drained and wan, to Sebastian, and shook her head, and smiled a helpless incapacity to do more than laugh at her own condition. Coffee was carried into the sitting room, but Angela was already asleep on the sofa. They all laughed, and this time Sebastian was in time to rouse her, and take her up the stairs to bed, supporting her as she smiled back apologies, sending kisses to everyone, including Jody who by now surely would be happy to have one.

Sebastian came down again quite soon, careful to make a noise in the hall before entering the sitting room. Henry was sitting where Angela had sat, blinking and yawning, and Jody was by him, holding his hand. She sat upright by the sprawling man, her expensively shod feet in front of her, her yellow hair gleaming.

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"God," said Henry, "I'm so sorry, I just can't keep awake." To Jody, "Sorry sweetie, I just can't . . . " And giving her a comradely hug and a kiss on her mouth, he waved at them and was off upstairs.

Sebastian and Jody did not look at each other. After coffee, they went on playing Scrabble, both running up enormous scores and claiming that the other cheated, and laughing a lot. Since they had slept so long that afternoon, it was after midnight when Sebastian joined Angela at one end of the house, and Jody joined Henry at the other. Both Angela and Henry were soundly asleep, and when Sebastian woke well after nine on Sunday morning he was alone in the room, while Jody, coming down in a housecoat, found Henry and Angela drinking coffee. It appeared they had been for a long walk. They planned to take Connie, already up and apparently quite well again, to spend the day with friends who lived not half a mile away. Would Sebastian and Jody make themselves breakfast? They did, and what Jody was not saying seemed to fill not only the kitchen, but the sitting room, when they went into it.

But back came Angela and Henry, full of animation, suggesting a good long walk: no need to bother about lunch, because they were all invited to lunch where Connie was. Off they went, the four of them, in their proper couples now, Henry and Jody in front, swinging their hands together and laughing, and Sebastian and Angela behind, with enough distance between the two pairs for love talk to be exchanged, if this were to occur. But if this did happen, it was not for long, because after a certain short halt to admire a view of high rolling hills with clouds scudding smartly across them, then Angela and Jody made the pair who came behind, a good way after the energetically striding men. That Angela and Jody should at last become friends was one of the reasons for this perilous (as Jody saw it) weekend, and what they talked about was their children. Angela was generally worried about Connie. The child had been bright and brave about the separation and then the divorce of her parents, but it had all been going on for four vital years, and while she and Henry had done everything—"Everything we possibly could," wailed Angela into the wind, she felt that Connie was taking it all very hard, though Henry thought she exaggerated. Here Jody told how bad she felt over Stephen, her ten-year-old. While she had remained married to Marcus, Stephen's father, she had been able to postpone the child being sent to boarding school in the English way, but with the divorce, her influence ceased. Stephen had been banished with all the heartlessness of his people to a school his father insisted on. In

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the holidays, she tried to have him when she could, but she worked, she held down a very good and very demanding job in the publicity department of a big firm. It was only once a year she could claim Stephen for a real holiday together. She knew the child was growing apart from her—had grown apart; she seemed increasingly exotic to him, she knew. She wanted to take Stephen to Colorado where her family ranched, for a long holiday, and she was sure Stephen wanted this, but Stephen's father claimed this would seriously unsettle an already disturbed boy. She was selfish, he said. She said he was selfish. "We quarrel every time we meet." But added, "We don't actually meet, I don't want to set eyes on him again, ever. But we talk on the telephone and we always end up shouting."

Angela listened gravely to all this, sometimes inclining her head towards Jody as the wind tugged and tore at these messages of discontent. "Thank God Henry and I have remained good friends," she shouted. "At least there's not that."

Soon they reached a pub, the goal of this walk and, it appeared, of all their country walks. A squat white building self-respectingly confronted the winds of the exposed hillside. Outside it, on a flat flagstoned area stood half a dozen white painted tables and some chairs, but these seemed about to slide away into fields and scattered gorse bushes. On this chilly day only a few people were outside, mostly those with children, exposed against a background of churning trees, rapidly moving skies, and the shimmer of the racing grasses. Inside the pub no concessions were being made to summer. A darkish room was not too well-lit with red and yellowish wall lights, and about thirty people stood or perched along the bar counter. Into this scene Henry, Angela, and Sebastian fitted themselves, as if doing it for the thousandth time, and Jody was politely welcomed. It was evident that everyone here knew these so frequent visitors from London, and in no time they were being included in the talk which, however, Jody could not follow, being gossip and information about local people, happenings and animals. This talk was loud, confident, jokey, and—from the variety of accents—included not one or two classes, but probably several: the voices of the Londoners added notes to a diapason. Not for the first time the foreigner was being made to reflect that the famous class divisions of this island were capable of easy resolution—as in this pub, for instance, where a collection of people enjoying the ritual of pre-Sunday lunch drinking in a darkish room that had something of the aspects of a cave were united by the mellow light, which, as if

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directed by a painter, emphasized animated faces turned towards each other, or opening in a flash of teeth to call remarks along the curve of the bar counter. It was as if some key or root definition, something primal, had only to be made and everyone here would at once agree, but these words had not been said, and never would be, for there was no need for them. In this scene was something secretive and intimate and deeply shared, something reckless and even dangerous, and Henry's face, and Sebastian's, were far from their usual humorous deprecation. As for Angela, who stood between Sebastian and Henry, she was no longer full of the woes revealed during the walk here, and her charming little face smiled often and easily at a large number of people who evidently were fond of her. No wonder this couple—a couple still—had no intention of ever relinquishing their hold on this corner of Englishness, and Jody was seeing that Sebastian was determined to be part of it too. Why, thought Jody, this is where Henry lives, where he really lives, it's not his house in London! His "people" come from somewhere near here, but I hadn't taken that in . . . He'll end up here. And I? She stood near Sebastian, between him and a large and ravaged blonde who ran riding stables: he was negotiating riding lessons for his daughter Marion. The talk went on, in a flow of its own, into news about the local hunt club and the trouble they were having with the dogs . . . did Henry approve of hunting? She had never thought of asking . . . there was the recent indisposition of the pub owner's pointer bitch Mabel, and the lease of fishing rights in a nearby river to some person from Japan—the amount of money being paid obviously gave everyone the maximum of satisfaction. Then the talk turned to the probable marriage of a recently widowed farmer's wife with the Belgian owner of a neighboring farm: this earned no one's approval. It wouldn't last, it seemed everyone agreed, though the company showed a generous understanding of the sensual aspects of the affair. She was a fine armful, all right, claimed the fellow behind the counter (not mine host, the owner of the pointer bitch, but his brother-in-law). She was definitely good news, said this lean humorous character ("Foxy"), who wore a checked waistcoat that had caused him to be generally teased, a tribute he had accepted with the knowing smile and sharp rolling eye of one who knows a good thing when he sees it. No wonder this Gervais what's-his-name wanted her, he'd need his head examined if he didn't . . . but at this a certain laughter broke out around the pub: evidently he of the bright waistcoat had not been averse to this armful. He acknowledged the laughter

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with a judicious nod: fair enough! — but insisted, clinching the thing, that marriage needed thinking about, those two were rushing into it, no good could come of it.

Was this perhaps meant for her and Henry? — Jody was wondering, for she saw that Henry's intended marriage with an American was bound to be discussed in these forums of public opinion. Her presence here was being well-noted: and that Henry had understood was shown by his coming to stand by her, his glass in one hand, the other at her elbow. In a moment he went on with remarks apparently not addressed to anyone in particular, to the effect that he needed someone to come and mend the roof.

All this went on for a good hour or more, with people coming and going, but mostly coming: the pub was crammed. When the four left there were cries of, "See you soon, then," "You'll be back? See you then!" — from all over the room. Outside they set off with the wind behind them, this time four abreast, Henry at one end holding Jody's hand, Angela at the other holding Sebastian's, but Angela and Henry were telling a story and interrupting each other with much laughter, about an incident in the village. Some imperial pumpkin had invaded one garden from the next. The invaded owner had cut off a slice from a pumpkin big enough for Cinderella's coach, on the grounds he had never tasted it, ill feeling had ensued. . . . They did not go to "the cottage" but to the house where Connie was. A small crowd of people already sat around a vast wooden table in another court, a smallish one this time, where the wind was shut out. A deep yellow sunlight filled it, pulling scent from the white roses that draped a brick wall. Connie was there, sitting with her friend Jane. Seen by daylight Connie was a tall slender child with dead black straight hair — Henry's, and black doe eyes — Angela's, both set off by the ivory cheeks of her sickness, which had apparently come on again. Jody (if not Sebastian, for he was probably used to it by now) suffered the usual shock of seeing intimately known features appropriated by a stranger. Connie and Jane were making a pair, isolating themselves against the grownups, who all recognized the need to allow Connie, allow Jane, to stare out at them with eyes full of the criticisms bred by their shared confidences, refined by the disdainful fastidiousness of their age.

Jane was the daughter of Briony who managed this estate. Briony was a strong country woman, middle-aged, with short straw-colored hair and healthy cheeks, observant blue eyes and muscular hands gained by all the work that went with fields, woods, gardens,

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buildings, and their maintenance, the colony of budding artists and their supervision. It turned out that she was the divorced wife of the owner of these properties, and the mother of a son shortly to be twenty-one, Jane's elder brother by ten years or so. She had been running this place because "poor Oliver simply doesn't have a clue, he never had, poor sweetie," but was looking forward to relinquishing the burden the very second her son took over, when she would revert to her own true nature and inclination, which was to make stained glass windows. Jody listened to all this with more than her usual feelings of being alien. She could not begin to understand why this woman had been prepared to spend her life as a sort of caretaker for a divorced husband. Without much recompense, it seemed, for she did remark that the estate could not afford to pay her much in the way of a salary, not if there was to be anything decent for Paul (the nearly twenty-one-year-old son) to inherit.

Jody, who was sitting across the table from her hostess—soon to be, at least intermittently, a neighbor—inquired (though with the feeling that this would strike everyone as the sort of remark only to be expected from her) what she got out of it all?

Briony broke bread comfortably between the fingers of her left hand, holding her wine glass in her right, and smiled. She bestowed on Jody a regard due to the outside world (outside these islands), noblesse oblige, and said. "This is a good place to be. I've enjoyed it. I enjoy doing it. It's rewarding." And she sat looking through the oblong gap between grey stone buildings where the fields could be seen ascending a sharp slope to a wood, brown glistening soil already ploughed for the winter crops.

"Well," said Jody stubbornly, facing Briony whom she very much liked, although they were so different, one so smart and shiny, one so homely and work-used, "if it were me I'd feel I'd been made use of. You don't. Couldn't your—ex-husband have made arrangements for the estate to be run? When you leave here, what will you have to show for it all?"

Briony's nod acknowledged the justice of this. "Well, Paul has had a very nice place to come to for his holidays. And all his friends. Jane adores it—and her friends . . . " Here she smiled affectionately at Jane, who returned an unwilling smile that acknowledged she had to admit the truth, even when bound to criticize the grownups. "You can't have everything," Briony summed up at last. "I know I could have been first-class at my job—the stained glass, but I'll be good enough. And I've enjoyed everything here."

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The word enjoy had come up again.

It was an enjoyable, very long meal, with good country food, a lot of wine, and the sun pouring down into the walled place where, Briony said, the most wonderful peaches were grown every summer. Last month there had been hundreds of them. Along the wires that sectioned the walls horizontally, the peach branches stretched their now lightened branches, and a glass bowl of a rose-tinted concoction was pushed towards Jody: the peaches themselves, preserved in honey and wine.

It was nearly five when the meal ended. They were all tipsy and full of well-being, even Jody. The four went back to the cottage, leaving Connie with Jane. She had confided to her mother that she still felt a bit funny, and Angela had told her she must telephone at once if she felt any worse, when both parents would be at her bedside within five minutes.

A pity to waste what was left of the sunlight, not so dense and yellow here in the large court, but kind enough, so they sat drinking tea outside the kitchen windows. Swifts whirled and squealed about the pale blue sky. The dog, stretched out in bliss on the warm stones, flopped its tail about, when it remembered to. Bees were hard at work even after the light drained away, leaving a quiet, intimate dusk. No one said much. Of course Angela and Henry were tired, having woken so early. Once Jody made a remark that could have led to the good talk which was, she had felt, the point of this weekend, but neither Henry nor Angela took it up. She supposed she agreed with them: such an evening was too rare a thing not to be savoured minute by perfect minute.

"We aren't going to need much supper," announced Angela, as they got up out of their chairs in the now dark court, lit patchily from an upstairs window opposite.

"No," said Henry, "not much, but some. I'll make my potato soup. It's quick and delicious." He went into the kitchen, and the others were about to go into the sitting room when the telephone rang, and Angela ran to it as if she had been waiting for it. Connie announced that she felt worse. Angela called Henry who came out of the kitchen, and the two went off to their daughter. Sebastian said he was capable of making as good a soup as Henry was, and Sebastian and Jody again took on the responsibilities of the kitchen. But Jody sat herself down at the table and began to cry, making no attempt to stop. She sat there, weeping, from an old, or at least well-established well of grief, her large grey eyes wide open and the tears running,

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staring past Sebastian and out into the dark where now the high yellow window spilled a single shaft of light. Sebastian stood slicing potatoes and onions into a saucepan, and sometimes looked at her, when he nodded sympathetically, but continued with the task of making soup.

Her weeping made no claims on him, nor on the world. At one point he handed her a box of tissues. At another he pushed towards her a glass of wine—as if they had not already had enough of it. Later he inquired, "Your boy?" and she nodded.

"I've lost him, you see," she said.

He gave her a long, acute look, checking for exaggeration, and then grunted an assent. He said, "I'm sorry, Jody. Well, it can't be easy seeing how Henry and Angela deal with it."

With a sigh she said, "As successful as possible, I suppose. And your child—Marion?"

"Luckily she's the same age as Connie."

"There's your wife, not just Henry and Angela."

He nodded. "Right. But Olga and I have made a point of not involving poor Marion in our disagreements. I don't think we go to the lengths Henry and Angela do—to my mind they overdo it, but Marion's all right." At her look he insisted, "Yes, really all right. She is doing well at school—surely that's a pointer? She likes coming here with Olga—they were here only a month ago, the two of them."

"Your ex-wife Olga, and your daughter, and Henry and Angela and Connie and you?"

"And some other people came too. A house party. A real one. No, I couldn't make it, I was working. I do work you know."

"So do I," she insisted. "I work hard."

"We all work hard. We are the hard working classes."

She had stopped crying. She sat straight up, as was her way, shoulders back, as if at some health course or other she had been instructed how to sit and had never compromised since. But her hands on the table in front of her were clenched in the tension of her misery.

"Does your ex-husband know how you feel?" Before she could explode at him, something he obviously felt was imminent, he went on steadily, keeping his eyes on her face, a kindly-meant warning, or pressure: "I mean, I don't think I would have known how Olga felt about it all if we hadn't discussed it so much. And discussed it and discussed it—" he continued, almost frivolously, but his laugh was rueful. "In my view, things can be discussed too much."

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"So I have gathered."

"But Olga has always insisted. Everything that comes up with Marion, everything, we talk it over. And she was right."

Her wide eyes again spilled tears. "I am sure Olga doesn't realize how lucky she is. Nor does Angela."

"Have you actually tried to talk to him—to Marcus?"

"I think that perhaps at the beginning—but no, it's too late now."

"Has he married again?"

"Yes, last winter."

"Ah."

"Precisely. Ah. But there are such things as—situations you can't do anything about."

"Well, I believe I am not prepared to admit to that." This had the same note of almost frivolity which she did recognize was an attempt to lighten this tragic scene. For it was that, they both knew it.

When the outer door, and then the door into this kitchen slammed open, and Henry and Angela stood there, they were sparkling with the run across from the other house in the half dark of the lanes and paths, and then under the great arch and across this court. It was raining, they exclaimed, no, just a little, great big drops, they said. It was like a showerbath. They stood exclaiming and explaining, taking over the kitchen with their vitality.

Jody was able to go quietly out, unremarked, to dry her eyes and make up her face.

During the meal of soup and bread more wine was drunk. Angela and Henry began yawning again. They had been up since before six, they said; but Sebastian, for Jody, said that they must keep awake, because at some point this famous talk had to take place.

"Well, of course," said Angela. "But we'll all be here tomorrow, and it seems to me there isn't so much to discuss. Aren't we all perfectly reasonable people?"

After the meal Henry and Angela went into the sitting room, while Sebastian made the coffee. Jody stayed behind with him, and then because he said he wanted to wash up—no, she shouldn't bother—she followed the other two. When Sebastian entered the sitting room with the tray, Jody sat in the big chair opposite, chosen so the light was behind her. The other two chattered away about Briony, about Oliver, due to return from New Zealand soon, about Jane, about Jane's coming to stay with Connie in London, about a

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weekend next month when it would be nice if everyone could be here again.

The two sat close, turned towards each other, looking into the other's face. As one finished a remark, or suggestion, Henry, or Angela, came smartly in. Again it was impossible not to remark what a pair these two made, alike physically and in their similar country-comfortable clothes . . . and wasn't Angela wearing Henry's shirt over her trousers, sleeves turned up, making her a vulnerable little morsel against his large and reassuring roundness? Two flushed faces, alike in the mysterious way of the long married, their eyes searching each other's in a habit of picking up points where the other dropped them . . . As the talk went on, they turned still further around, were facing each other. Half an hour later, they were still at it, Grannie's possible plans for Christmas in Switzerland, Connie's need for music lessons. . .

Sebastian broke in, "I think we should talk about how to incorporate Stephen—you know, Jody's boy. He ought to be friends with our children."

This cut the exchange dead. Slowly Henry and Angela turned away from each other, and both leaned back and stared at Sebastian, at Jody—but her face was shadowed, as she had taken care it would be.

"Well of course," said Henry. "Haven't we discussed this, sweetie—surely we have?"—to Jody.

"It was mentioned."

"Perhaps he could come here when Marion and Olga come too some time over Christmas?" This was Henry.

"A bit spartan, really, in winter, but it's lovely too." This was Angela.

"Surely discomfort is what they are trained for," remarked Jody. Stephen was at a famous school, not known for its comfort.

"It's a pity Stephen is a boy," said Henry.

"Yes. If you had a girl, it would be easy. Marion and Connie get along like anything. And Jane gets on with Marion too," said Angela.

Jody said, "At that school they are not exactly taught how to get on with girls." Her voice was dry, nothing of what she felt was being allowed to show. She sat with her coffee cup in her hand, the hand on the arm of the chair, a long, elegant well-kept hand. But the steady tinkle of the cup in the saucer caused Sebastian to lean for-

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ward, as if to take it from her, help her in something. Then he leaned back again, crossing his legs. She set the cup down.

"All these public schools are better than they were," said Henry.

"Would Stephen's father allow him to join us all here for a few days?" Sebastian inquired.

"I never know what Marcus is going to allow," said Jody. "But if these three little girls are all such good friends, are they going to be happy with a strange boy suddenly foisted upon them?"

"We should try it," said Angela enthusiastically.

"But we are talking as if Connie won't be at your mother's skiing," said Henry. "Perhaps Easter would be better?"

"When are we all going to get married?" Angela asked Henry.

"Surely you should ask Sebastian. Jody and I thought of October."

This linking of himself with Jody startled, so much had the two not been a pair this weekend.

"October would suit me," said Jody.

Angela said to Sebastian, "You suggested October, didn't you? But perhaps November? There's Connie's school trip. She's going to France with her school," she explained to the others. "There's got to be time for dresses, that sort of thing."

"I didn't know you were having a proper wedding," Henry said, put out. "If we all did something quick at the registry office, we can fit it in any time."

"What do you mean, a proper wedding?" protested Angela. "Not the kind *we* had, but a wedding. I want Connie and Marion to be bridesmaids."

"Bridesmaids!" said Henry, laughing.

"Why not, they'd love it?"

"I rather doubt whether my Stephen would love Henry's and my wedding," said Jody. "So far he simply changes the subject."

"How did he handle your ex . . . I mean, Marcus's wedding?" asked Sebastian.

"When I asked him about it, he said it was all right." said Jody.

Henry laughed. So did Angela. Then, soberly, for Jody's sake, Angela said, "But it is awful. Boys are so much more difficult."

"Particularly with that awful, ridiculous, unforgivable emotional training they get," said Jody. Her voice was now far from cool, and Henry reached out his hand, took hers, squeezed it. The two

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hands dangled there, between sofa and chair, but the discomfort caused them to fall apart.

Sebastian said, "We should discuss finance, too. I use this place with Olga. I should like to contribute."

"We can discuss all that," said Angela, and yawned.

"There's also the business of Connie's school fees," said Henry to Angela. "Did you get them paid in time?" To the others he said, "Sorry, but we have a lot of things to discuss."

"We haven't seen each other for—how long has it been Henry?"

"It's been weeks," said Henry.

They had turned to face each other again. And they began again to talk about practical things, school fees, holidays, mutually convenient dates. Should Connie perhaps change schools? There must be a room for Connie in Sebastian and Angela's new flat, as well as the room for Marion. And in Henry's and Jody's flat too. And so on. . . . Again it seemed as if the two were waiting for one set of words to be finished, to return another, in a close hard exchange, as if words were something tangible, an extension of the one who used them.

Throughout this weekend Sebastian and Jody had not allowed their eyes to meet in comment, but now Jody was looking steadily at Sebastian, and then he—slowly, as if determined not to evade a responsibility or an obligation—allowed his eyes to engage with hers. It was a long, sober gaze.

Again half an hour passed. Henry and Angela could not end this exchange of theirs, which continued animatedly, with exclamations, disagreements, agreements, suggestions . . . and then, a clock struck from the hall, and Angela leaped up, "Oh goodness, I'm going to bed, I'm dropping with sleep, oh Sebastian darling, do come up soon . . . " She went out, waving at the three. But Henry followed her, and the two went up the stairs, talking hard all the way. Again the two left behind looked at each other, and went on looking, as they listened to Henry and Angela talking animatedly at the top of the stairs, until at last Henry went one way to the room he shared with Jody, and Angela the other to the room where Sebastian would shortly find her fast asleep.

A silence.

Jody said deliberately, "They talk like that, *they have to,* because they can't make love."

He colored, but did not evade it. "I have to say that this weekend I've seen things . . . "

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"Yes," said Jody.

"I'm going to have a drink," he said, and it was evident that this would enable him to turn away from her and her absolute determination he should share what she felt, and saw. Without asking her, he poured some whisky for her and put the glass into her hand. He almost did not sit down again, but then made himelf: she needed so much that he should.

"I think I'm going to leave early tomorrow morning," she said. "I might even sleep down here tonight."

He was certainly startled. Then, still in the same way of making an effort to meet her, said, "Last night I don't think Angela knew I was there at all. She was worn out, poor sweet."

"Well, yes," said Jody, intending him to understand she took this from a quite different point of view. "Anyway, I don't think I can stand it," she said, tears threatening to engulf her voice. But she shook her head, took a gulp of her drink, and made herself smile.

"I know one thing, you are making a decision when you're very upset. That's always a mistake."

"I didn't say I was making a decision, I said I was leaving . . . oh, all right, then it is a decision. But I don't think decisions made in haste are always bad ones."

He said, "Perhaps it is not always an advantage to be so relentlessly full of insight." This sounded spiteful, and he added quickly, "Oh I'm not saying you aren't right—but where does it get you? No, bear with me, I've been thinking about it—you've made me think. Am I going to be any better for seeing every little nuance . . . " Her face said satirically, *some nuance,* and he nodded impatiently. "But perhaps I had taken a decision without knowing it *not* to see everything . . . after all, I'm going to marry Angela and we are going to be happy. . . . " This tailed off, it was a bad moment: it was occurring to him (of course it had long ago to Jody, *naturally,* he was thinking angrily) that if Henry didn't marry Jody then there would be all kinds of new adjustments, complications, new balances.

"There's one thing you don't seem to see," said she. "Olga."

"Olga?"

"You have Olga, *your best friend.*"

He examined this, on its merits. "Yes, my best friend, and yes, you're right, without Olga . . . yes, without her I'd find it all. . . . "

"All I have is Marcus. If you didn't have your *best friend*—has she married again, by the way?"

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"No. Not yet. I am sure she would like to, but so far. . . . "

"You wouldn't marry her again?"

"Look, you don't seem to . . . I love Angela. I know this weekend hasn't been . . . but I don't think you are giving it enough time. I certainly don't feel about it all the way you do."

A pause. "You certainly have a good time, you people."

"Wh-a-a-at?"

She contemplated him, as he sat there with his glass in his hand. Various little scenes from the past two days came back to her, and she contemplated them, too, taking her time. Her smile, when she spoke at last, was full of condemnation. "You are so pleased with yourselves! So—content!"

"Content? You make it sound like a crime! Well, yes, I think I am content. I like my life." He looked at her, not long and slow, this time, only a quick glance, unable to stand the naked blaze of her unhappiness.

"I've missed out," she said. "That's what I've learned from you. I've missed out on the best relationship of them all. I don't have a best friend—the ex-husband, the ex-wife." Her laugh was a squeal of misery.

He nodded, smiling, to acknowledge her wit.

"I'm sorry," he said. He got up. "If I were you I'd think about it. Henry's a good chap, you know. I've learned to know him well. He's all right."

"Yes, another good friend."

"Well," he said, "I don't know what to say except that . . . . "

"You're sorry," she said finally. "And so am I."

He went out and up to bed, and she remained sitting where she was.

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Elisabeth Young-Bruehl

ANNA FREUD BEING ANALYZED

What follows is the story of Anna Freud's two periods of analysis with her father, 1918–1922 and 1924–25; it is a considerably abridged version of the author's Anna Freud: A Biography, *Chapter Three. Footnotes have not been included with this abridged version; all published texts by Anna Freud referred to here can be found in* The Writings of Anna Freud, *and those by Sigmund Freud are in* The Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud.

No "process notes" for Anna Freud's analysis exist, and Sigmund Freud did not devote an individual case history to her. The main document for considering the course of her psychoanalysis is one she wrote herself: "Beating Fantasies and Daydreams." Late in her life, when she became concerned about the inquiries of prospective biographers, Anna Freud several times protected her privacy by declaring that the clinical material for "Beating Fantasies and Daydreams" came from her own analytic practice. But the paper actually was written some six months before Anna Freud saw her first patient, and the occasion for it was her desire to attend the September 1922 International Congress in Berlin as a member of a psychoanalytic society. She wrote to Max Eitingon, head of the Berlin Society, in April, 1922, to ask his advice:

> If it were possible, I would like very much to become a member of a psychoanalytic association before this year's Congress. This would be hard to do in Vienna, and I would fail anyway because I have not yet done enough to give a lecture. But, just recently my translation of the Varendonck book has appeared, and this is a work for psychoanalysis, if only a minor one. Would the Berlin Society accept me on the basis of this work?

Their decision clearly was that she should prepare a lecture for

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the Vienna Society, despite the hypercriticalness she expected from her father's sharp-tongued, competitive colleagues. The fact that she did so in five weeks, for delivery on May 31st, makes it almost certain that the patient whose case is discussed was herself—the one patient she knew intimately.

In Sigmund Freud's "A Child Is Being Beaten," the 1919 essay which was Anna Freud's starting point for "Beating Fantasies and Daydreams," six cases are mentioned, two males and four females. He gave brief notes about five of these cases: three were obsessional neurotics of varying degrees of severity; one was an hysteric; the fifth "had come to be analyzed merely on account of indecisiveness in life, [and] would not have been classified at all by coarse clinical diagnosis, or would have been dismissed as 'psychasthenic.'" This fifth patient sounds very much like Anna Freud, who was trying in 1919 to decide whether to be a psychoanalytically informed teacher or a psychoanalyst.

In the three parts of her essay, Anna Freud presented three stages in the development of her subject's beating fantasy. The first was the creation of the beating fantasy, which was itself a substitute for an incestuous father-daughter love scene that "distorted by repression and regression to the anal-sadistic phase finds expression as a beating scene," the climax of which coincided with masturbatory gratification. These fantasies appeared before the girl entered school, between her fifth and sixth years, and they continued until—between her eighth and tenth years—they were replaced by what she called "nice stories." The "nice stories" seemed to the girl to have no connection with the beating fantasies, though she did admit to her analyst that the beating fantasies occasionally rose up to interrupt the "nice stories" and that she then punished herself by temporarily renouncing the "nice stories."

The analyst pointed out to the girl that the beating fantasies and the nice stories had a similar structure. The nice stories invariably opened with a weak young man committing an infraction and being put at the mercy of a strong older man. In scenes of increasing tension, the young man is threatened with punishments until he is, finally, pardoned in a scene of reconciliation and harmony.

> In the beating fantasy, too [Anna Freud wrote], the protagonists are strong and weak persons who, in the clearest delineation, oppose each other as adults and children. There, too, it is regularly a matter of a misdeed, even though the latter is left as indefinite

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> as the acting figures. There, too, we find a period of mounting fear and tension. The decisive difference between the two rests in their solution, which in the fantasy is brought about by beating, and in the daydream by forgiveness and reconciliation.

The patient came to understand this structural similarity and, then, to admit that the nice stories occasionally could not only fail to keep the beating fantasies out of consciousness but also could revert into them. However, even though the nice stories did sometimes give way to their predecessors, they were a kind of advance—a sublimation. "In the beating fantasy, the direct sexual drives are satisfied, whereas in the nice stories the aim-inhibited drives, as Freud called them, find gratification."

Several years after she had produced the most elaborate and complete of her nice stories, the girl Anna Freud portrayed began to write short stories. These had quite a different structure: they were not so episodic, with scene after scene of mounting tension, and they had no single climactic scene of either beating or reconciliation. In Anna Freud's own life, this was probably the period when she began to write poems and to envision her novel. But she also, in August 1919, about five months after her father finished his essay "A Child Is Being Beaten," told him by letter that she had written down for the first time what she called "the great childhood story." In "Beating Fantasies and Daydreams" she remarked her subject's artistic activity: "She had sought to create a kind of independent existence for the protagonists that had become all too vivid [in the nice stories], in the hope that they would no longer dominate her life."

When she moved from nice-story daydreams to short stories, Anna Freud's subject had finally achieved "communication addressed to others." She concluded that:

> . . . in the course of this [final] transformation regard for the personal needs of the daydreamer is replaced by regard for the prospective reader. The pleasure derived directly from the content of the story can be dispensed with, because the process of writing by satisfying the ambitious strivings [originating in the ego] indirectly produces pleasure in the author. . . . By renouncing her private pleasure in favor of making an impression on others, the author has accomplished an important developmental step: the transformation of an autistic into a social activity.

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The writing activity that Anna Freud described took her young patient one step beyond two of the cases Freud had presented in "A Child Is Being Beaten." He had noted:

> . . . in two of my female cases an elaborate superstructure of daydreams, which was of great significance for the life of the person concerned, had grown up over the masochistic beating fantasy. The function of this superstructure was to make possible a feeling of satisfied excitation, even though the masturbatory act was refrained from. In one of these cases, the content—being beaten by the father—was allowed to venture again into consciousness, so long as the subject's own ego was made unrecognizable by a thin disguise. . . . In both the cases of daydreaming—one of which rose to the level of a work of art—the heroes were always young men; indeed, women used not to come into these creations at all, and only made their first appearance after many years, and then in minor parts. . . .

Freud described the "masculinity complex" in these two cases and concluded that "when they turn away from their incestuous love for their father, with its genital significance, they easily abandon their feminine role." Freud did not connect the female patients' assumption of a masculine role in the fantasies and daydreams with masculinized behavior or homosexuality. On the contrary, he saw it as an escape from sexuality: " . . . the girl escapes from the demands of the erotic side of her life altogether. She turns herself in fantasy into a man, without herself becoming active in a masculine way, and is no longer anything but a spectator at the event which has the place of a sexual act." This much also was implied in Anna Freud's paper, but she went on to show that the spectator who communicates, who writes down what she understands, enjoys a form of pleasure—not masturbatory pleasure, not sexual pleasure, but the social pleasure of praise.

Insofar as it focused on beating fantasies and daydreaming as inhibitors of work and career decisions, Anna Freud's analysis of nearly four years—quite long by the then current standards—was a successful one. By the terms she herself set, it allowed her to transform fantasy activity and daydreaming into the social activity of writing. Anna Freud's paper is both a study of sublimation and an act of sublimation.

For her analyst and father, Anna Freud's paper was a source of great pride, for he certainly knew the degree to which her fantasy life

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was susceptible to regression and her intellectual energies to inhibition. But his joy was also in proportion to his anxiety. When he had learned that she planned to prepare and deliver a membership paper, the founder of psychoanalysis and the president of the Vienna Society compared himself to Lucius Junius Brutus, the legendary founder of the Roman Republic and the chief judge in its first tribunals. "I will try to arrange for the lecture at tonight's meeting," he wrote to Max Eitingon. "Then, on Wednesday the 31st of this month, I will feel like Junius Brutus the elder when he had to judge his own son. Perhaps she is going to make a decisive step."

Junius Brutus's son—so the legend has it—was executed after his father had ruled against him in the Roman tribunal. Things went rather differently at Anna Freud's trial. She spoke from notes, lucidly and authoritatively, and was well received, if a little enviously. But one of Freud's colleagues induced a momentary panic by suggesting that the girl she had written about was "a totally abnormal person whose incompetence and inferiority would absolutely emerge in real life." Anna Freud was shocked into silence, but her father came to her rescue: "Fortunately Papa answered him and defended my little girl." The evening thus turned into a "nice story" of redemption by the father even while it was a success for the daughter.

Anna Freud and her father both associated her decisive career step with her masculinity, however, so they could never be unambivalently pleased. The price of her success as a sublimator was her continued asceticism. In her life, she stood where both she and her father had left their female patients at the ends of their respective essays—that is, at the point of escape from the erotic side of life, from femininity. As she put the matter: "The sublimation of [the girl's] sensual love [for her father] into tender friendship is of course greatly facilitated by the fact that already in the early stages of the beating fantasy the girl abandoned the differences of the sexes and is invariably represented as a boy." Both the writing of stories and the achievement of tender friendship with her father were linked to this abandoning of the differences of the sexes and the consequent asceticism. For Freud, however, asceticism did not have to be the final result: " . . . the beating fantasy and other analogous perverse fixations would also be only precipitations of the Oedipus complex, scars, so to say, left behind after the process has ended, just as the notorious 'sense of inferiority' corresponds to a narcissistic scar of the same sort." Anna Freud's paper, on the other hand, ended without any hopeful anticipation of the form her patient's sexual life might

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take; there is only the sigh of relief that praiseworthy social activity has been achieved.

* * *

Both Freud and his daughter located the origin of post-Oedipal beating fantasies in repression of the "love fantasy" a child has for his or her father: "All the sexual drives were concentrated on the first love object, the father," as Anna Freud wrote of her female patient. Even though Freud's "A Child Is Being Beaten" was his first step toward revising his idea that girls and boys undergo parallel developments until they are distinguished by their choices of objects, he did not reflect upon the role of the mother in his female patients' lives. He did not note that a girl, as he later said, changes objects, switches from mother-love to father-love. And the mother of the girl Anna Freud studied is not so much as mentioned.

But in life, if not yet in theory, Freud did recognize that his daughter needed a female figure in whom she could confide as she could not with her own mother. For this role, Freud elected Lou Andreas-Salomé, a Russian-born novelist and essayist, companion to Nietzsche and Rilke, who had been practicing since 1913 as a psychoanalyst and who had written an article called "Anal and Sexual" that Freud admired. Lou Andreas-Salomé accepted Freud's invitation to spend six weeks in Vienna at the end of 1921, and then Anna Freud made several long visits to her new friend and mentor's home in Goettingen during 1922 and 1923.

Neither in Vienna nor in "Loufried" was the quasi-analytic relationship that developed between the two women a matter of on-the-couch analysis; it was a discussion and and consultation relationship—with, as often as not, Lou Andreas-Salomé stretched out on a divan meditating aloud and Anna Freud seated at her feet. Later in her life, whenever the rumor reached her that Lou Andreas-Salomé had been her analyst, Anna Freud always claimed that the idea persisted because people were scandalized by the thought that her father had filled that role. But her father, on the other hand, registered the significance he thought Lou Andreas-Salomé's presence had had by playfully exchanging epistolary confidences with Lou about their shared "Daughter-Anna." "Frau Lou," exactly the same age as Martha Freud, was the mother-analyst.

Lou Andreas-Salomé was not the sort of woman to question Anna Freud's adoration of (or identification with) her father; on the contrary, she promoted Anna Freud's desire to stay at home and

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dedicate herself to her father and to psychoanalysis. For Frau Lou's sanction, Anna Freud was deeply grateful, because, as she told her in December of 1924, without it she "would have been made insecure by those who feared for my future and would have liked to send me away from [home]." These unnamed people did not know, she said, that " . . . I, without any [plans for the] future, have so much here, more than many people get altogether, in a whole life." Frau Lou understood this kind of self-surrendering dedication; she even had extolled it as the quintessence of feminine love. On the other hand, as an exemplary figure Lou represented an important synthetic possibility: she was a "purely feminine" type, but also an intellectual, a thinker and a writer with a "masculine" (in her own terms) bent for sweeping syntheses, bold conjectures, poetic leaps.

* * *

Lou Andreas-Salomé's attitude toward Anna Freud's asceticism raises the question that would be obvious to anyone who considered the complexities of a father's analysis of his own daughter. Freud himself counted the analysis a success. In a well-known letter that he wrote in 1935 to Edoardo Weiss, who was contemplating analyzing his son, Freud remarked: "Concerning the analysis of your hopeful son, that is certainly a ticklish business. With a younger, promising brother it might be done more easily. With [my] own daughter I succeeded well. There are special doubts and difficulties with a son." Having issued this warning, Freud said that he had no right to forbid Weiss the trial—but Weiss decided against it.

Even in 1935, the psychoanalytic community was not as concerned as it later became with regulating analytic work—with stipulating, for example, that analysts refrain from analyzing not just family members but friends and associates. When the psychoanalytic community was very small, analyses that crossed family and friendship lines were common, and the demands upon analytic discretion were thus very great. But even given the unregulated state of psychoanalysis, it is obvious that Freud and his circle consistently saw less difficulty for women than for men—for daughters than for sons—in extra-analytic closeness. Freud himself, for examples, analyzed both of his friend Oscar Rie's daughters, Margarethe and Marianne, his friend Sandor Ferenczi's future stepdaughter, and his friend Anton von Freud's sister Katá Levy. Before the First World War, both Carl Jung and Karl Abraham had worked analytically

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with their young daughters and written essays based on their observations. Freud's assumption at the time of his daughter's analysis was that boys would—like "Little Hans"—feel hostile and rivalrous toward a father-analyst but girls, who were not in competition for the mother, would not.

Practical considerations certainly weighed most heavily in the arrangement. Freud did not trust his Vienna colleagues, and those he did trust lived too far away, in Budapest and Berlin. When Oliver Freud, the middle of the Freud sons, needed analysis in 1921, Franz Alexander of Berlin was his choice, and this analysis for an obsessional neurosis was both successful and apparently no threat to the Freud family privacy. The family financial situation in the fall of 1918 also argued for treatment at home, as did the fact that Freud had few patients—and more time—in the unsettled postwar months.

But in Freud's statement to Edoardo Weiss, the emphasis is upon the relatively unproblematic nature of a father's analysis of his daughter. He started off, at least, in a completely confident frame of mind: "Anna's analysis will be very elegant," he told Ferenczi. But Freud was certainly aware that his daughter's adoration of him was not an unproblematic affair. He knew the extent of her idealization of him, and he revealed it—sometimes in jest and sometimes somberly—in his letters. In November of 1919, when Max Eitingon sent Freud a sum of money to tide him over during the continuing financial difficulties, Freud wrote him a description of how the Freud family had reacted to the letter announcing this largesse: "As I was busy with four analyses in the morning, I had no time to think about it, and read the letter out loud at luncheon during which, apart from my wife, three sons and our young daughter (whom you know) were present. It had a strange effect: the three boys seemed satisfied, but the two women were up in arms and my daughter declared—evidently she cannot stand the demolition of her father complex—that as a punishment (!) she wouldn't go to Berlin for Christmas." But there is a fateful formula in her reaction: feeling that her father was diminished or made less than completely magnificent by his lack of funds, she declared that she would stay at home. Staying at home and leaving home had been for years the crucial possibilities in the father-daughter relationship, and they became bound up with the most problematic dimensions of the analytic relationship: the nature of resistance in it, and the manner of resolving the transference, leaving the analyst.

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Freud was aware, as a father, that he had difficulty in their day-to-day lives realizing how much he wanted his daughter to stay always at home, as his youngest sister Dolfi had with their parents. This was so even though he could, when he focused his attention on their dilemma, state it clearly from his own point of view: "Anna is in excellent shape," he told Eitingon in 1921, "she is gay, industrious and inspired. I would like just as well to keep her at home as to know her in a home of her own—if it would only be the same for her!" Similarly, to Lou:

> I too very much miss Daughter-Anna. She set off for Berlin and Hamburg on March the 2nd. I have long felt sorry for her for still being at home with us old folks [. . .], but on the other hand, if she really were to go away I should feel myself as deprived as I do now, and as I should do if I had to give up smoking! As long as we are all together, one doesn't realize it clearly, or at least we do not. And therefore in view of all these insoluble conflicts it is good that life comes to an end sometime or another.

In this remark, Freud indicated that the "solution" to their insoluble conflicts would be, precisely, his death. He was, in a sense, addicted to her staying at home, to her presence, as he was to his cigars; he himself had analyzed very astutely the psychic level at which the pleasure of smoking and the pleasure of female adoration coincided—the level at which an adult remains, as it were, at the maternal breast. Freud had forecast what he told Lou Andreas Salomé very clearly in his essay of a decade earlier, "The Theme of the Three Caskets": " . . . the doomed man is not willing to renounce the love of women; he insists on hearing how much he is loved. . . . But it is in vain that an old man yearns for the love of women as he had it first from his mother."

* * *

Their analytic work did not loosen the tie between father and daughter. But it was only what they called "a piece of fate" that sealed them in their closeness after the analysis had stopped in the spring of 1922.

In April of 1923 Anna Freud was busy with her first child patients and consultations, when her father went into a Vienna clinic as an outpatient, scheduled to have a growth removed from his right

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jaw under local anesthesia. The procedure was more complicated than expected, and Anna Freud had to keep an all-night vigil at the clinic while her father recovered from profuse bleeding. Before they were even informed by Freud's doctors that the growth signalled cancer, Anna Freud's reaction was conclusive: "I would not leave him now under any circumstances," she wrote to Lou Andreas-Salomé.

In June, less than two months after the surgery, Sophie Freud Halberstadt's youngest boy, Heinerle, died of miliary tuberculosis in Mathilde and Robert Hollitscher's home. The Hollitschers had hoped to be able to adopt Heinerle, and Freud had hoped to have his lovely grandson, for whom he felt a special affection, close by. For everyone in the Freud family, the summer was bleak, full of grief over the child and worry about Freud's health. A plan that Anna Freud had made with her father for a vacation trip to Rome was suspended. Finally, they did go, while Freud's physician Felix Deutsch arranged for further surgery on Freud's jaw to be undertaken as soon as they returned to Vienna.

By the end of the year, when Freud had recuperated from two drastic operations, Anna Freud was exhausted, particularly as she combined her nursing duty with her first three analytic patients and her translating and editorial work for the psychoanalytic publishing house. A New Year's visit from her still eager suitor Hans Lampl left her unmoved: " . . . he has no luck with me. I can be with him in a friendly way very well, but I am not suitable for marriage. I am not suitable at all for Lampl, but also, for the moment, I am no better [for] a table, or a sofa, or even my own rocking chair."

When she wrote that unhappy report, Anna Freud was trying to fend off a recurrence of the serial daydreams, the "nice stories," which she had been relieved of for nearly two years by her analysis. Her relapse was aggravated by an irony: her second patient was a young woman so much like herself that she was constantly amazed. She told Lou Andreas-Salomé:

> Although I am pretty busy right now . . . in the last week my "nice stories" all of a sudden surfaced again and rampaged for days as they have not for a long while. Now they are asleep again, but I was impressed by how unchangable and forceful and alluring such a daydream is, even if it has been—like my poor one—pulled apart, analyzed, published, and in every way mishandled and mistreated. I know that it is really shameful—espe-

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> cially when I do it between patients—but it was again very beautiful and gave me great pleasure.

The daydreams seem to have been dormant again while Anna Freud began attending the morning ward rounds at Wagner-Jauregg's University of Vienna psychiatric clinic in order to learn psychiatric diagnosis. But the rounds, under Paul Schilder's supervision, contributed to another resurgence in her production of compensatory "nice stories." She even felt, as she reported to Lou Andreas-Salomé, "stupid" during the times when the daydreams were "wild" and plagued her.

Her father did not feel well enough to attend the International Psychoanalytic Congress at Salzburg during the Easter holiday, but shortly after the Congress his winter bout with bronchitis ended, and he suggested to his daughter that they take up their analytic work again. She accepted gratefully. "The reason for continuing," she explained to Frau Lou in a formal, self-mocking tone, "was the not entirely orderly behavior of my honorable inner life: occasional unseemly intrusions of the daydreams combined with an increasing intolerance—sometimes physical as well as mental—of the beating fantasies and of their consequences [i.e. masturbation] which I could not do without."

In this renewed analytic work, taken up after a two-year pause, she worked "very seriously and thoroughly, with great steps forward and less resistance than in earlier years." She was—particularly as a practicing analyst herself—much more aware of the complexity of her analytic situation. She also acknowledged to Frau Lou " . . . the absence of the third person, the one onto whom the transference advances, and with whom one acts out and finishes off the conflicts." Anna Freud and her father were working hard, but the analyst who was supposed to be a neutral party, a "blank screen," was, in the nature of the case, missing. And, further, she understood clearly that what she called her "extra-analytical closeness" to her father produced "difficulties and temptations to untruthfulness" in the analysis.

The problematical nature of the transference was part of the renewed analysis, as it does not really seem to have been of the first. And, at the same time, Anna Freud confronted in her own work what she called "the management of the transference," the part of the analytic work to which she—like most young analysts—had to give

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the most thought. But in addition to the transference, Anna Freud's surviving correspondences, as well as the papers both she and her father wrote in 1924 and 1925, indicate that two other topics emerged as central to the renewed analysis. One was the "masculinity complex" and its precipitate, jealousy, and the other was "goodness," or, as Anna Freud would later call it, "altruism."

* * *

Freud's illness brought about not just a deepening of the bonds between father and daughter, but a "re-edition" of the old difficulties—the old jealous rivalry—that Anna Freud had had with her mother. Martha Freud felt herself displaced, as, to a lesser extent, did Tante Minna. With the combined stress of her husband's illness and the death of her grandson, Martha Freud suffered through a number of stomach problems and migraine headaches; Minna spent the better part of a year in sanatoria with a heart condition. The day-to-day consideration and civility that was always characteristic of the household was not disturbed, but unhappy currents ran under it, and there was competition between mother and daughter for the role of chief nurse to Freud.

Feminine jealousy and rivalry were recurrent topics in Freud's work in the years immediately following his major surgery, as they were the topic of the first paper that Anna Freud delivered after her renewed analysis in 1924–25. Her brief communication to the Vienna Society meeting in December of 1925 was called "Jealousy and the Desire for Masculinity," and it was based largely upon two analyses she had conducted simultaneously, one of a girl and one of the woman who resembled herself. The two analyses, she told Eitingon, often ran parallel: " . . . both struggle with the same problems, the masculinity wish and envy of siblings, so similarly that often on the same day they say the same things almost verbatim. I tell Papa many such things."

These reports would have confirmed her Papa's own recently revised view, which he arrived at during his daughter's second analysis. Although Freud had made important remarks on the topic of jealousy in "The Economic Problem of Masochism" (1924) and "The Dissolution of the Oedipus Complex" (1924), his main statement came in a paper called "Some Psychical Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction Between the Sexes," a piece he started early in 1925 and finished in August while his daughter and Lou Andreas-Salomé were with him on vacation to discuss it.

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Neither of the Freuds' correspondences give direct proof to support the claim that his 1925 paper is to his daughter's second analysis what "A Child Is Being Beaten" was to her first—that is, a partial report, set in a larger frame—but the evidence of the paper itself is very compelling. In "Some Psychical Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction Between the Sexes," Freud elaborated on the developmental differences between girls and boys that he had first suggested in "A Child Is Being Beaten." But he emphasized that a young woman's "masculinity complex," or envy for the penis, disturbs her relations with her mother and, indirectly, her siblings. "Even after penis-envy has abandoned its true object, it continues to exist: by an easy displacement, it persists in the character trait of jealousy." This development, Freud notes, was not apparent to him when he wrote "A Child Is Being Beaten." Then he had not seen that a female child holds her mother responsible for her lack of a penis: that she can feel jealous "of another child on the ground that her mother is fonder of it than of her" (and this child can be transformed into one of the anonymous boys beaten in her beating fantasy); and that the mother herself can be an object of jealousy when the female child comes to hope for a child—a "penis-child"—by her father.

The little girl's transition to love of her father from love of her mother was Freud's focus in the essay:

> She gives up her wish for a penis and puts in place of it a wish for a child: and with that purpose in view she takes her father as a love object. Her mother becomes the object of her jealousy. The girl has turned into a little woman. If I am to credit a single analytic instance, this new situation can give rise to physical sensations which would have to be regarded as a premature awakening of her female genital apparatus. When the girl's attachment to her father comes to grief later on and has to be abandoned, it may give place to an identification with him and the girl may thus return to her masculinity complex and perhaps remain fixated in it.

In these passages from Freud's essay, many of the themes of Anna Freud's "honorable inner life" (as she jokingly called it) are adumbrated: her envy of her brothers and her father; her anger at her mother, who was fonder of her sister Sophie; the early-awakened genital sensations related to masturbation; her jealousy of her mother and Tante Minna as objects of her father's love; and her identification with her father. Freud's hypothesis that a jealous girl

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will retreat into an identification with her father states in another way the conclusion of "A Child Is Being Beaten," where Freud had noted that the female takes a male role in her fantasies, relating to her father in that way, and continues in the role as an ascetic or a spectator at quasi-sexual scenes. His emphasis on jealousy as a consequence of the "masculinity complex" restates the problem that Anna Freud left her subject with at the end of "Beating Fantasies and Daydreams." The girl who, through sublimation, became a writer was a person who needed praise as a reward for renouncing the masturbation she had taken up in her transition from wishing for a penis to wishing for a child. But the social activity of writing and the social pleasure of praise are difficult to dissociate from the original maternal and sibling rivalries.

About *Gutseins* (being good), the other topic of her renewed analysis, Anna Freud eventually had a great deal to say in publications. But her published reflections had their origin in a shift that came about during her renewed analysis. She marked the shift with a 1924 letter to Lou Andreas-Salomé: "The value of being good is not as great as I thought for a long time. There has to be something else involved, which alone makes being good valuable for other people: perhaps it is to be without internal conflict, to be clear about oneself, but also to be able to endure something." By this last capacity, she meant, she said, "coming to terms with the inevitable harshness" of people and events and not escaping into saintly hopefulness that all would turn out well in the end. At that time she thought that Eitingon was an "effeminate" denier of harsh realities, and she also found him lacking in insight about what she called his "overgoodness," a mechanism for negating "bad" desires that ended up, nonetheless, negating itself and producing bad actions. She later revised her view of Eitingon, but not of "overgoodness," which she found in herself and gave the name "altruistic surrender."

One of the most intriguing chapters of Anna Freud's 1936 work, *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense*, is devoted to "altruistic surrender." By that time, she understood overgoodness or altruistic surrender as projection of forbidden or dangerous wishes onto other people. Someone who thus disposes of wishes can take great pleasure in promoting and supporting the fulfillment of them by proxies but may also feel as empty as that lonely figure Rilke described in one of Anna Freud's favorite poems, "Der Dichter" ("The Poet"):

> *Ich habe keine Geliebte, kein Haus,*
> *keine Stelle auf der ich lebe.*

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Alle Dingen, an die ich mich gebe,
werden reich und geben mich aus.

I have no beloved or place for home,
no circle where I am at center.
The things to which I give myself
grow rich—while I'm impoverished.

The chief exemplar of "altruistic surrender" in *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense* is a governess who has lived an uneventful life entirely dedicated to other people's needs: "She lived in the lives of other people, instead of having any experiences of her own." This woman, Anna Freud wrote:

> . . . displaced her ambitious fantasies onto her men friends and her libidinal wishes onto her women friends. The former succeeded to her affection for her father and her big brother, both of whom had been the object of her penis envy, while the latter represented the sister upon whom, at a rather later period of childhood, the envy was displaced in the form of envy of her beauty. The patient felt that the fact that she was a girl prevented her from achieving her ambitions and, at the same time, that she was not even a pretty enough girl really to be attractive to men. In her disappointment with herself she displaced her wishes onto objects who she felt were better qualified to fulfill them.

In her portrait of the governess, Anna Freud combined her insights into the origins of jealousy and sibling rivalry with her meditations on "overgoodness." Her remarkably clear and simple description shows her developed ability to step back reflectively and theoretically from the kind of self-understanding she had reached in 1925. Then she had been able to combine her two analytic themes, but not to present the combination theoretically.

For example, she had reacted with a self-portrait to a short story Lou Andreas-Salomé had written after hearing Freud's "Some Psychical Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction Between the Sexes" on the Semmering vacation in 1925. She, her father, and Frau Lou were all in search of the mechanisms of female jealousy toward women and envy of men:

> . . . your Mathilde is good as a woman and has a right to be glad that she is. If one can dance as she does, then it makes sense. But if one looks like Dina, or like me, one only feels envy—in two directions: the one that shows how one might be achieving like a

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> man, and the one that shows dancing and being generous like Mathilde. One would like to be able to do both, and does find oneself to be a little of both, but neither becomes real.

Anna Freud continued with a statement that shows how deeply she—like her father—associated public or professional achievement with masculinity and how much her conscious desire lay in the other direction, toward what she associated with femininity:

> I feel like I carry a double load now, and it is especially so because I am required to do a man's tasks in the Vienna Society, in its training program, in negotiations, in complicated situations, even in making money (for the moment). I am pleased to be acquiring a degree of independence in the eyes of other people (not before Papa); but otherwise I would prefer to give and to serve than to acquire and to demand . . . And once in my life I would like to be allowed to be like your Mathilde. Only it is most likely too late for that, as one does not become like her, one just is like her.

Anna Freud had been practicing as an analyst of children and adults for nearly three years—the three exhausting first years of her father's illness—when she reluctantly slipped into one of her letters to Max Eitingon a discouraged, depressed remark:

> But I think that precisely the great involvement with the children is responsible for the fact that much that should give me peace does not. I could say many things about this, and so it is better, once again, that I not get started. But one more thing anyway: I run across the fact that I do not succeed in doing something to or for others without also immediately wanting to have something for myself (and not just money, which is still supposedly the easiest thing to get). In the long run, however, this is a stupid way to live.

She was signaling to the friend she had previously charged with "overgoodness" that her own struggle on that front was not finished.

She was grateful to Eitingon for his thoughtfulness: "I thank you very much for everything that you wrote as an answer to that one sentence in my letter. But that which I complained about in myself is, unfortunately, some layers deeper than you imagine, and still farther away from Papa's secure independence. Because how

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one can live without being able to judge oneself, criticize what one has accomplished, and still enjoy what one does, is unimaginable to me." She wanted Eitingon to understand that she was not, really, referring to the high standard for self-reflection that Freud set and that she accepted as a matter of course. What she had in mind was rather different:

> . . . what I have always wanted for myself, from the beginning, without much change over time, is much more primitive, and it can be said quite honestly. It is probably nothing more than the affection of the people with whom I am in contact, and also their good opinion of me. It is not just that I myself should say that something [I have done] is good; there must be others who say the same and confirm me. Now in a curiously self-evident way I have always been able not to make such a demand on my patients; in dealing with them I have never felt such human needs. Thus working has become remarkably easy for me in recent years.

But, she told Eitingon, with the children she had in analysis at that particular time, she did feel a very human need for more than good analytic work.

The children who aroused these feelings were the eldest two of Dorothy Tiffany Burlingham's four children, Bob, a boy of ten with serious asthma, and Mabbie, a girl of eight. Dorothy Burlingham, a New Yorker, had brought all four of her children to Vienna hoping that psychoanalysis would help them deal with her separation from their father, Robert Burlingham, and with the effects on them of his manic-depressive syndrome. Dorothy Burlingham also sought analysis for herself, turning to Theodor Reik because she was too shy to approach Sigmund Freud. The family shared quarters with another American family, but they were otherwise strangers in Vienna, and Anna Freud offered them a context and comfort as well as analysis.

Anna Freud told Eitingon that thoughts of Mabbie and Bob Burlingham filled her mind. More than she wished, she had "thoughts which go along with my work but do not have a proper place in it." She put her problem simply: "I think sometimes that I want not only to make them healthy but also, at the same time, to have them, or at least have something of them, for myself. Temporarily, of course, this desire is useful for my work, but sometime or another it really will disturb them, and so, on the whole, I really

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cannot call my need other than 'stupid'." Having admitted this much, Anna Freud went on: "Towards the mother of the children it is not very different with me." Her confession ended with: "Curiously enough, though, I am very much ashamed of all these things, especially in front of Papa, and therefore I tell him nothing about it. This [about the Burlinghams, children and mother] is only a small illustration, but actually I have this dependency [*Abhangigkeit*], this wanting-to-have-something [*Etwas-Haben-Wollen*]—even leaving my profession aside—in every nook and cranny of my life."

Anna Freud's desire to have in some way the Burlingham children and their mother, like the larger problem which she thought the desire reflected—her dependency, her need for something for herself—marked the limit of her analytic relationship with her father. She also told Eitingon that she had tried, unsuccessfully, to discuss her desire for confirmation from others and for "something" for herself with Lou Andreas-Salomé: "I once spoke with Lou about this years ago. She herself is so enormously distanced from it, though, that we finally both had to laugh about our mutual—not to be overcome by psychoanalytic knowledge—and complete inability to understand each other."

Anna Freud was not in analysis with her father in the fall of 1925, so her silence was not a breach of the "fundamental rule" for an analysand—to speak what comes to mind without censoring. But it did mean that she felt constrained by her peculiar analytic situation. Under the circumstances, she did the analytically logical thing: she turned to Eitingon, and created a quasi-analytic situation in which she could try to overcome the dilemma of having had her father as her analyst. She could deal with someone who shared her difficulties—as her father and Lou did not. "With me," she had tried to explain to Frau Lou, "everything became so problematic because of two basic faults: from a discontent or insatiability with myself that makes me look for affection from others, and then from actually sticking with the others once I've found them. [The first] is just what you and Papa cannot understand."

Once Eitingon had accepted her confession—and, tacitly, the role she had cast him in—she felt free to tell him in detail about Dorothy Burlingham. "Being together with Mrs. Burlingham is a great joy for me, and I am very happy that you also have such a good impression of her," she wrote to Eitingon after his first meeting with her friend. "I am often very sorry that she is not in analysis with you," said Anna Freud, who might have been speaking of herself.

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Anna Freud knew that Dorothy Burlingham, a youngest child like herself, had had a very tense, difficult relationship with her father, the designer Louis Comfort Tiffany, who was severe and demanding with his children. His artistic talent had obviously impressed his children—and Dorothy Burlingham identified with it, fostering it in her own children—but his domineering manner and his drinking had been much more influential. Dorothy's mother, Tiffany's second wife, had died when her youngest daughter was thirteen. She had been a model of intelligent, liberal—quite feminist—concern, but she had also been depressed during Dorothy's childhood by the loss of another girl, two years Dorothy's senior, to scarlet fever. As a child, Dorothy Burlingham had felt, as Anna Freud had, like an unwanted hanger-on in her household, a little one who was a bore and a nuisance to the older ones.

Anna Freud's letters to Eitingon do not indicate whether she ever did speak forthrightly with her father about her feelings. But it is clear that Freud accepted the path that Anna Freud found out of her conflict: she did "have" the Burlingham children and their mother as her family—and she did this by merging the Burlingham and Freud families. Freud noted the result in a January 1929 letter: "Our symbiosis with an American family (husbandless), whose children my daughter is bringing up analytically with a firm hand, is growing continually stronger, so that we share with them our needs for the summer." The Burlinghams moved into the apartment above the Freuds'; they had summer houses next door to the Freuds' summer houses; Dorothy transported everyone in her automobile; the children played with the Freud grandchildren, especially Ernst Halberstadt, who spent much of his adolescence with the Freuds and became Bob Burlingham's best friend. Starting in 1927, Dorothy Burlingham and Anna Freud took vacation trips together, leaving their families to keep each other company; and in 1930 they bought a cottage in the Semmering together so that any of the families' members who wished could join in for country weekends. This cottage, named Hochroterd ("High Red Earth"), was the physical place where there was no need to keep a distance in order to be at home.

After they had known each other for about three years, Anna Freud arranged for Dorothy Burlingham to begin a second analysis—not with Max Eitingon, who was too far away from the happy new life, but with Sigmund Freud. Unlike Theodor Reik, Freud was sympathetic to Dorothy Burlingham's desire to train as a psychoanalyst, and he conducted the analysis as a training analysis while

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Dorothy Burlingham also attended seminars—including Anna Freud's—at the Vienna Institute. Anna Freud's and Dorothy Burlingham's growing friendship was revealed in an analysis to the father-analyst—but not by his daughter.

Anna Freud did find her way to having her own desires rather than displacing them onto others and living vicariously; after her fashion, she had a rich and full family life, though she did not, in the 1920s or afterwards, have a sexual relationship, with Dorothy Burlingham or with anyone else. She remained a "vestal"—to use the apt word Marie Bonaparte later chose to signal both Anna Freud's virginity and her role as the chief keeper of her father's person and his science, psychoanalysis.

* * *

While he praised his daughter's intellectual and professional achievements, Sigmund Freud was not untroubled by the course her life took. He had written to Lou Andreas-Salomé in 1935: " . . . she is truly independent of me; at the most I serve as a catalyst. You will enjoy reading her most recent writings. Of course there are certain worries: she takes things too seriously. What will she do when she has lost me? Will she lead a life of ascetic austerity?"

Anna Freud's life was ascetic, and her father's death, when it came, brought no change. But "the erotic side of her life"—to use Freud's phrase from "A Child Is Being Beaten"—was restored to her, in a very particular sense: the femininity she had denied herself, in herself, came to her in the person of her new friend. Dorothy Burlingham also compensated for her troubled relations with her own mother and Tante Minna and replaced her sister Sophie, the mother whose oldest son, Ernst, Anna Freud had come to think of as her own adopted son. Dorothy could be loved altruistically, and from her Anna Freud could receive maternal love and sisterly appreciation. As Dorothy Burlingham became more and more important, Anna Freud could also oversee and altruistically support Dorothy's relationships with men, as long as these remained platonic and did not threaten their friendship. But she seems, further, to have found in her friend a version of the youngest child in need of a perfect father and angry toward a distracted, overburdened mother whom she knew in herself. They mirrored each other.

Anna Freud came to trust that her friendship was for her friend—as Dorothy later told her—"the most precious relationship I ever had." She did not have to compete for Dorothy's love after she

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had won it. Many in her psychoanalytic circles who knew enough to discount the persistent rumor that the friends were lesbians, but who realized that Anna Freud's life partnership was chaste and her "family" surrogate, found her situation poignant or sad. She, on the other hand, felt she had satisfied her *Etwas-Haben-Wollen* and avoided the fate that Rilke had etched in a stanza of his poem, "Herbsttag" ("Autumn Day"), which she had by heart for all her life:

Wer jetzt kein Haus hat, baut sich keines mehr,
Wer jetzt allein ist, wird es lange bleiben,
wird wachen, lesen, lange Briefe schreiben
und wird in den Alleen hin und her
unruhig wandern, wenn die Blatter treiben.

Who has no house now will not have one.
Who is now alone will so remain:
sitting, reading, writing long letters;
restlessly wandering the avenues,
back and forth, while brown leaves blow.

There is no evidence that Anna Freud ever felt unfulfilled or regretful in her new family, although maintaining for the Burlingham children the dual role of stepparent and psychoanalyst was always problematic—for her and for them.

In one of her most incisive and important clinical contributions, Anna Freud noted that sexuality repressed or denied can be recovered symbolically or vicariously in a relationship of complementarity. She made the point in a lecture on male homosexuality, as she described a male patient's effort to recover his own split-off masculinity in his male partner's virility. But this analytic concept of complementarity is certainly applicable to relationships of many sorts, whether overtly sexual or not. Dorothy Burlingham, whose older sisters were twins, wrote touchingly about how siblings of twins often invent a twin, a complementary self: "A further element in many daydreams of having a twin is that of the imaginary twin being a complement to the daydreamer. The latter endows his twin with all the qualities and talents he misses in himself and desires for himself. The twin thus represents an ideal of himself, his superego." In later letters that they exchanged, Dorothy Burlingham and Anna Freud agreed that they were each other's twins, or twins for each other, in their "ideal friendship." "I had such pleasure in your letter about the identical twins," Dorothy wrote. "It makes me happy and proud that we have such a bond."

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Vassily Aksyonov

STORM OVER A SWIMMING POOL

Recently a friend asked me if I follow the Soviet press attentively. I had to confess that I didn't, not out of ill will, of course; it's just that the non-Soviet press is too accessible. But for that matter (here comes another confession) I don't follow the non-Soviet press too closely either—writing takes up time, and then there are always the classics staring at me reproachfully from the bookshelf, there's jazz blaring next door, there's basketball. . . .

"Shame on you," my friend said with a Leninesque intonation, "At times you can find some arch-interesting pieces in it. I'm going to send you a xerox of this article from *Komsomolka* and you'll see what kinds of passions and fashions sizzle now among the Bolsheviks."

So I received a copy of an article by the journalist E. Losoto that was printed in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. The article is titled "Out of Mind" and bears a subtitle in the best style of the Party press: "Where the Leaders of the Pamyat Club Lead." It would seem the article is aimed at the currently awakening reactionary-nationalists in the Soviet Union, as if they were a non-Marxist force. A lavish display of quotations from the leaders is given so that you can even form an opinion of the ideological direction of this movement. Once you've formed your opinion, you can more or less side with one of the parties to the conflict, or at least have some feeling for where your sympathies or antipathies lie; it's always the case that once you've found something good you can conceive of something better and vice versa, even something a bit nasty and totally aversive.

Reading this article, I tried to detect the slightest movement of the scales, but I got flustered and couldn't sort out my feelings until finally I realized both sides reeked equally.

Members of the Pamyat Club (we'll call them "pamyatniks" for short) are self-proclaimed "patriots." Thus we have the architect-patriot, the doctor-patriot, the engineer-patriot. Clearly "patriot" in these instances serves as a far-reaching euphemism for non-Jewish, or Russian through and through.

The author of the *Komsomolka* article begins with a discourse on the nature of patriotism and immediately refers to the major fount of worldly wisdom: "Lenin defined the new Soviet patriotism thusly:

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Socialism is our Fatherland." Losoto finds it offensive that the pamyatniks constantly, and in vain, cite and refer to Lenin to strengthen their own concept of patriotism. She believes that their concept has nothing in common with genuine Leninist ideas and gives us to understand that the pamyatniks use the sacred name of Lenin only for cover or as a smokescreen for the attacking columns of dyed-in-the-wool nationalists. But the fundamental pseudo-conflict of two ideological currents is what's covered up here, the fundamentally incorrect approach of Comrade Losoto. She seems to think that the pamyatniks' apology to Lenin is insincere, that they are non-Bolsheviks, when in fact they are thoroughly sincere and are very Bolshevik indeed with only one distinction: in this scenario Losoto represents pure but outmoded Bolshevism, while the pamyatniks stand for Bolsheviks in the new stage, that is, national Bolshevism.

Some of Losoto's sayings exude this outmoded Marxist mustiness: " . . . patriarchal patriotism is the trail of dust left behind by the rapidly advancing country [this is not bad stuff from a literary point of view] that most recently was populated by an enormous dark mass of almost entirely illiterate peasants who for centuries believed in God [I automatically undo the backwater Marxist affront to God by capitalizing the G] and Tsar and for centuries blamed all evil on the devil and the heterodox. . . . "

This example of the ignorance of the masses is not very well chosen; if not from the devil, then whence evil? As far as the heterodox goes, the Marxist-Leninists have dumped all evil for the last seven decades on him, on the one who thinks differently, who holds different beliefs or any beliefs at all (outside their own). But the biggest warp in the above lies in the speculative treatment of the Russian past as if to imply that all heaven and earth opened up to Russia after the introduction of Marxism-Leninism.

In one sense we can hardly disagree with Andreyev, a representative of Pamyat. Losoto quotes him: "History was yanked out from under the feet of the people. If you take a look at the calendar, you'll see that our country was in an Ice Age before 1917. . . . "

Regardless of chic metaphors—"the rapidly advancing country," "the trail of dust of the past"—we hear a musty, agitprop anachronism in Losoto's words. The anachronism is especially obvious today when even official Party spokesmen find the courage to talk of the monstrous stagnation both in the economy and in public life, of signs of physical degeneration, of the colossal gap between

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themselves and modern mankind resulting from the seventy-year repression of private, creative initiative.

No, pre-1917—or more accurately, pre-1914—Russia was no glacial wasteland. She had a versatile society and a lot of things that, lamentably, are no longer to be found. The enormous energy of tempestuously developing capitalism pulsed through her. The judicial system that operated in her was advanced not only for its time, but by today's standards as well. She had a press that was relatively independent and that was moving toward greater independence, a limited but still multiparty parliament, a many-voiced and talented literature led by Dostoevsky, whom many literary scholars consider "the singer of capitalism," in other words, the voice of a pluralistic society. Russia had the most extensive railroad system in the world as well as brave pioneers of aviation. There were fashionable stores in the big cities and shops brimming with all sorts of sundries in the provinces and districts. On Nevsky Prospect you could buy exactly the same goods that London's Picadilly Circus offered, and even better still, surplus food products were a major export item. Church-going was in no way considered a sign of ignorance. From this point of view, I'd sooner sympathize with Andreyev, leader of the pamyatniks, but with one significant stipulation: Comrade Andreyev cannot see in the old Russia a Western-oriented country, a part of advanced Europe. Least of all can he see the future of that country within the context of Western civilization.

Losoto describes attending a Pamyat meeting. She exits Kropotkinskaya metro station not on the side of the Moscow swimming pool—an object of Pamyat's hatred regularly referred to at their meetings as "that round puddle of ablution"—but on the side of the Lenin regional party committee *(raykom)* of the city of Moscow. . . . After I got used to the oversignificance and underlying meanings in this article, I meant to set about finding the proper metaphor or a hint of Losoto's ideological direction, until suddenly I got a clear vision of this particular part of the city. I had actually lived there for no less than three years, and I remembered that I never could stand that loathsome pool, even without Pamyat. Swimming there was by no means a pleasant experience as the pool stunk of chlorine, and the level of sanitation of the lockers left much to be desired. The Cathedral of Christ the Savior used to stand on this site; it was mockingly destroyed, and originally there were plans to erect the

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Palace of Soviets in its place. Construction never progressed beyond laying the foundation, and subsequently it was converted into "the world's largest swimming pool." I recall swimming around in this ugly, uncompleted structure and being pierced by a caustic, surreal coldness.

The journalist chose the *raykom* exit for the simple reason that "the *raykom* was *obligated* to provide Pamyat with space. . . . " This sentence, perhaps the most puzzling in the whole article, makes you wonder. A Pamyat representative gave thanks for the use of the space in his opening address and said that this "brought honor to the Party *raykom*." "Rumors in favor of socialism and communism will be circulating throughout all of Great Rus about this!" he cried pathetically.

This is the counterpoint—how can you not believe the sincerity of our exclaimer? How can you fail to understand that he sees his great goal and Pamyat's historical destination in the combination of "Great Rus" and "socialism and communism"? How can you not grasp the importance of this moment—when at last the Party *raykom* has correctly understood national Bolshevism!

Losoto writes that at present each movement is promoting "its own heroes, monuments, historical events, and slices of history." There is something encouraging indeed in the fact that in the Soviet Union different movements have emerged and that each one is trying to make it on its own without fear of reduction to the common denominator. I stress the significance of this to preserve objectivity and to avoid being an émigré grouch. Let's have a look at the primary movements on the social scene that our *KP* journalist identifies.

One such movement is that of Bolsheviks and Democrats, according to Losoto. Good God in Heaven, since when did these two elements ever make up and set up house together? For Bolsheviks, Bolshevism is always greater, incomparably greater than democracy, whereas Democrats—for our purposes, Social Democrats—have always thought of Bolsheviks as usurpers and tyrants.

Another movement—get ready for another quote, folks—is called "On the Contrary." On the Contrary promotes something completely irrelevant to the revolutionary struggle: "abstract humanism and pluralism." So this is your On the Contrary. I'm glad to know it still exists because I myself belong to it.

A third movement to go public in the Soviet Union is not at all

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on the contrary. They just kind of, well, "live in the thirties," according to Losoto. What she won't tell us is that they are in fact the dust-covered mongrels of Stalinism, the "Voroshilov Marksmen" as they're called. In debates, their major objective is to keep their opponents and their opponents' arguments up against the wall.

The fourth movement, though not good, is also not on the contrary either. It seeks to "exhume and restore the Grand Old Days of the Orthodox Church." Four movements, well that's pretty good, but it's rather obvious that pluralists aren't too comfortable in this plurality.

Losoto would willingly tolerate this fourth movement of modern Russian thought if it supported only the artistic marvels of the Church, but alas, they are going to promote *all* of Orthodoxy which is a "sin" against *pure* Bolshevism. " . . . If you consider the Orthodox Church our history, then yes, we pulled the rug out from under history, and rightly so." When Losoto talks about the Orthodox Church, she's not actually distinguishing it from any other Christian denomination; it's not as if she's for Catholicism or Lutheranism. Instead she protests against all Christianity, against the belief in God in general. In our homeland religious belief was replaced by the worship of alabaster idols, first of Lenin and then of Stalin, and now back to Lenin.

Pamyat condemns the profanation and destruction of churches that occurred all over Russia. Losoto condemns the pamyatniks for displays of "historical tactlessness": after all, by the time the churches were destroyed they weren't monuments to the glorious past but rather "nests of clerical reaction." In justifying vandalism our modern journalist fights for the concept of tact—this is the stuff of the "theater of the absurd." And yet she feels sorry for the Cathedral of Christ the Savior because "its destruction was the result not of the exigencies of the revolutionary situation . . . but of narrow thinking that valued only the new aesthetics. . . . " She finds a positive example of the wondrous "new" in the Palace of Soviets, the apex of which takes the form of a Lenin bust as big as the mausoleum itself.

In fact, however, the Komsomol and the Pamyatniks are not enemies. While they are at odds in terms of Pamyat's defense of the Church and its supposed concern with the spirit of Christianity, the national Bolshevik essence of Pamyat comes to light in its unruly and shameless anti-Semitism and active anti-Western sentiment. When the pamyatniks look for wreckers of the Russian past, they cry

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about Kaganovich, Yaroslavsky (a.k.a. Gubelman), Ginzburg the architect. These men are singled out not for being Bolsheviks seriously involved with the struggle against "nests of clerical reaction," but because they are all Jews. The pamyatniks also conveniently forget to mention in this context the native Russian wreckers: Head of Government Rykov, All-Union Alderman Papa Kalinin, "First Red Officer" Voroshilov, Khrushchev who unexpectedly went berserk over religion in the post-Stalin era. Needless to say, the pamyatniks don't include in this roster their major idol, Lenin (Lenin-worshipping is something they have in common with the Komsomol), even though no other leader in history has ever led a more virulent anticlerical campaign!

In all fairness, anti-Semitism has never been a part of pure Bolshevism in its open form. In 1953 Bolshevism was preparing to leap into a Nazi phase, but this was averted by the premature death of the beloved Leader. For whatever the reason, it simply never happened. And so now our Party journalist Losoto observes, not without horror, that her dear current flows into the next lock almost openly, making its way from over there to the vast expanse of national Bolshevism.

In the auditorium of the Lenin *raykom* CPSU a certain Shumsky exclaims: "We're for Leninism, but it's been ruined by the hands of Satan!" "Rock groups are instruments of Satan—they've made a pact with the devil!" "Down with Masonic-Zionist symbolics!" At this moment into the meeting hall floats the white angel of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin who, as Losoto herself will confirm, has nothing to do with the devil and even less to do with rock-and-roll.

After this, the impressive Sabbath-bashing meeting continues, and our journalist picks up the thread of her story. But she's still holding something back. There are some obscure references to the *Kristallnacht*—dreams or reality? There's reference to illegally taped conversations—whose? The question is asked, who will win under *perestroika*? Some discuss the existence of Zionist-Masonic plots and secret signals, in particular an item of children's clothing decorated with a crescent-shaped ornament. The moon, of course, is a Jewish emblem. Still others suggest that if you hold certain newspapers up to the light you'll see an ominous pattern in the shape of a scull. Someone claims that in an article on Chernobyl he discerned the hidden subtitle, "This Should Become a Tradition." The enemies apparently use all kinds of schemes to disseminate their various sym-

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bols—the Menorrah, the six-pointed star, the carpenter's square, the compass, the number 32—clandestinely in all newspapers as confirmation of their presence.

And yet there's more. Bureaucrats, dear citizens, were introduced into our society not by the Soviet managerial system, imponderable though it is in both size and stupidity. No, our bureaucrats are here because of an international conspiracy of Zionists and Masons. The agents of imperialism instituted our bureaucracy. National Bolshevism abhors international imperialism, it wishes a plague upon America even more than its forerunner, the "pure," original Bolshevism. So we are left to ask to which Masonic lodge General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev belonged, since he was the ultimate embodiment of Soviet bureaucracy.

The name Petr Arkadyevich Stolypin inevitably pops up in the course of the discussion. He, with his experience in rebuilding the agricultural system, is proclaimed an example of "genuine Russian patriotism." Losoto doesn't particularly appreciate the Stolypin example because he "symbolizes the most reactionary period in twentieth century history." While both the old and new Bolshevisms have distorted views of Stolypin, they interpret him differently. The old labels him a reactionary who "gave the green light to Kulakism." The new won't admit that he restructured Russian agriculture on the Western model, incorporating the single-family farmstead.

Toward curtain time the debates are carried even to the point of Moscow as the Third Rome, as the greatest sanctuary of morality in the modern world. As an unbiased member of Losoto's On the Contrary, I'd like to ask how moral it is to promote the hatred of Jews? To strive for the isolation of one's own people while simultaneously snatching up other countries? To march senselessly and for nine years through the bloodbath in Afghanistan? To mill about onerously in order to keep Eastern Europe in shackles, or to pretend that Stalin and Hitler and their odious versions of the Final Solution never existed? That's some kind of moral sanctuary for the modern world!

Losoto draws her conclusions, taking care to distance herself from the participants of the Lenin *raykom* rally. The Pamyat Club, she says, "is just one face of the multifaced petty bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie is cosmopolitan, the bourgeois is nationalist, the proletariat is international." According to this classification, and classification is undoubtedly the first obsession of Marxism (somewhere I once wrote that if we only let Marxism classify everything,

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mankind would be left in peace), the proletarian-internationalist has something in common with the grand bourgeois-cosmopolitan. Ask any educated Westerner, and he'll tell you that internationalism and cosmopolitanism are pretty much the same thing. Of the four groups designated by Losoto, I find by far the most comprehensible is On the Contrary, as it has nothing to do with any form of Bolshevism.

In my opinion, this element On the Contrary is deeply rooted in the Russian people (against all odds), while national Bolshevism may have even more difficulties getting a foothold in our "miraculous homeland" than did its precursor in Germany. The German nation was more receptive to the ideals of national socialism, if only on the basis of its exclusive homogeneity. Although tinged around the edges by macaroni-eaters and frog-munchers, Germany was monolithic in her love of sauerkraut and the blonde, blue-eyed ideal. It's common knowledge, however, that if you scratch a Russian you'll find a Tatar.

And maybe not just a Tatar, either. In fact, the Russian people are one of the most cosmopolitan nationalities in the world if for no other reason than their location between Europe and Asia.

Dwelling on the road "from the Varangians to the Greeks," Russians intermingled with both over the centuries. In the south, Rus was open to the waves of the Mediterranean, the source of Greek and Byzantine culture. In the north she was exposed to the rigorous, seafaring Vikings, the "blue-eyed princes." This constitutes a major difference between Russia and Germany as Germany was, for the most part, open only to the north.

The Pechenegs, Khazars, and Tatars came from the East; the Persians travelled north up the Volga. The Armenians and Georgians traversed the Caucasian Mountains. The latter two groups forged strong ties with the Russian aristocracy by virtue of their common religion. A lot of intermingling took place in the north, too, with the Chud' and the Zhmud', also known as Finns and Balts. To the west, Russians mixed with Poles. The French invasion of 1812 left its own mark by liberally peppering the Russian language with Gallic words.

Like the Germans, the French weren't always at war with Russia. Thousands of them lived side by side with Russians, teaching our children good manners, soldering faucets onto our samovars—in short, making a considerable contribution to the cosmopolitanism of the Russian people. And yet Jews are such a focus of hatred for Pamyat. After untold torment and humiliation brought

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down upon all our nations by an unjust power, this fiercely anti-Semitic nonsense strikes me as artificial and pseudo-ideological, like an effort to carry on the torch of Nazi predecessors.

There have always been three vaguely discernible currents in both the Western and Russian intelligentsias—nationalism, revolutionary Marxism, and liberal pluralism. The first two ever-inflammable creeds face bankruptcy and dissolution time and time again. Liberal pluralism, though it may be spat upon for its alleged "wishy-washiness," smiles, it works, it keeps rolling on.

Meanwhile the weather conditions over the Moscow swimming pool are still unstable.

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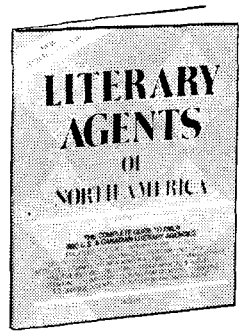

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POEMS

A. R. Ammons

READINGS BY WAYS

The Epicurean (and stoic) philosophers,
monists and
dualists,

are interesting (they show
that time over time
unwinds one story) but

how can I resist the creek,
stalling over depth
or breaking into shiny ramshackles

on a rise of pebbles or blurring
storm history in weed-slants
along high banks: I get

caught up in clouds illustrating
skies or muddying out: I can't
get enough of the nodding

adjustments when a squirrel
leaps onto or off branches
quaking trails: still, I

like it when the old philosopher says,
"live unknown," whole
histories unread creeks.

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Primo Levi

HUAYNA CAPAC*

Heaven help you, messenger, if you lie to your old sovereign.
There are no ships like the ones you are describing,
Bigger than my royal palace, driven by the storm.
Those dragons you rave about, bronze-sheathed,
Gleaming, with silver feet, do not exist.
There are no bearded warriors; they're ghosts.
Waking or sleeping, your mind invented them,
Or maybe a god sent them to deceive you.
That often happens in calamitous times
When old certainties lose their outlines,
Virtues are negated, and faith fades.
The red plague doesn't come from them; it was already there.
It's not a portent, not an ill omen.
I shan't listen to you. Gather your servants and depart.
Descend through the valley, rush across the plain,
Thrust your sceptre among your enemy half-brothers,
Sons of my vigor, Huascar and Atahualpa.
Stop the war that bloodies my kingdom
So the cunning stranger won't profit by it.
He asked for gold? Give him a hundred-weight,
A thousand. If hate has split this empire of the Sun,
The gold will inject hate into the other half of the world,
There where the intruder cradles his monsters.
Give him the Inca gold. It will be the happiest of gifts.

Translated from the Italian by Ruth Feldman

Editors Note: "Huayna Capac" is from *The Collected Poems* by Primo Levi, translated by Ruth Feldman and Brian Swann. Copyright © 1988. To be published by Faber and Faber, Inc. in January 1989. Reprinted with permission.

*Huayna Capac, Inca emperor, died in 1527, shortly after Francisco Pizarro's first landing at Tumbes. It is said that one of his messengers supped on board the Spanish ship, and that Huayna Capac, by then a dying man, had had news of the strangers' arrival.

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Jane Ann Miller

SEPTEMBER 9, 1901, MALROMÉ

Goodbye, au revoir,
Toulouse-Lautrec—
The old estate will have no heir,
Montmartre, no habitué,
Its whores, no debonair roué

To sketch them frizzing hennaed hair
On solitary afternoons,
To call them by their own real names
And make them famous with a line,
A litho, or the lithe design
That you yourself now lacked

Or lost somewhere at age fourteen . . .
The cost of love cousin-cousine
That left you barely jockey-size
To straddle chairs in cabarets
And watch the late-night carousel
With laughing, heavy-lidded eyes,
Watch dancers, clowns flash legs,
Flash silks—
Sleek horses at the hippodrome,
Thick painted ponies
Polychromed in yellow,
Red and absinthe green . . .

It's round and round,
Small men astride,
The music plays, the midgets ride.
They trace an outline of this scene,
This sporting life
That spun you, dazed,
Onto the lawn at Malromé
To die at leisure and at home,
To rot with painful, lordly ease,

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And rotting, lazily observe
That one sure bet, the sportsman's dream,
Come plodding round the backstretch curve . . .

Black nodding plumes, black gleaming feet,
Your father in the coachman's seat.

Phillis Levin

PRISONERS' ROUND

After the etching by Gustave Doré
and the painting by Vincent van Gogh

Every day they file into the courtyard,
And gathering round into the round
Each, in his turn, is caught
In the morning light—
Like numbers on a clock
With a turning face
And broken hands,
Or a teeming waterwheel
Groaning in the sun.

Anointed by this light, one
Forgets they are prisoners
Facing another day: the sun
Out of their picture,
The walls drawn close and blue,
While the yellow of a dandelion
Seeps through cement
Cracked with a hunger
We attribute to things that kill.

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George Starbuck

QUATRAIN FOR KATHY

TRIUNE TRANSPORT

(Shakespeare sonnet 105)

Rare
find.

Fair,
kind,
and
true.

Und-
u-
lant,
buoy-
ant,
poi-
gnant.

You.

SUBSCRIBE!

(Shakespeare sonnet 107)

Shock,
A-
poc-
a-
lypse,
Con-
script-
ion,
Doom,

Shake-
speare
's here;
make
room.

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NECESSARY WRINKLES

(Shakespeare sonnet 108)

Spring
plow-
ing.
Thou
mine,
I
thine.

Thy
ston-
y
lone-
ly
face

my
place.

TIME EXPOSURE
SONNET 116

Scar
light.

Scar
bright.

One
star
un-
smeared

all
night
long.

Weird.
Tall.
Strong.

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Hayden Carruth

INSERT X

When I was hospitalized for my
one hundred and seventh
rebellion
against the gods, in this
strange town, one of my students left a

plastic cup, with a heart on it and
a bouquet of pearly
everlasting-
ing in it, by my door
in the ghastly dorm. I found it on

returning. My dear, dearest, you can-
not really know an old
man's lust, three
parts terror to one of
fantasy. Please may you go in peace.

Stanley Plumly

THE JAMES WRIGHT ANNUAL FESTIVAL

That night we flew into Pittsburgh
where Tom Flynn met the plane to drive us back
to Ohio just over the river into Belmont County
where we were to meet Galway and the hosts
of the Second Annual James Wright Festival
for supper and the chatter of a late night
before the first day of readings.
And what I remember from the long ride
in from the airport—a new spring night
with constellations broken and the blurred

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edges of the foothills building against the wind
in a wall up from the river—is the dark
and how it came into the car at a speed we understood,
how it filled in the small lights going out
everywhere behind us, how it moved on our faces;
how later, after dinner, all of us tiring, it touched
all our faces. What I remember that night from Galway's face,
larger, darker than the failing light could hold,
is how the next day he talked about the work,
up until the end, on the last book,
or didn't talk but wandered lost in a moment
out of memory of the last poem of *that Vence morning*
many times since, and how he waited there,
in thought, with the many sources.

On the Sunday I spent the empty early morning
wandering too, lost in Martins Ferry,
where down the street from the library the Heslop Brothers
Undertakers were still in business and farther still
the WPA Swimming Pool Project Plaque
shone like a war memorial object.
And I walked down to the water, the beautiful
Ohio, Depression-wide all the way to Wheeling,
and saw that whatever the working terrors are
they are worse over there, on the other side,
where West Virginia—laid-off, sabbath, or dead-time
on the line—is still a foundry and a glassworks
and an icehouse filled with coal,
where they take you, out of pity, in the morning
before daylight and bring you back in the evening,
fire in the sun, white-of-the-eye-of-the-moon;
and that even the petty farmers, our fathers,
had come down from the farms to cross.
James Wright, Galway would finally say,
had gone to the end of the table, which we will earn,
as we earn the daily bread set before us,
and in Galway's face, in the room of the gathered that day,
you could see the winter daybreak poem take form,
in a whole other country, in memory,

in high gold Mediterranean air but lifted here
like stone or lumber flat above the river.

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Allen Curnow

THE VESPIARY: A FABLE

Its thoughts are modular, they attach themselves
to the young tree, the soffit of the back porch,
a grey box with multiple apertures where

its visible business is with legs and wings
purposefully hesitant, the unseen venom
is contingent, the sting for later inquiry.

I write. Those writings which we now identify
doubtfully as such yield nothing. I transcribe
tapes of the period recovered from pack ice,

leaning hard on the crude systems in use today.
I construe gaps, blips, ambiguous phonemes
and learn that the day after the first confirmed

sightings country children were sent home early
from school, a pet goat found stung dead on its tether.
Townspeople who'd never heard of honey dew

ran out into the streets, crying and silent.
Unopposed meanwhile, our oceanic nation's
defences in traditional disrepair,

the feral Vespoidea victory in their grasp
thrust inland, seized ornamental trees, PVC
downpipes breeches of abandoned guns ditched

cars, open mouths, armpits, natural nests
of which the naturalness has taken centuries
issuing the safe side of history's mirror.

I write. The past itself encoded itself
known only to itself and is dead, and we
live in our different style. No one knows how

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many millions perished while our two species
achieved symbiosis by selection, between
this beach and that mountain 'under Capricorn',

in an agon of orifices, host and guest,
legs, wings, damp secretions. Now the dark swarms, my
lips mumble words over the busy bodies.

I write. The bones of the last boatpeople from
the north and the west lay somewhere under the dunes
where dogs dug and we played. When I was a kid

that's what we said. The safest thing's to touch nothing
on the beach, the back of the cave, the riverbed,
never leave the nest in the bush, where you were born

and suckled. A mother's cry stings me in my
mind's ear stuck to the tape, another tongue trapped
in the dead of time, *Attention! les guêpes*!

Jennifer Rose

THE ITALIAN ROSE GARDEN

1

Today they are adjusting the Roman fountains
and stocking new goldfish in the basins.
The opulence suggests they could adjust
the roses' blooms. And Rome was even gaudier
than these sandblasted-white fountains intimate,
pale imitations of the resplendent rose,
tourniquets of the rose. A white Ceres
too short for a goddess clutches wheat to her breast
on a pedestal. She looks out over
the hacked-back bushes, peering through her cataracts.
Blind to the roses' fury, she does not suspect
their intentions yet: becoming armed civilians.

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2

Because I know this is an Italian garden,
I see Mussolini speaking from the stone terrace.
Behind him, the pergola seems a corridor
less meant for roses than for long queues
of deportees. Wires strung between the columns
contain them in rows. Then suddenly,
the statues look amateur, too crude,
a ruse: cement bricks instead of soap cakes.
And are the birds metaphors
for planes or angels? Is the sun God
or a searchlight? The roses—some sort of ambush?
These manifestos kill the pink Rugosa.

3

Late afternoon soft-focuses the garden
with pollen. Now it is a photograph.
With its gardeners and tourists weeded out,
one cannot guess the year or circumstance.
The drone of the highway beyond the fence
could be a thunderstorm or planes landing
at an aerodrome. Shadows trickle over
the green terraces. This could be peace.
Why must I feel like Nero fiddling when I praise
the fountain and the rose? The rose is neither
a fire engine nor the fire itself.
And neither are the birds' songs sirens.

Askold Melnyczuk

DOWNER FOREST ROAD

The fox lopes past
beebalm the blurred
hummingbird translates
from flower to flying

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and thick, bearded trees
dream of rain.
Here appetite recovers
simplicity: moss

releases a shimmering;
row upon row
of corn, peppers, onions;
the day lilies' habit

of dying, one mouth
closing to open
another. The skin

above the skin
shivers, remembering
earlier gardens:
the rural aurora

sunk in the blood.
I want to learn
how the mustard seeds,
small as the sins

of a boy, know
to split open.

Ann Snodgrass

A DISTANCE

It was a desirable place after all. I guess
lights don't have to burn all evening. Stars
can be enough to make fog seem less final:
imitate, in their own way, interior vision.
It was not love. I always knew that.
Love is wherever there is a lake; sometimes

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the water sounds so close it is painful.
The canoe on it slices through wet weeds,
though the voices of its couple can barely be heard.
So the mild jungle that came to surround us
on the shore was a green lens that blurs—
sharpens, then blurs noises. Of all that I said
you heard maybe two words: *cruelty,* say,
and *waste*—before a desirable silence
made it just as you'd said. Trees. Trees absorbing
our voices, though they had no use for them.

Katy Aisenberg

SOMETHING BORROWED

for T.C. d. 10/84

Having neither seen nor heard from you
In thirty days my friend, I met you in a dream
And you were with child.
We tried to speak many times: *I will*
Stop fighting imaginary battles.
I will work like hell.
I will dream longer dreams at night.
You had a child and I
Had two hundred white doves in my home.

My house is filled with these riches,
With the forked tracks of rugged pink feet,
With pecking in warm burrows. The moan and coo.
I can hardly hear myself think
When they settle on my chest and shoulders
So I wake in an extravagance of white.

But my hand is uncertain, wanders
As though each thin blue line were a vein
Traced across this neutral body and taking me
With my forgetful, saleable health toward you,
The array of your blood.

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I saw it as it meandered up and down
The minor ports of your body,
Sweating and scared to the point
I could no longer say: I feel this fear, but I was it
Arriving as fainting, small clouds of nausea,
Until I feel that under the sweat and flow,
Under the yellow gown and
Transparent gloves and the mask which I cannot decide
To adjust over mouth, or nose, or both,
I melt and reform with you.

The air wavers, unsure of its purpose,
And outside your window the Hudson sidles
Between its leggy banks, and under your window
Men and women circle on strike, and you arch yourself
In imitation of their circling, in pain as we talk,
As you run out of yourself with a vengeance.

I love you incredibly for coming here, you say.
But what's more incredible than that I will leave you
Saturated in disease, though it's you I hold
And your hand all day, doing nothing.
I picture small circles of sickness
Soaking from your hand
Through the thin glove
Which covers mine.

Mid-afternoon you push your covers from you
Like a swarm of bees, and expose yourself
With a man's genitals caught
Between the vise of a boy's legs.
The light browses through the room
Looking for some reason
To stay.

When I bring my hand to my mouth
I want to wash it.
So invalid and singular will I become,
I guard my breathing as a secret.

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We imagined this disease would pass
Like a comet over you on its hot musical way,
Lighting you as one purified by fire.
Orchids, they counseled, *lilies,*
Weep no more.

Your coffin juts from my sleep.
Days of precise weather haunt me.
The stones in cathedrals are damp
From weeping.
Wooden pews swell and seem to splinter under us.
Kneeling there as you pass
It has never been so far from my heart
To the ground.

How can I cast myself out
Over the glistening prey of daylight
Again, in assent?

Friend, I make a trellis for you to train on.
Wind level and far as the stars
On which the night grows, and hangs.

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Elizabeth Frank

AT THE GALLERIES

A curious thing happens at the end of the Fragonard* exhibition at the Met. The show exits into a room full of Spanish paintings, chiefly by Velázquez and El Greco. The effect is sudden and tonic. From an overdose of vacuous prettiness, one comes upon force, brilliance, and conviction. It isn't simply a difference in style, epoch, or national tradition. Fragonard had it within him to be a great painter, but he was not a great artist. His art is cut short by some missing quality or combination of qualities—courage being the most important, perhaps, but also something closer to temperament or personality, that would compel us not only to recognize a signature style, but to be moved by it, believe in it, assent to it.

It seems oddly coincidental that at a time when deconstruction and poststructuralism have mounted an attack on received ideas of genius, authenticity, and originality in art, Fragonard should suddenly swim into view—and yet remain a blur. Art history has chosen so far to see him as a descendant of Watteau and Boucher and a provider of amatory froufrou to aristocratic patrons secure in their taste for soap-bubble erotica, yet this was just one of his modes. He worked in numerous genres and styles. In addition to an early foray into history painting, which he abandoned upon presenting a grand "machine" (the forgettable *Coresus and Callirhoe*) to the Academy in 1765, he did *fêtes galantes,* amorous idylls, pastorals, genre paintings, landscapes, portraits, paintings of animals, sentimental and domestic scenes, and a more "realistic" late treatment of erotic motifs. To say of any of these modes that it represents the "real" Fragonard is impossible. Something elusive, enigmatic, and unsatisfying inheres in all of them.

Fragonard may have been someone who, in his incapacity to be himself, managed to be a little bit of everyone else—a bit of

*"Fragonard," The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, February 2–May 8, 1988, curated by Pierre Rosenberg, Conservateur en Chef, Department des Peintures, Musée du Louvre, Paris, assisted by Marie-Anne Dupuy; and Katharine Baeber, Curator, Department of European Paintings, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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Boucher, a bit of Watteau, a bit of Tiepolo, a bit of Rubens, a bit of Rembrandt. He has been viewed as a *pasticheur* before, but not, I think, inaccurately. He was truly a virtuoso performer, a kind of hack who could deliver what was asked of him but didn't have anything essentially his own to say.

At the same time he was a glorious technician. He could paint with rich, energetic fluidity and with a wonderful feeling for materials, for red and black chalk, bister wash, and juicy oil pigment. He was a painterly painter, his surfaces full of emphatic strokes, impasto'd passages, broken forms and throbbing rhythms. Yet once he moves away from Boucher, and goes to Italy for five years in 1756, it is difficult to define what it is he turns into. The ten red chalk drawings of Tivoli and the Villa d'Este done at this time are full of lovely effects of light and shade, but there is something so utterly conventional and visually uninteresting about them that they don't become more than pleasing. With *The Bathers,* which curator Pierre Rosenberg dates in the years following Fragonard's return from Italy in 1761, there are again wonderful effects—lots of rosy flesh, warm golden tones, and rapid, summary brushwork, but the painting is structurally flawed. The central nude, with upthrown arms, just hangs in midair, about to topple the curvy pyramid of bodies.

Then there is the peculiar matter of Fragonard's Dutch landscapes. For eighteenth-century French patrons who liked Dutch landscapes but considered them rather too sparse, Fragonard obligingly copied pictures from Dutch masters (chiefly Ruisdael) and then inserted the desired figures and livestock. Rosenberg writes in the exhibition catalogue, "While it is true that Fragonard liked and admired Northern painting . . . that his own paintings sold well, that he was less concerned with producing precise (or deceptive) copies than with creating 'inspired pastiches' that collectors could recognize as such and distinguish from the Dutch models, there is still the question of his personal involvement." But what exactly *is* the question? Was this an early example of "image appropriation" or art about other art? Or was it, as it certainly seems to be, a frank (or not so frank) churning out of commercial products?

Rosenberg wonders whether Fragonard wanted to show "that he could do *the same thing*" or whether he wanted to prove that he could do "*as well.*" When we add to this portraits done "in the manner of" Rembrandt and Tiepolo, the whole issue of Fragonard's sense of vocation comes up only to remain for the most part unanswerable. His admiration for the masters is as evident as his inability to trans-

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cend them. He can only imitate the manner of Rubens or Rembrandt, but he cannot finally turn them to purposes of his own. The bravura brushwork remains empty, the mark of a sublime hand checked by a timid psyche.

The Fragonard of the pastoral idylls—*The Fête at Saint Cloud, Blindman's Bluff, The Island of Love, The Little Swing* (*The Swing* unfortunately remained in London, in the Wallace Collection), and most particularly in the famous Louveciennes paintings, "The Progress of Love," on permanent view at The Frick Collection in New York—is still the best and the most representative of his age. In these he achieves a deep, vast, atmospheric space, full of dynamic movement and sudden darkness and illumination, that seems to bear within it memories of the baroque and anticipations of romantic landscape.

Toward the end of his career, after Madame du Barry rejected "The Progress of Love" for the neoclassical style then coming into vogue, he tried his hand at a more "realistic" mode and produced *Le Verrou,* in which a young man inflamed with passion bolts the door so that he may possess his anxious but fast-melting lover. With its sober palette and seamless finish, the picture seems a little like trying to turn an Ernst Lubitsch movie into *The Postman Always Rings Twice.* It finally can't stand up against either Fragonard's earlier idylls or *The Oath of the Horatii,* in which a new hard-edged clarity bespeaks a new hard-edged ideology.

There is something finally depressing about Fragonard. The erotic works, such as *La Chemise enlevee* or *Le Feu aux poudres,* seem inconsequential, footnotes, despite their charm, to Titian and Rubens, lacking their grandeur and large energy. The *figures de fantaisie* strike me for the most part as slapdash psychological blanks, although their sheer painterly deftness keeps them alive. Fragonard was so prolific, so talented, and so basically unrealized—although to say so presupposes some inner core of "genius" that went to waste. I suspect finally that there wasn't much "there" there. Contemporary witnesses mention his modesty, diffidence, self-doubt, but this clearly isn't Cézanne's famous self-doubt, which got into his paintings, and which changed the course of art. Fragonard finishes something, it's true, but it's more of an emptying out than a fulfillment. He lacks even the valedictory "poetry" of Watteau; there is no vaguely metaphorical hint, for instance, in *The Island of Love,* of an historic order on the verge of collapse. Without content—and I don't mean anything propositional, anything paraphrasable—without feeling or emotion that goes beyond the pleasure of the eye, or for which the

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visual pleasure is in some sense an analogue, Fragonard becomes merely a purveyor of lovely decorations. Some of these, of course, are wonderful, simply as painting. When the works in this show are sent home, it is nice to know that the paintings Madame du Barry rejected as old-fashioned are always available at the Frick, capable of refreshing eyes bored to death by the deadhanded slickness of so much of what passes for advanced painting today.

* * *

For the exhibition of Cézanne drawings this spring at the Museum of Modern Art,** Sir Lawrence Gowing and Bernice Rose, Curator, Department of Drawings at MOMA, selected 114 out of 152 sheets of Cézanne drawings in the collection of the Basel Kunstmuseum. Originally forming part of five sketchbooks, the "Basel Museum carnets," as Adrien Chappuis, author of the catalogue *raisonne* of Cézanne's drawings, termed them, the drawings are first-rate and should dispel the notion, never entirely put to rest since Cézanne's "distortions" were first remarked, that he could not draw with academic correctness. A richly tonal charcoal study of a male nude done at the Atelier Suisse in 1865 is, with the exception of the model's upper left arm, perfectly "correct," and the numerous drawings of sculpture, both antique and "modern" (Renaissance through nineteenth century) are similarly accurate with respect to proportion and volume. Correctness, of course, is hardly the issue with Cézanne. The Basel Sketchbooks present him as a complex, enigmatic figure, obsessed at first by private, sometimes violent fantasy, and then increasingly by nature and the art of the museums. The line in early pencil studies for romantic "machines," such as the "Study for *The Eternal Feminine,*" which looks like a reverse cartoon of Delacroix's *The Death of Sardanapalus,* or "Studies for *The Orgy,*" becomes what Sir Lawrence Gowing felicitously calls Cézanne's "generative linear broth," quick, squiggly, broken and rhythmic, seeking out dynamic passages and contiguous unified forms very much in the manner of Delacroix. Goya also seems present in *Scene of Violence* (also known as *The Murder*), an ink-and-wash drawing of a man bending over a woman's supine body. Its thick, almost blud-

**"Paul Cézanne: The Basel Sketchbooks," The Museum of Modern Art, March 10–June 5, 1988. Directed by Bernice Rose, Curator, Department of Drawings, The Museum of Modern Art. Catalogue essay by Lawrence Gowing.

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geoning strokes powerfully summarize and contain the violent subject.

There are numerous studies of nudes and bathers in the show, both male and female, and it's interesting to see the changes between female nudes, which were done in pencil in the early to midseventies, and which are silhouetted, shaded with light patches of strokes, and serpentine, and two male bathers seen from the back, both done in the late seventies (one in pencil, the other in pen with traces of oil color). In the latter, the silhouetting is broken, or indicated by marks that overlap each other but do not form single, smooth contours, and the shading is done in larger, more explicit strokes (and fewer of them). More crucial still, the blank paper is allowed to indicate mass and volume, to function sculpturally, as it were, and with supreme economy. Detail is sacrificed for compactness and compression, the solidity that comes from a summarizing impulse. By the late nineties, when Cézanne does *Bathers* (in pencil, with touches of violet watercolor), he is virtually modelling the figure (especially the figure on the left) in areas of blank paper and darker and lighter strokes, in effect translating a sculptural feeling into a wholly two-dimensional vocabulary. In this respect it's instructive to compare his drawings with Seurat's, which are also economical and summarizing, also destructive of contour, and also committed to engaging the paper—but the velvety pile of it, as it were, as an accessory to the fine infinitesimal web of marking. And whereas Seurat materializes volume through big areas of massed tone, Cézanne uses the pencil mark and the white paper to suggest just those points where planes are created by the fracturing of light, the instability of the glance, and the resistant bumps and ridges of the body or landscape itself.

If the exhibition is unified by something more than Cézanne's sensibility, it is in fact the presence of a task, a lifelong task, to find the means to translate or convert the visual sensations of three-dimensionality into the language of drawing. It doesn't truly happen until Cézanne begins to work from nature; it's not there yet in *Family in a Garden,* an idyllic but overpacked grouping of figures done in pencil sometime between 1870 and 1873, but it is in the beautiful *Camille Pissarro, Seen from the Back,* also in pencil, and done between 1874 and 1877. Here the blank paper works positively between broken lines to indicate not just volume, but the weight and density of objects. The relationships between Pissarro's hat, jacket collar and shoulders and the force of his back against the chair he sits in are shown through pencil strokes that, in their variations of thickness

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and darkness, build up an elegant and essential architecture. A proto-Cubist sense of form is beautifully revealed in *Still Life with Candlestick* (1881–84), with its severe verticals, horizontals, and curves, and its light shading of the spaces between objects. In the landscape drawing, *Hills with Houses and Trees* (1880–83), there is a sudden and uncanny sense that Cézanne has seen Mondrians somewhere, that one is in the presence not of pure abstraction but of an abstracting process that has felt rather than schematized the landscape into the verticals and horizontals of a Cubist grid. In *Flower Outdoor,* done around 1890, the small angled petal edges, the vertical stalk, the leaves constructed like small landscapes in themselves of tonally varied stroked patches again recall Mondrian's chrysanthemums—which is to say that by the late eighties Cézanne had achieved in drawing as in painting a way of constructing images through a reduced and interior notation of form.

Oddly enough, the difficult discipline of this mode becomes evident in the numerous drawings from actual works of sculpture that make up a large part of the show. Cézanne once said that "it took me thirty years to realize that painting is not sculpture." In the drawings of sculpture he appears to be exploring this difference, practicing again and again the kind of seeing that he brought to the study of nature: he looks at monumental figures as if they were landscapes and draws them not with conventional academic modelling, but in his own abbreviated graphic gestures. He drew from works by French sculptors—Pigalle, Preault, Puget, Rude, Houdon, Desjardins, Coysevox, J.J. Caffieri, Coustou, Chinard, Lemoyne, Girardon; from Italian sculptors—Benedeto da Maiano, Mino da Fiesole, Michelangelo, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Bernini, and after the antique—The Lycian Apollo, The Discophoros, The Borghese Mars, the Bust of the Emperor Septimius Severus. The earliest of these is dated 1879; the last, after 1900. Sculpture certainly provided Cézanne with both the unmoving models he needed and the nude originals he, for whatever reasons, denied himself. The real challenge of drawing sculpture, however, must have lain in its resistance to being flattened into a pictorial language. The bulky volumes were hard to indicate in terms of marks and blank paper, and hard not to translate into the old academic chiaroscuro. One senses Cézanne's obdurate refusal to render, to submit the pencil to the sculpture, and not the sculpture to the pencil. Some of the intimate sketches of real persons—Madame Cézanne, the artist's son, Louis Guillaume in a Pierrot costume—are almost too soft, too flat in comparison with the

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drawings of sculpture; the hand that draws the volumes of chin and neck in *Beatrice of Aragon* (after a Florentine bust) sometime between 1884 and 1887 seeks out a structural complexity it does not find in the *Portrait of Mme. Cézanne* in 1887–90. It is as if Cézanne weren't just drawing three-dimensional images, but marble or bronze, and in just those places where the material is forced to work against itself—in the curves of hard muscle, the fall of curly wigs,the bumpy surfaces of physiognomies. In the studies of Puget's *Milo of Crotona,* done in the late nineties, Cézanne manages without contour, closed shape, or anything but the repeated stroking of the pencil to register every ripple, bulge and torsion in the agonized figure. These are great drawings—passionately cold, detached, relentlessly autodidactic, too, in their labor of conversion. The show has to be one of the most satisfying—perhaps the most satisfying—this spring in New York.

* * *

The Barnett Newman show at the Pace Gallery (April 8–May 7), like the Cézanne show at the Modern, proves just how good good art can be. The thirteen splendid paintings, which come from museums, foundations, private collections, and the Newman estate, comprise a mini-retrospective, with emphasis on works from the late forties and late sixties. The show performs a real service, considering that there hasn't been a major Newman show in New York since the 1971 retrospective at MOMA, a year after the artist's death, and that a whole generation of artists has matured in the meantime without a firsthand exposure to his work. They can and should travel to The National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. and see the newly acquired *Stations of the Cross,* but in the interim the Pace show provides a superb introduction to Newman's concerns. Important and major paintings include, from the forties, *Genesis-The Break, The Beginning, Moment, Euclidean Abyss, Onement I, Abraham* (borrowed from The Museum of Modern Art), and the great *Concord* (borrowed from The Metropolitan Museum of Art). They recapitulate Newman's movement from a suggestively poetic, symbolic and organic imagery to a pure, austere and deeply felt abstraction based on the use of vertical "zips" which divided the canvas into symmetrical and parallel fields of color. Newman's ability to explore the terms he set himself and to take risks with symmetry, scale and color remained impressive, as the later works in the show attest. *Untitled,* 1970, which has a big rectangle of saturated blue between white ver-

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tical framing bands, and *Anna's Light,* 1969, a huge red painting nine feet high and twenty feet wide, bounded on either end by white bands, both establish perceptual complexities having to do with distance and nearness, boundaries, and the strange unpredictable behavior of large areas of color. It is good to be reminded once again of Newman's extraordinary pictorial intelligence. How he managed not to repeat himself, but to paint each painting as if he were reinventing painting from scratch; how he achieved surfaces at once austere in format and luxuriant in color; how he made clear, concrete decisions vibrate with nuances and tensions; how he managed to find purely visual ways of expressing mythic and metaphysical ideas remain object lessons in what it means for an artist to think about what he is doing, to bring more than a blind intuition to his work without yielding at the same time to willful calculation. He refused to become complacent and to settle for formulas; his work constantly criticizes itself. The show makes clear how profound were his anticipations of both Color Field and Minimalist painting, how fresh, how early and how substantial his formal innovations. What the show also makes clear is the solid content of the paintings, the unassailable authority of their presence and conviction. Whether the viewer knows anything or not about Newman's intellectual interests doesn't matter; the works respond to and embody what Thomas Hess called their "ethical pressure." This is a point that Neo-Geo artists, who were too young for Newman's MOMA retrospective, but who have been influenced by the look of his art in reproductions or piecemeal examples in museums, would seem to have missed.

* * *

Elizabeth Murray's dismal retrospective at the Whitney*** raises troubling questions about this artist's current preeminence as one of the major mid-career painters of the generation born since 1940. She has been praised for her ability to integrate Cubism and Abstract Expressionism with Pop, touted as a Neo-Expressionist who combines a tough no-nonsense touch with pro-

***"Elizabeth Murray: Paintings and Drawings," Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, April 21–June 26, 1988. Organized by Sue Graze, Curator of Contemporary Art, Dallas Museum of Art, and Kathy Halbreich, former Director of the Albert and Vera List Visual Arts Center, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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found domestic feelings, and held up to her peers as a shining example of Integrity, a person who was no virtuoso to begin with, but who took risks, criticized herself, went for the long haul, and broke through to an earned maturity. The problem with all of this rather trite mythology is that her work is just awful. It's awful in a number of ways, but the worst is her drawing. The retrospective, which covers paintings and drawings from the past twelve years, makes it unmistakably clear how much Murray depends not only for her images but also for her structures on comic-book cartoon shapes and contours of the utmost banality and silliness. For all their apparent look of naiveté, spontaneity and "goofiness" ("goofy" being one of Murray's favorite adjectives, in the comments accompanying the catalogue plates), they signify a sensibility that revels in brash obviousness and the rejection of refinement. The work's look of complexity, which actually boils down to mere complicatedness, comes from its setting terms for itself that it fails to resolve. For instance, Murray often inserts a schematic volume in the form of a recognizable image (a table, a cup, a room, a chair), reinforcing the unrooted quality of the image by her color, which, whether chromatic or muddied, is almost always used to fill in or separate shapes from each other without any detectable formal logic. In 1980, in a painting called *Breaking,* she fragmented an image of a beer glass into two separate panels, each of them overfilled with shapes and marks that seem to cartoon, in a quasi-abstraction, the very process of the breaking itself. The painting, however, isn't even remotely abstract; it simply looks like a glass and a lot of shapes zigzagged in half, like pieces in an arty jigsaw puzzle. Since then she has used fragmented and layered stretchers as well as shapes to pull apart various recognizable images, but her own understanding of the importance of this process is way out of focus. Of *Breaking* she remarks that "here I wanted to pay homage to Synthetic Cubism, which I owe a lot to. Cubism just fits me perfectly; it's like seeing somebody wearing a dress that you easily could jump into." Quite apart from the inanity of this remark on its own terms, nowhere in her work is there evidence of more than a superficial grasp of Cubism, analytic or synthetic; just endless bulbous, pillowy shapes like Casper the Ghost or pneumatic bowling pins broken up into fragments which force the look of dynamic movement but in fact hang inert and unintegrated on the wall. Cubism had something to do with deconstructing (and here the word really fits) traditional illusionism, but Murray creates graphic schemata, not de- or reconstructed illusions. *Painter's Progress*

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(1981) is one of the worst of these faux-cubist works. It consists of a turquoise and hot pink palette shape, with orange brushes coming out of the thumbhole (to Murray, also an eyehole); surrounding this, a sort of black and blue purplish atmosphere with red squiggles in it, the whole configuration broken into a bunch of hard-edged pieces—triangles, parallelograms and so on. Pop and Surrealist elements certainly seem present, in this and other paintings—but Cubism? Hardly.

Murray lays down paint with the deliberate infelicity of sentimental machismo. The very unseductiveness of the splashes, drips, dry scrapings, fuzzy edges, and globby impastos appears to be proof of deep feeling and sincerity, yet the effect is that of rigid, unimaginative narrowness and facile readymade style. I find her cup paintings—*Just in Time* (1981) and *Yikes* (1982) equally bad, and for Murray to compare the latter, as she does in her catalogue remarks, to an early Cubist landscape painting, is embarrassing. In addition to the cartoony and cornball shapes, the bad painting, and the arty and oh-so-with-it fragmentation, there is the final and comprehensive problem of unedited accumulation and accretion. She just sticks more stuff in—more drips, more splotchy and splashy stretcher parts, more shapes and patches or ribbons of color—giving the impression of unchecked impulse on unchecked impulse. Unity, integration, the actual achievement of an inner logic fail to occur in painting after painting—*Children Meeting, Just in Time, Bean, Keyhole, Table Turning, Sail Baby, More Than You Know, Sleep, Can You Hear Me?*—all of which suffer from cuteness, crowdedness, cornball imagery, from sheer bad facture. There is a constant effect of overkill—an overkill that eventually produces a feeling of dead weight and pointless effort.

There is finally no resistance in the work to various aspects of itself; everything reinforces everything else, but contiguously, additively, so that there is no tension, no conflict, no "push and pull" in either a formal or a thematic sense. What's disturbing, too, is that Murray's work is "about" a great many things. The range of meanings she herself ascribes to her paintings—memory, family, love, sex, time—is perfectly legitimate. She is, in a sense, the exact opposite of Fragonard, who had nothing in particular to say, and brilliant technique with which to (not) say it. She has plenty she wants to "say," but she confuses subject matter with content and can't find ways of making her subjects meaningful as structure. Roberta Smith writes with apparent approval in the catalogue essay

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that "Murray will combine some of Gris' shadowed layering of form with Arp's biomorphism in Suprematist deep space and serve it all up with more than a touch of Disney on a scale that is confidently Abstract Expressionist." Smith's failure to see contradictions in this recipe, and her inability to find anything wrong with interpreting Gris via Disney, suggests a larger failure in critical attitude. This attitude, now epidemic in the art world, regards art history as a smorgasbord of styles, without formal and cultural substance and without logical constraints, and dismisses distinctions between high and low as if these were simply arbitrary and socially imposed prejudices instead of profoundly different domains of feeling and intelligence. The badness of Murray's art has everything to do with the false claims that have been made for it, and with the deadly ease with which it plays to the self-deluding philistinism of the art world at present. Of course, that Murray's too-easily satisfied audience fails to ask more of her work is ultimately beside the point; that Murray herself doesn't has been fatal.

Coming in

Partisan Review

- Natan Sharansky on Being Free
- Eugene Ionesco on the Theater of the Absurd
- Raymond Aron: *A Memoir*
- Edith Kurzweil: Psychoanalysis in Vienna
- Lionel Abel: *The Hero of Metatheater*
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- David Bar-Illan: *Israeli Letter*
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Jed Perl

HÉLION AND LÉGER

Jean Hélion is the only artist since Léger who has made poetry out of that most shadowy of presences in modern art, the common man. This artist who was born in Normandy in 1904 and died in Paris in 1987 invented types who are much more than the statistics of social realism; characteristic types, with the mysterious aura of Le Nain's peasants and the housekeepers of Chardin. Hélion and Léger, born a generation apart, are connected by friendship, by Hélion's many borrowings from the older artist, and above all else by the liberality of spirit with which they've approached the bewildering spectacle of Modern Times. In his passionate curiosity about the look and feel of a man-made world, Hélion also recalls such seventeenth-century Dutchmen as Jan Steen and Gerard Ter Borch. Indeed, Hélion ultimately goes much further than Léger in the direction of naturalistic representation—and I sometimes wonder if Léger's rumpled workmen of the beginning of the fifties weren't inspired at least in part by the equally rumpled men that Hélion had started painting a little earlier.

Everything in Hélion comes in quantity: cycles of paintings, accompanied, ever since his first brilliant abstractions of the thirties, by an outpouring of preparatory drawings. After World War II, when he became fully himself, there were the series of female nudes—almost Courbetesque, with their weary, beautiful flesh; of men reading newspapers on park benches—the papers unfurled like floating banners; and of bedraggled poets reclining in the gutter before mannequin-filled shop windows. The forms are bold, simply modelled, and there are often clear, heavy outlines running all around the shapes. With Hélion it's the artist's feeling for pure form—for the punch of a red or a blue, for the twisting route of a black contour—that propels so many anonymous figures into throbbing life.

Hélion himself came through the packed decades as one of the

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wisest and most generous-hearted of all the adventurers of modern art. Even as I write these pages, the testimonies of his gift for friendship and of his infectious enthusiasm multiply at every turn. The catalogue of a recent exhibit at the Albemarle Gallery in London contains an open letter to Hélion from Myfanwy (Evans) Piper, a figure in the English avant-garde. She recalls how more than fifty years ago she'd first come to Hélion's studio in Paris. "It was August: the life of the city was suspended in heat and emptiness, everyone had gone away except you and other artists who couldn't afford to—Mondrian, Brancusi, Kandinsky, Domela, Giacometti among them, all of whom I subsequently, through your introduction, visited." She continues: "Jean—your eloquence and sparkle both in French and in English (luckily for me) left me spellbound. So we got on. I remember staying, that first day, an unconscionable time . . . and walking back through the unfamiliar dark streets in a state of high exhilaration."

As it happened, the catalogue containing this letter was brought to me from Paris by a painter friend who'd just, on her first trip to Paris, visited Hélion. (She must have been among his last American visitors.) And my friend's story of her visit with Hélion and his wife Jacqueline seemed to have an open-sesame dimension much like that of Myfanwy Piper's visit all those years ago. Of course Hélion could no longer offer a young artist introductions to that list of artists—he'd outlived them all; but the shining enthusiasm that put everything in the realm of the possible, this was present to the very end, in the blue eyes, the rapid speech, the art-filled atelier. My friend described the call to Hélion's apartment, and Jacqueline answering, "Come over today at five." Then the apartment building near the Luxembourg Gardens; the uncertain climb up the odd little flight of stairs to the penthouse; then the terrace with its magnificent gray and white and coffee-colored vista of Parisian rooftops. And one's immediate exclamation, "But that's the roof-scape Hélion has painted!" The beautiful rooms with their oddly sloping ceilings. The exclamation over a white tureen on a sideboard that one knows from the paintings, and this starting off the presentation by Hélion and his wife of a parade of paintings, a cascade of half a century's work. My friend's answering, "Brooklyn," to Hélion's question, "Where do you live?" elicits the story of Mondrian's funeral in a Brooklyn cemetery. And on and on. And after a few hours and the good-byes, my friend is, like Myfanwy Piper all

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those years ago, "walking back through the unfamiliar dark streets in a state of high exhilaration."

Jean Hélion himself came to Paris to apprentice to an architect in 1921, when he was seventeen. Six years later he met the great Uruguayan painter Joaquin Torrès-Garcia, whose work made a personal synthesis of neoplasticism and folk art motifs. It was through Torrès-Garcia that Hélion first came into contact with the avant-garde and got to know Mondrian, van Doesburg, Kandinsky, and the other abstract artists who were in Paris at the time. He embraced the cause of abstract art, which was then almost twenty years old, and became involved in the groups and magazines that were proselytizing for abstraction. From the start Hélion had an ability to put himself right in the middle of the fray, and this characterized his entire career and made for a life dazzling in its connections and rich in its friendships. In 1930, along with van Doesburg, he founded the Abstraction-Creátion group, which published a magazine, organized exhibits, and included among its members Arp and Robert Delaunay. The many interviews Hélion gave in recent years provide an invaluable view of the Paris of the early thirties. Hélion's generosity of spirit casts a beautiful glow over all the immortal names—he recaptures a sense of a shared experience that's rarely found in the history books:

> Kandinsky used to invite everybody to sumptuous tea parties, which were presided over by Nina Kandinsky. Mondrian always sat at one end of the table, and at the other sat the youngest and most unknown of the group, myself. On my right was Arp, on my left Magnelli, and so on. One day Mme Kandinsky said to Mondrian, "What's the matter, Mondrian, are you not well?" He replied, "No, not particularly. I perceive a tree, right behind Hélion. It would have been better if you had let me sit beside him." Mondrian was such a puritan, at least verbally, that he simply couldn't bear the liberty of a tree. I had a great respect for him and liked him very much, but I must say that he was incapable of including a tree in his field of comprehension. Kandinsky, by contrast, was already liberated enough to do trees. Not that he talked about depicting them, but when he showed his paintings he would remark very proudly, "There are the colors of nature." After a trip along the Jordan River he told us that he had "captured the colors of those beautiful landscapes, those beautiful deserts." In sum, we all formed a perfect microcosm,

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> with some advocating the most absolute rigor and others the greatest possible freedom. Though we apparently went in different directions, actually, as befits artists, we tried to grasp every aspect of the truth, from one extreme to the other.

Like Giacometti, Hélion went to school with the Parisian avant-garde of the early thirties, created his first mature work with a vocabulary borrowed from older artists, and only later, at the end of the decade, embarked on a return to reality—his "different direction."

There is to Hélion's art and career in the thirties an international cast. Abstraction-Création, though formed in Paris, reflected the idealism of nonfigurative art as it had evolved in Holland, Germany, Russia; and Hélion's travels during the period—to Russia, where he met Tatlin, and to Berlin, where he met Naum Gabo— reflected a transnational brotherhood of abstract art. Hélion also visited America, for the first time in 1932, long before World War II brought many Parisian artists to the States. Unlike so many Frenchmen, he learned English perfectly. He assisted Albert Gallatin in putting together his great collection of abstract art (which became the Gallery of Living Art at New York University), befriended the young American painters, and encouraged the formation of the American Abstract Artists groups. Much of this long-submerged history of abstract art in the thirties has floated to the surface in recent years, and Hélion's name now has a certain currency in America among those who read scholarly articles and exhibition catalogues. Indeed, his abstract period has by now been gone over so often that it comes as something of a shock to realize that he painted abstractly for little more than a decade. But however Hélion chose to paint in later years, he always bore the stamp of the thirties, with its fervent hopes and hard realities.

Hélion's compositions of the mid-thirties, in which the geometry of the Abstraction-Création group engages with a Surrealism that "breaks down barriers and causes unexpected constellations of images to flower," are an essential landmark of the art of the time. It's the convergence of abstract idealism and Surrealist fluidity that makes for the haunted period flavor of these works. They're impersonal, muffled, expectant, somberly beautiful. Hélion's cylinder-, helmet-, and bullet-shapes, modelled in rich, pearly tones (Clement Greenberg once called the color Vermeerish), look to have been surprised into space. In the beautiful 1935 abstraction in the

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Albright-Knox Gallery in Buffalo, *Standing Figure,* the colored planes wrap around one another into a torso and head with the powerful heroic anonymity of a Cycladic idol. This is a silver-toned, porcelain-hard version of Léger's brash style of the disks of 1918. The smooth surfaces keep being disturbed by queer conflicting forces.

The writer Pierre Brugière, who met Hélion at Arp's house, recalls seeing hanging above Hélion's worktable in 1934 reproductions of Poussin and Fouquet—and that bow to the tradition of French art, amid the idealism of abstraction, suggests Hélion's reservations about the self-sufficiency of abstract art. When Hélion, in 1934, resigned from Abstraction-Création, it was "because of Vantongerloo's austerity—he was a real purist—and also because of Herbin. They were both very much anti-Surrealist. As far as I was concerned, Surrealism was also a brand of freedom, so abstraction could not be opposed to it." In 1933, on a page of a notebook that contains a line drawing of a hand, he had written: "The superiority of nature is that it offers the maximum of complex relationships." In 1934, in *Cahiers d'Art,* he was explaining that abstraction and representation are in some way commensurate, equally real.

Still, it wasn't until 1939 that Hélion was painting representational paintings—a series of men's heads topped off with fedoras. Given how figural Hélion's abstractions had recently become, this return to reality wasn't exactly a surprise; and yet I don't think one can offer any simple explanation for Hélion's divorce from abstraction. Dissatisfactions and anomalies build up—but what ultimately tips the balance is really impossible to say. This is how Hélion recently described his development in the later thirties:

> I had gone to America in 1936, partly because of the American relations I had through my wife, partly to get away from the environment in which I had come to abstraction. I settled in New York to regain my freedom, but it so happened that my reputation as an abstract painter began to attract those very artists to me who, after years of representational painting, felt tempted by abstraction and the freedom it implied. So I withdrew to Virginia, to go my own way. I turned to nature, which they were escaping from; we met going in opposite directions.

Surely it's significant that the first figures aren't so much portraits of individuals as portraits of social types. The men are defined more by their headgear than by their faces—they're symbols of a new lower-

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middle-class man who prefers ready-to-wear suits (in which he can pass as a character from a Hollywood movie) to the traditional getup of the tradesman or craftsman or laborer. The hard clarity of the men in their hats is mixed with the fullness of form we know from the abstractions. The heads are blocky, angular; they have no softness, no flesh.

In 1939, Hélion wrote to his friend the poet Raymond Queneau from his home in Rockbridge Baths, Virginia, of a new series of watercolors. "The most beautiful," he said, "represents a street of Paris, always of Paris, my native city, a characteristic place, typically atypical, for which I nourish a growing passion." The one large painting from 1939 is of the street: a severe gray facade, a cyclist, a man with an umbrella, a woman at a window. The figures don't really fill the space; it's a bit depopulated in feeling, not quite the image of the love of the street Hélion would later give us. But certainly it represents everything for which international abstraction couldn't account. Geometry was an idea that had, in any event, begun to dissolve in the astringent waters of Surrealism, automatism, and the first stirrings of what was shortly to emerge as Abstract Expressionism. Though Hélion came to reality in America, it was a coming home to France as well—to the streets of Paris, and to the Poussin and Fouquet on the studio wall.

The Cyclist was the last large painting Hélion did before he was drafted in 1940 and went back to fight with the French. The war interrupted his work for four years. Hélion was taken prisoner in June of 1940, spent two years as a prisoner in German hands, escaped, and made his way back to the United States. All this would be neither here nor there in regard to the paintings if it weren't that Hélion published, after his return to America in 1943, a memoir called *They Shall Not Have Me,* which is, in its concreteness of naturalistic detail and immediacy of image, not what one would expect from a polemicist for abstraction, a star of the international avant-garde of the previous decade. It's a book about life among the people, the product of the same sensibility that was turning toward the life of the street in 1939. *They Shall Not Have Me* details the day-to-day struggle to exist.

In the early thirties, at the suggestion of his friend Georges Simenon, Hélion had written risqué stories in order to make some money (they're now lost). In *They Shall Not Have Me* he reveals a considerable literary gift. He doesn't write as *the artist*—his life among the intelligentsia is cast aside—we scarcely know anything about the

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narrator except that he's a soldier, left directionless and leaderless in June 1941. "I was not sent to war," he begins.

> It came to me in Mézières en Drouais, a charming village west of Paris, where, for months, I had crawled upon the hills, ducked under blank shots, dug model trenches, and absorbed soporific chapters from the infantry sergeant handbooks very peacefully . . . . We expected to leave for the front, and were eager to fight; but our train never came . . . . On the eve of the thirteenth, a lieutenant of my platoon, of whom I was very fond, took me aside and told me that the Germans were hardly twenty miles away, advancing rapidly after breaking the main line of resistance. The order had come at last that all troops should evacuate.

On the very same day, June 13, Alberto Giacometti and his brother, Diego, were setting out from Paris by bicycle, to try to make it to Bordeaux, and a boat for America. For the Giacomettis, who were Swiss citizens, the days of flight ended with a return to Paris. Alberto ended up spending the war years in Geneva. But for Hélion and his fellow troops the days of rout ended in capture, and a week-long forced march during which many men fell by the wayside of wounds or starvation. After this, *They Shall Not Have Me* turns to an extended series of scenes from the two years of Hélion's life in prison.

After spending several months in a prison camp in France, Hélion is sent to work on a Pomeranian farm on the Polish border. The couple of chapters about this experience have the focused intensity of a classic of prison literature. Along with a small group of workers, he spends a brutal fall and winter—painting outhouses, digging for potatoes, working at a threshing machine. At first, the accommodations don't look so bad.

> To have a room for eight, with a few square inches of shelf for each was a forgotten delicacy [after the months in prison]. There was a window with a view of a large field and a forest beyond. As a playground, we had a ten yards' stretch between the tool shelter and the privy. The latter looked like a sentry box, and from each of the three holes inside, one could view the farm and the castle through the cracks.

Everything is a struggle. "We spent much time fitting our footwear,

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stuffing openings with crumpled newspaper and patches of burlap, and tying string all around. When the shoes were large enough, a layer of straw inside gave fine protection." The garbage is studied meticulously. "We found our greatest treasure in a garbage can: a map of all Germany and the northern part of Switzerland, a Shell road map."

It's hard to say whose lot is worse—that of the prisoners or that of the peasants, who've been there forever. These Pomeranian chapters are interesting not only as an account of the war years, but also as a picture of life forty years ago in the backwoods of Europe. The farm is owned by a baroness, who runs a sort of ancient feudal establishment.

> When the weather was clear, the Baroness and her younger daughter came after lunch, in a coach driven by an old crow: he was assistant *Wachmann,* carried a pistol; and showed it to us, once in a while. He jumped to the ground, lowered the collapsible steps, and the Baroness descended. Wearing high riding boots, she went around, said a few words to *Tapageur,* who bowed to her from the top of his horse; to The Ox, who blushed and stammered; and, here and there, to the peasants. The daughter, seventeen or eighteen, her long hair flying handsomely in the wind, borrowed somebody's hoe, and dug a few potatoes, neatly, as if she knew how. She just stooped, of course, and lifted the potatoes one by one, with the hoe, built a little heap, handed back the tool and said with a smile: "Here you are."
>
> The peasant answered respectfully, *"Danke schön, Gnädiges Fräulein,"* as if she did not mind hurrying to make up for the ten minutes lost.

Hélion plots an escape; but before he has a chance, he's transferred to a banana boat, in the harbor of Stettin-on-Oder, where seven hundred and fifty men are kept, most of whom work at jobs in the town during the days. Here, due to his skill at languages and his general ability to take charge (an ability that had already stood him in good stead back in the Abstraction-Création days), Hélion becomes an assistant in the Commandant's Office, a sort of middleman between the prisoners and their captors. This part of the book is perhaps less gripping—life begins to take on a slower, more orderly day-by-day pace. But there are many marvelous vignettes, and Hélion's affection for people—his sense of how liveliness bursts

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forth in all sorts of circumstances—shines through. He describes getting together entertainment for the inmates.

> There was a tall boy who once had a bay window. He was a cabinet maker, specializing in luxurious coffins. It had borne little influence on his mentality. He was good-humored and full of indomitable vitality. Gifted for clowning, he imitated the best music hall singers, and made everyone of us laugh heartily. In addition, he inspired the others, and organized them. With all the unavoidable quarrelling, jealousies, and troubles, that such affairs involve, we composed a theatrical unit of ten actors; a singing one, of fifteen. From one harmonica in March, the orchestra grew to twenty-four instruments by December. With the complicity of a sentry particularly anxious to make ten or twenty percent profit, we found and bought all sorts of old instruments, in the city: horns, violins, banjos, accordions, bugles, drums, with money collected from the spectators.

All during his time on the ship, Hélion is planning his escape. He leaves one afternoon and, after many near misses and the kindness of strangers along the way, makes his way back to Paris, an occupied city.

> Now I wished I had avoided Paris. The beloved city was there to meet me, outside the station door, but in what a state! It had become pale and thin, like the few civilians on the sidewalks. . . .
>
> Uneasy, I entered a café, and from the booth called several of my friends, without success. Either their telephone had been disconnected, or they were away. At last I reached one, and when I told him my name he said:
>
> "It is impossible!" and I asked if I could come and explain to him why it wasn't.
>
> "Immediately," he said, and I took the subway.

Finally there's the escape from occupied France, and so to America. Hélion spent a year writing his book in English (it's never appeared in France), and one feels, closing it, that Hélion might say of himself, with Léger, "The war changed me." Léger was, according to Hélion, the first to write to him when the book came out, with the exclamation. "Quelle belle aventure!"

Hélion's postwar work—all forty-odd years of it—is a long hymn to the strange and marvelous variety of daily life. In Hélion's

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art a powerful ordering imagination confronts a world that the artist himself described, shortly before his death, as "a mixture of everything, good and bad, small and big, petty and grand."

La Grande Mannequinerie (1951) is one of a series of paintings that has its origins in the iconography of Surrealism, in the idea of the artist as an urban explorer, traveling the streets where the flatness of shop facades provides the backdrop for a drama of role reversals. The two mannequins in a tailor's window, with their gesturing hands, seem quite alive; while the barefoot dreamer, lying in the gutter, looks as frozen as a Hellenistic river god (he's a gutter god). *La Grande Mannequinerie*—painted in harsh, disagreeable blues and browns and greens—has a lurid, pulpy energy. The heavy, equal emphasis that Hélion gives to each banal element makes us feel that we're being forced to take things in whether we want to or not. The two dressmaker's mannequins, packed into their tight fancy French suit jackets, have wide-open eyes. The dreamer, whom Hélion identified as a poet, a sort of dropout from society, is oblivious, resigned. The painting might be read as a social statement, a protest against urban dislocation, and yet the dreamer and the mannequins are regarded with such a rapt attentiveness that what strikes us is the artist's sympathy and amazement more than anything like a tragic note.

In Hélion's studio still lifes of the postwar decade everything is given equal emphasis. Half-open pumpkins, vases of flowers, electrical outlets, cracks in the wall—they're all magnified, in much the same manner as the wrinkled clothing of the man lying in the street in *La Grande Mannequinerie*. Around 1953 Hélion goes all the way into pure representation and paints a crowded table in a strained, gray-brown scheme. *High Tea* is a bit loathsome in its rejection of ease. It's as close to academic realism as any major modern artist has ever come. The American painter Leland Bell has described this as "a picture without charm, its surface shut tight and hard. Every texture and object seems equally dense. Everything in the picture resists and repels—as if Hélion himself dared not relax. But it is not a question of failure or success—what counts is the admirable gesture of the knife in the bread, say, so clearly and precisely stated." Hélion's work of the early fifties is a brilliant attempt to find the unknown within the all-too-familiar. Could anyone have predicted the jumble of *High Tea* on the basis of the flat white grounds and elegant abstract forms of twenty-eight years before?

In the later fifties Hélion was reaching for a relaxed, flexible

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form language to encompass everything he saw when he looked around at the world. The paintings of the early sixties—figures, still lifes, groups in the fields and harbors and markets—are drawn in curved slaps of paint. The extremist personality that was drawn first to abstraction and later to sharp-focus realism is nowhere in evidence. These canvases are a little too even in tone; your eye wanders across them, without quite getting engaged. The atmosphere is airier, more informal than anywhere else in Hélion's work. There's an almost vulgar lust for pure vision that we know from Vlaminck or the later Vuillard (maybe that's another side of Hélion's extremism); missing is the wonderful hum of ideas that generally gives a deeper dimension to Hélion's work. He moves, in 1962, to the town of Bigeonette, near Chartres; but he can't really convince us of a modern pastoral, as Balthus does in the Chassy landscapes, or Braque does in the late paintings of fields. He's an artist waiting for inspiration to strike. And when it does, in the late sixties and seventies, Hélion returns to urban themes in a series of triptychs of street life that are to his oeuvre what *Paris sans fin* is to Giacometti's and *Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André* is to Balthus's. The love affair with Paris goes on.

All through his career Hélion kept copious notebooks in which he made sketches and jotted down interpretations of his own work and reflections on the course of his career. In 1964, on the threshold of his great series of triptychs, he wrote a beautiful call-to-arms for a new heroic representational painting. (The translation, by John Ashbery, was published in the important short-lived magazine, *Art and Literature.*)

> We would like, of course, to paint *complete* works, in the style of Carpaccio, Masaccio, Velazquez, Géricault. Technically, it is not utterly impossible. Spiritually, it is refused to us.
>
> Something fundamental has gone wrong. Each time a painting moves in this direction we must rub it out, return to plans that are both simpler and more complex; to firmer notions of space, to a tenser and less explicit degree of representation, the only one our senses can bear today.
>
> Finally we must break off all relations with nostalgia. The canvas is not an open window giving onto the room in which the still-life sits. It is a bare wall, or a public square in which the image will be built like a monument.
>
> Keep your distance from the inspiring object, that distance which allows liberty without depriving it of its force.

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To yearn for Carpaccio, Masaccio, Velazquez and at the same time to "break off all relations with nostalgia": this became Hélion's extraordinary program. The work he did from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties (which remains his least known both here and in Europe) was a long preparation for this final conquest, a search for "that distance which allows liberty without depriving it of its force."

The two great triptychs of 1967–1969—*Triptyque du Dragon* and *The Events of May,* each something like ten by thirty feet—are monumental and reflect an encyclopedic view of the world. Hélion obviously wants to invent complete figure compositions, compositions in which the various effects of glass and flesh and fabric and metal are given their individual weight. And in a sense this urge is antimodern, a return to the ideals of the Renaissance. Hélion is indicating what he might have done had he been born closer in time to Delacroix or Rubens. But of course he wasn't born then, so this turns out to be a contemporary grand manner—sketchlike, impromptu. The faces and limbs of dozens of figures are just suggested with bunches of strokes. Hélion's let's-try-it spirit recalls Manet and his premier modern style, with its rapid-fire jotting down of impressions.

The blue-green *Triptyque du Dragon* (1967) is a hymn to the streets—and when you're in Paris, where so many streets still compose into views as artful as Hélion's painting, you know why he was drawn to the subject. This enormous painting was actually designed to be exhibited at the Galerie du Dragon on the rue du Dragon in the Sixth Arrondissement, and in photographs of the original installation one can see that Hélion's panorama of street life was visible from the street, through the gallery's windows. Art and life intermingle. Along the rue du Dragon, full of interesting shops and galleries and publishing houses, Hélion found a cross section of the population of the city (a cyclist, a lady with a baguette, a waiter, a pair of lovers, a worker descending into a manhole), and this became the raw material for the exposition of two themes. One theme is Hélion's affection for the simplest acts—the drinking of a cup of coffee in a café, the carrying home of a loaf of bread—and his belief that these are the only rituals that we have left to perform. A second theme is the now-this-way-now-that-way course of the artist's own career, which is documented in the shop windows in the painting. At the center of the composition, in a gallery display, are two of Hélion's canvases—an abstraction of the thirties, and a head with a fedora from 1939. The shop to the right of the gallery, with its man-

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nequin's torso, is straight out of the Hélions of the fifties. . . . And then of course the *Triptyque du Dragon* is being exhibited on the real rue du Dragon. Surely, this is Hélion's version of Watteau's *Shopsign:* a work of art whose subject is commerce in general and the buying and selling of art in particular, as well as the range of human interactions that all this commerce occasions.

If *Dragon* gives us the normal life of the Parisian streets, *The Events of May,* completed in 1969, represents the cityscape in eruption—the street as a site of revolution, of the barricades that rise in Paris every few generations. Hélion has pointed out that he's the only painter who took up the events of May as a subject, and also that he did it with no specific political program—his attitude toward the radicals was sympathetic but a bit distanced. Hélion said, "It is good to upset things once in a while and see what's underneath." He sympathized with the worldwide eruptions of the late sixties as an old-fashioned liberal spirit who had always valued freedom and never been taken in by Communism or by Stalin or Mao. *The Events of May,* with its reminiscences of Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People* and its expanses of brilliant revolutionary red broken up with passages of black, rises to exhilarating heights. The central panel, where the girl rides piggyback surrounded by flags (the figures are nearly life-size), has a dizzying beauty. The figures blossom forth from the canvas, and the spiral movements of legs and arms and flags carry us aloft. Along with Godard's movie *La Chinoise, The Events of May* is one of the rare works of art that really capitalized on the imagery of those years of protest, with their barricades and banners and slogans, their vigor and informality and youthful hopes.

The big paintings of the seventies, such as *The Last Judgment of Things* and *The City is a Dream,* go even further in the direction of a shorthand monumentality. Here Hélion breaks loose with his sketch-style and flings off paintings on brightly tinted grounds in slaps and slashes of color. There's no attempt at making figures that are self-contained; these men and women are built out of freewheeling planes. *The Last Judgment of Things* (Hélion's last triptych, as it happens) takes its inspiration from the flea market, a great French subject. A big cast of characters is rummaging around among the assortment of junk, and you feel here the pile-up of the ages—you see civilization *en déshabillé.* This is Hélion's version of the great Last Judgments that were carved above the doorways of Romanesque churches, and it has a related comic-apocalyptic beauty. One woman is trying on pairs of shoes; a man is inspecting a candlestick;

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another is holding together two parts of a broken record (Hélion always loved to break and remake forms). In the central panel the story becomes surreal: one shop-window dummy is making love to another one. All the way to the right there's a winding staircase, leading we know not where. The figures and objects are painted against a gray and orange ground, in quick sharp curves and angles accented here and there with planes of high-keyed, candyish greens and yellows and reds and blues. The color is abstract, a bit irrational. It's a fascinating, frenetic vision, an essence of all the little flea markets that hang onto the ends of the weekday markets in French towns.

The figures in *The Last Judgment of Things* examine objects very closely. This sifting through old things had apparently been on Hélion's mind for years. Back in *They Shall Not Have Me,* he'd described the trading in the prisons and camps.

> In the latrines, and at given spots where one stayed only a few seconds, the black market went on, feverishly. I have seen an ounce and a half of French Army tobacco, worth one franc, offered for one hundred, and overbid three times up to eight hundred francs, namely eighteen dollars. A single ounce has been sold for as much as twenty-five dollars. Shirts, socks were bought by men attached to a unit working for the moment in Hammerstein. They slept in a special barrack, and were not constantly searched. They would smuggle the goods out of the camp and sell them to certain German workers for good civilian money, or for loaves of rye bread. But spies were rumored to exist in the camp, and special patrols were on the look-out. The transactions were nervous, merciless, and ugly.

In *The Last Judgment of Things* the transactions are sweeter, almost funny; but the painting is illuminated by the same interest in human interactions and psychology, and the peculiar value we place on *things*.

In the first half of this century artistic values were established in Paris; since 1950 they've been set in New York. This transatlantic shift has left many European reputations shining as brightly as ever before; but on certain European artists, especially ones whose careers weren't entirely formed before World War II, the rise of New York has had a disastrous effect. Since the fifties Hélion, who spent so much time in America both before and during the war, has become a figure only dimly apprehended in New York. Old-timers

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recall his shows here in the forties, and his famous conversion from geometric abstraction to representation. There are supporters—the painter Leland Bell, the poet John Ashbery; and young artists, arriving in France, have been greeted by Hélion with the same openness that Mondrian and Kandinsky offered *him* half a century ago. The decades have been dotted with exhibitions and the abstract work has recently achieved a certain chic; but the U.S. shows, which tend to bring only fragmentary information about Hélion's various phases, often cause only more confusion.

In Paris, in the summer of 1980, the Flinker Gallery had a beautiful show of Hélion's paintings from the fifties: freely brushed views of Paris rooftops: interiors with tables and plants and flowers and baguettes painted sharp and clear. The show was intense, difficult, unyielding, full. A year later, when the Robert Miller Gallery in New York mounted an Hélion show that covered some of the same ground, only the least interesting paintings one had seen in Paris were included. The Miller show missed all the artist's high points. And so it has gone with Hélion in New York—the disappointment of shows that leave his supporters saying, "But you haven't really seen his best work." I wonder if America will ever catch up with Hélion. Because even if a retrospective were to be mounted, seeing this extraordinary career in one swallow would probably prove to be too much. Hélion's is one of those complex careers that one must grow into, find one's way through.

When I was in Paris in the summer of 1986 there was no Hélion on view, either at the Pompidou Center, or at the old Museum of Modern Art of the City of Paris. The Museum of Modern Art in New York, so far as I can remember, has never shown one (he wasn't even in their important "Contrasts of Form" show of geometric abstraction in 1985); and the Metropolitan, which has recently acquired several Hélions, rarely shows them. In the summer of 1987 the Pompidou put up a room full of Hélions—and one hopes it will stay in place. (After writing this, I had word that it was down—another defeat!) The Pompidou installation included several abstractions, *The Cyclist* of 1939, two magnificent large charcoal drawings of male figures, a beautiful still life of herring, and one of Hélion's most important paintings, *A Rebours*. Painted after World War II, *A Rebours* is, like the *Triptyque du Dragon* of two decades later, a reflection on Hélion's past and future as a painter. It's a work of bright, smoothly painted forms surrounded by black lines; everything is given the crisp definition of the forms on Romanesque

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enamels. At the center of the horizontal canvas is the artist, looking a bit perplexed, locked between one of his abstractions standing on an easel at left, and, at right, an open window through which we see a female nude, upended on a bed. It's a painting of transformations taking place before our eyes. The woman's hands and feet fuse into abstract, Arpish forms. It's a painting about the potential of abstract forms to break into reality, and of reality to break into abstraction. The artist's perplexity is our perplexity, the perplexity of the modern viewer who always sees the two possibilities—the representational along with the abstract.

In the seventies Hélion did a series of Fauvishly colored still lifes representing hats and musical instruments. In 1986 I saw one of these in Hélion's studio—four hats and a sculpted head sitting on the steps of a metal ladder—and it's held in my mind's eye ever since. An image of a few oddly juxtaposed but unexceptional objects, painted in full color, cut so clearly out of the flat plane of the canvas as to achieve the effect of bas-relief. Here is a union of geometry, Surrealism, reality . . . an image sharp, full, clear, unequivocal. Jean Hélion is one of the great artists of our time.

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STANFORD DOCUMENTS

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY FACULTY SENATE

An observer of the educational scene at Stanford during the last fourteen years, I am taking the liberty of offering some comments on the proposed reforms in the course on Western culture. Among my professional concerns has been a prolonged concern with the philosophy of education and with the philosophy of the curriculum. I noted with interest the reintroduction of the course in Western culture in 1980 and have followed closely the discussions of the various reform proposals for it. Such discussions about the courses on Western culture—their content, their organization, and the most effective methods of teaching them—have been held on many other campuses. Two things, however, are distinctive about the discussion at Stanford.

The first is the almost complete absence of reference to a considerable literature by highly qualified scholars on the genuine problems that are involved in exploring perfectly legitimate differences about methods of approach, content, Western or universal (world) orientation. For example, a few years ago a national conference was convened at Michigan State University on the subject: "What Americans Should Know: Western Civilization or World History?" The published proceedings were edited with an introduction by Professor Josef W. Konvitz.

There is hardly a single topic of educational interest broached in the discussion at Stanford during the last two years which is not considered in depth in those proceedings—including questions of periodization, chronological coverage, and the extent to which the cultures and histories of other areas of the world should be integrated into the required course. For all the differences among participants, the discussions were conducted on a distinguished intellectual level. The bibliographical references call attention to other

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Editor's Note: "An Open Letter . . . " first appeared in Stanford University's *Campus Report,* January 20, 1988. "Educational Disaster . . . " first appeared in the April 1988 issue of *Measure,* the newsletter of University Centers for Rational Alternatives. *The Stanford Daily* is the student newspaper of Stanford University.

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scholarly writings on questions concerning world history and world culture courses. The discussion at Stanford seems to have ignored a considerable amount of relevant literature on the central themes in dispute.

The second distinctive thing about the discussion at Stanford is the deplorable level of discourse and the denunciatory tones of abuse which have marked the exchange of different points of view. The course in Western culture at Stanford has been attacked as racist, sexist, and imperialistic. One critic of the course declared that Western culture as it stands is "not just racist education, it is the education of racists." More distressing even than this violation of the courtesies of civilized discourse is that it brought no appropriate response from the humanistic scholars who have taught in and designed the program, protesting the degradation of the intellectual level of the discussion.

Proposals were made to reform the alleged bias in the course on Western culture by the injection of material from non-Western culture, Third World countries, and from spokesmen for feminist and the various oppressed minorities. They elicited some relevant technical objections to their feasibility and desirability—limited time, inadequate personnel, and their relative significance for the perennial problems of reflective life central to the course. These objections were fiercely denounced as a mask for the expression of racism, and as a more subtle manifestation of the spirit of intolerance and violence evident in the outrages of Howard Beach and elsewhere. The pages of *The Stanford Daily* contain the most intemperate and irresponsible charges of racism against those who defended retaining the course on Western culture with some modification on various educational grounds. Among the grounds was that the overwhelming number of students who had completed the course over the years regarded it as very satisfactory. Some declared it to be the high point of their educational experience.

The extent to which the discussion of the course on Western culture became politicalized is evidenced in the shouting protest march of last January on the Stanford Senate led by the Rev. Jesse Jackson demanding the abolition of the course. Whatever his contributions to American life and culture, the Rev. Jackson is not known for his contributions to curricular reform on the collegiate level. That the members of the Senate and Academic Council of Stanford should be in need of instruction from the Rev. Jackson on the essentials of liberal education is preposterous. One can very well

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imagine what the reaction of the Stanford faculty would have been to a march on the Senate by the Rev. Jerry Falwell demanding that the course in Western culture be Christianized.

It goes without saying that there is no justification for any expression of racism, especially in an educational institution, and above all in an institution like Stanford. An assertion that Stanford's course in Western culture is an expression of racism is no more credible to any informed person than the assertion that the Hoover Institution is a hotbed of communism.

As morally offensive as is the expression of racism wherever it is found, a false charge of racism is equally offensive, perhaps even more so, because the consequences of a false charge of racism enable an authentic racist to conceal his racism by exploiting the loose way the term is used to cover up his actions. The same is true of a false charge of sexism or anti-Semitism. This is the lesson we should all have learned from the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Because of his false and irresponsible charges of communism against liberals, socialists, and others among his critics, many communists and agents of communist influence sought to pass themselves off as Jeffersonian democrats or merely idealistic reformers. They would all complain they were victims of red-baiting to prevent criticism and exposure.

The First Amendment, of course, gives everyone the right to express his or her sentiments whatever they are—communist, racist, sexist, anti-Semitic, or what not—provided his or her words are not an incitement to violence. Students have a right to profess and hear all views. But there is such a thing as the ethics of words, as the great American philosopher Charles Peirce once observed, and their violation is an intellectual crime, especially in an academic community.

There is no need to go over the thoroughly plowed ground to justify the course in Western culture. Aside from the intrinsic value of the study of the outstanding books, ideas, movements, and personalities that constitute their subject matter, it seeks to familiarize students with their common legacy, including the conflicting cultural traditions of the past that have shaped the present and contributed to some of our current difficulties and dilemmas. The materials studied have in part provided us with the basic categories of thought, the conceptual tools, sentiments, and dispositions with which we approach the central problems of a reflective life.

Far from leading to a glorification of the status quo, as ignorant

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detractors charge, the knowledge imparted by such courses, properly taught, is essential to understanding the world of our own experience, regardless of whether one seeks to alter or preserve it. Indeed, the ideals of tolerance, the limitations of ethnocentrism, the Utopian visions invoked by critics of Western society and its institutions are all expressed in the literature studied in the course in Western culture. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that of all cultures of which we have knowledge, Western culture has been the most critical of itself.

I have discussed elsewhere, and at length, the manifold ways in which a course in Western culture on the model of the existing courses at Stanford contributes to enriching the internal landscape of the student's mind, regardless of the individual's specialized vocational choice. Essential to such a course is a common core of readings, modifiable from time to time, in the absence of which a coherent, unified program of studies in Western culture, yet allowing for diversified approaches, cannot be achieved. (See my book, *The Philosophy of the Curriculum,* Prometheus Press, 1975. A much earlier discussion will be found in my *Education for Modern Man,* which sought to apply the educational principles of John Dewey to the construction of a required curriculum of studies for the first two years of a liberal arts college.)

Before examining more closely the proposed reform of the course on Western culture, some observations are in order. The fact that the overwhelming number of students who have completed the course in Western culture profess to be highly satisfied with the content and manner of instruction, although relevant, is not a decisive consideration. Students should be consulted on any matter that affects them, but the faculty, which confers their degrees, bears the ultimate responsibility for deciding what to teach them, how, and when. A faculty cannot surrender its authority to pressure groups inside or outside the university without stultification.

Secondly, I have already referred to the myth that the tradition of Western culture is something unitary or monolithic rather than a complex of conflicting traditions including those of dissent. I would go further. There is no definitive meaning or moral in any required text that is necessarily imposed on students by its study.

A competent teacher can, with any required text, play the role of devil's or angelic advocate. In my teaching days, confronted by a class of skeptics, I would make them see the force of the logic of beliefs in transcendence in its strongest and most sophisticated form.

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Faced with those frozen in dogmatic religious belief, I would make them aware of the formidable power of Humean skepticism.

The greatness of Plato's *Republic* as a perennial philosophical text is that it lends itself to the exciting counterposition of arguments and sentiments with respect to themes that have contemporary vibrancy such as feminism, censorship, the defects of democracy, the snares of totalitarianism, and many others. And this without reliance on the feeble dialectic of Socrates' interrogation; the teacher can further this open approach with occasional reference to supplementary reading.

Thirdly, some of the criticisms of the course are clearly bizarre and others manifestly unwarranted. One of these criticisms asserts that the content and standards of Western culture were restricted to "elite members of Western society." But under the social conditions of the past who else but the elite could be the creators of culture? History has winnowed out the elite contributions of the elite. Does this criticism imply that the elite contributions of the past are beyond the capacity of Stanford students? What has happened to the pursuit of excellence? Not so long ago Dean Norman Wessells declared that Stanford "continues to assemble on the faculty a group of persons who are among this country's—and indeed the world's—leading scholar/teachers." He goes on to say that "the University's undergraduate body is elite by anyone's standards." With a teaching body and student body of this character, what objection can there be to a study of the elite culture of the elite? What else has come down to us?

We are also told "that the elite ideas are not the totality of meaningful ideas in a society." Of course, the elite ideas are not the totality of meaningful ideas. If they were, they wouldn't be elite. Yet this tautology is offered as a critique of Western culture. There is a wide variety of other courses in sociology, anthropology, economic history, politics, etc. in which other aspects of society can be studied. In my Jefferson Lecture, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, "The Humanities and the Defense of Freedom," I have argued that Western democracy owes more to the trade unions and the dissident churches than to the elite humanist tradition. But the justification for the study of the great works of Western culture is not political. The oft repeated charge that the Western culture program "propounds white male values and slights the contributions of women and minority groups to the development of the Western tradition" is simply unwarranted.

Finally, the epistemology of the criticism of Western culture is

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primitive and mistaken especially in the demand that faculty be recruited from "women and people of color" to study ideas and aspects of culture that involve them. Where ideas are concerned, the primary consideration is mastery of subject matter and not identification with the subject studied. One does not have to be German to study Luther or the German Reformation or sympathetic to the Nazis to study Hitler. As well argue that men cannot be gynecologists, that only women are best qualified to study family law, or that only fat physicians can study obesity or hungry people the phenomenon of starvation, as that only people of color and women are uniquely qualified to do justice to the place, achievement, and oppression of minorities and their culture, wherever relevant, in Western culture. One of the greatest contributions to the exposure and struggle against racism in the United States was made by Gunnar Myrdal—a Swedish white man. Race, color, religion, national origin, and sexual orientation are neither necessary nor sufficient conditions for the fruitful study of the humanities or any subject matter. In scholarship as in sports today—alas! it was not always so!—the quest should always be for the best qualified.

Scholars in the natural and medical sciences may feel that aberrant notions such as those I have described above can prevail only in the soft disciplines of the humanities and social studies. Let them not delude themselves. If such views are not laid to rest, wherever they manifest themselves, they will make their presence felt in recruiting in the natural and medical sciences as well. In some of these fields in the past there have been disgraceful and invidious practices of discrimination on the basis of race, religion, and sex. The abolition of discrimination must not be a preface to any kind of reverse discrimination. In some areas we are already hearing criticism of the concept of objectivity and culture-free criteria of scientific validity and claims about the "efficiency of non-Western medical systems" which presumably should be integrated into the curriculum of our medical schools.

Many features of the proposed reform of the current course in Western culture are of dubious educational value when contrasted with their educational alternatives. Two of them are fatal to any worthwhile course. The first is the absence of a core of required texts in all tracks. The second is the restriction of the time period to be covered in the studies to 500 years, which in effect gives the impression that Western culture today is the residue of the cultural achievements of the 15th century to the present. Would it were so!

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Western culture would be less complex and in some respects better. But the legacy of the ancient and medieval world is still with us.

There is no need to despair that the contrasts, influence, and interactions of non-Western cultures on Western culture will be lost or neglected. Knowledgeable and skillful teaching can introduce references to parallel or analogous ideas and institutions in cultures other than our own when the material requires them. This can be done without the pretense or pretentious claims that the course in Western culture has or can be transformed into a course in world culture.

The Stanford Senate should take the organization or reorganization of the course in Western culture in its own hands, and appoint a committee, consisting of outstanding scholars primarily in the humanities from the Stanford faculty, to recommend the appropriate course of study in this area for its elite student body.

—Sidney Hook

April 1, 1988. Ending a two-year struggle that pitted students against the faculty and faculty members against each other, Stanford University Thursday threw out its Western culture requirement in favor of a program promoting the study of women, minorities and class issues.

The Faculty Senate voted 39-4 in favor of the new "Cultures, Ideas and Values" requirement. Five professors abstained.

"The change is a substantial improvement," said Stanford University President Donald Kennedy.

Beginning next fall, freshmen will take classes from the CIV track to fulfill the first of eight breadth requirements.

It will replace the current Western culture program, which was branded as racist two years ago by the Black Student Union. The resulting debate captured national attention.

After the Faculty Senate voted for the new CIV, a student ran to the door to tell about 200 others waiting outside of the decision.

They cheered.

"We feel philosophically that the vote in favor of this was a vote in favor of moving forward and progression," said Black Student Union chairman Bill King. "They voted for moving toward ethnic studies, not teaching freshmen lies."

Students in the Western culture track, adopted by the Senate in

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1980, currently choose from eight year-long sequences. Most, if not all, of those sequences will be adapted to meet the new guidelines.

The first CIV objective is to "provide students with the common intellectual experiences of broadening their understanding of ideas and values drawn from different strands of our own culture, and to increase their understanding of cultural diversity and the process of cultural interaction," the CIV draft said.

To that end, students will study works from at least one non-European culture each quarter.

The program will give attention to race, gender and class, and it will recruit Stanford minority faculty and faculty with knowledge of non-European cultures to teach.

Students will also study ancient and medieval cultures.

CIV faculty will decide each year on the program's most common elements—texts, authors, themes or issues.

Members of the Black Student Union were concerned that the Western culture track was racist when it began, King said.

We've invested two student generations in debates," King told the Senate before discussion began Thursday. "It's not one person's idea of what we'd like to see changed. It's a vision that keeps being reincarnated."

In April 1986, BSU members charged that the Western culture offerings focused on white, upper-class European males.

They took the matter to the committee on Undergraduate Education, which voted unanimously to change the requirement.

A faculty-student task force was created to study the program and suggest changes.

Professors haggled over the definition of "democracy" and "Western," how many tracks should be offered and whether a core reading list was necessary.

In January, the debate drew comment from U.S. Secretary of Education William Bennett.

He said in a *New York Times* article that if the proposal were passed, it would be an act of "academic intimidation."

The 2 and 1/2 hour session Thursday threatened to bog down several times as professors argued different points.

Students Wednesday staged a sit-in at the provost's office to express their anger over what they called the "betrayal" of the steering committee.

They claimed the committee had bypassed the legislative pro-

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cess in creating the second version and releasing it to Senate members and a campus publication.

On Thursday, the students were prepared to protest if the Senate voted on the second draft or significantly amended the first one.

"We would have walked in. We would have interrupted," King said. "Students would have resigned" from the committees.

Officers from the Stanford Department of Public Safety were on hand to monitor the response of 15 students attending the session and the crowd of 200 that waited outside.

But the Senate overwhelmingly favored the first draft.

—Carol Watson
THE PENINSULA TIMES TRIBUNE

April 1, 1988. Cheering "vote now, we want change" over 200 students rallied outside the law school before yesterday's Faculty Senate meeting (3/31/88) and maintained an attentive vigil throughout the proceedings, with plans to disrupt the meeting in case the Area One requirement vote was blocked or the proposal changed. . . .

Before the meeting convened, however, the mood was tense. Four speakers urgently called for continued student activism and emphasized the importance of the imminent decision concerning Western culture.

"We need to empower ouselves. This university is too rigid and too set in its ways, and we students need to change it," said the Chair of the Black Student Union Bill King.

In case the Senate stalled or threatened not to pass the proposal, King introduced a "contingency plan" in which the few students inside the meeting would alert students to the changes. At five or six points during the meeting, when amendments were proposed, students inside the hall signalled to those outside to prepare to interrupt the proceedings, King said.

"If a vote had not occurred today, it would have been all over," according to King, explaining that such an event would have caused relations between the University and minority groups to degenerate into a "nasty, hard, bitter struggle."

—THE STANFORD DAILY

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To the Editor of *THE STANFORD DAILY*

June 2, 1988. It is an unfortunate fact of life that most students at Stanford are white, middle class, privileged, sheltered and apathetic. These attributes are usually considered advantageous in this world.

However, this student generation must face the reality that the new world is populated by dark, poor, underprivileged, attacked and fervent peoples who are quickly running out of patience.

Having been at the helm of one of the only student organizations on this campus which is committed to making waves instead of damping waves, I have seen the reactions of our "leaders of the future" to change.

Sorry boys and girls, you all failed miserably in the "Stanford Stress Response Test," also known as the BSU [Black Student Union] fee assessment vote.

You say "How did we fail? All we were trying to do was teach you all a lesson. You black people are always griping and moaning, and we're not going to pay you to gripe and moan. Use someone else's money."

What the 51.1 percent of students on campus who voted against the BSU fee assessment were voting against were community service programs, dorm outreach programs, Jesse Jackson and Yolanda King speeches, libraries for East Palo Alto kids and "chill-outs" in White Plaza.

All of the marches, rallies, yelling, screaming, protesting and general wavemaking cost between $75 and $200, out of a total budget of $18,000. The cost of one ASSU election would fund 35 years of political agitation, which is just a small portion of the BSU agenda.

"How could we have been so ignorant to vote against community service when all we wanted to stop was the griping and moaning of a special interest group?"

Why, because the average Stanford student, like the average U.S. citizen, does not care enough to face reality when he or she can be given a simple explanation for a very complex problem like racial prejudice. It seems easy for a Stanford student or other privileged member of society to sit and wait for the problems to go away and collect his ticket to the suburbs. Unfortunately, the problem is you.

Before I continue, I will take a moment to help you overcome

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the ignorance, which most students have, of political terminology. The BSU has had 20 years of training—most of y'all haven't. Here are the definitions I use, just so you know from where I'm coming:
Black—an African person or a member of the diaspora of African peoples throughout the world.
Persons of Color—any of the non-Caucasian peoples, including Africans, Asians, Chicanos/Latinos, American Indians or other ethnic groups. Commonly called minorities, Third World people or other inaccurate names.
Prejudice—to judge a person's attributes based on a set of preconceived notions or stereotypes.
Discrimination—to treat an individual or group differently and disadvantageously due to distinct arbitrary characteristics.
Racist—one who actively oppresses or mistreats a group of people based on race.
Racism—to experience mistreatment or oppression based on race.
Institutional racism—racism perpetuated by the passive and active action of a social institution. Does not require individual action to perpetuate, but is experienced by individuals.
Progressive—a person committed to active change of a social system to favor those on the bottom levels of a socio-economic system.
Conservative—a person committed to conserving present social conditions, which favor those in control of a socio-economic system.
Activist—one who acts for change.
Reactionary—one who reacts to change.
Protest—to actively disagree with a policy or situation.
To be political—to use structured social forums, institutions and organized individuals to impact a social group.
Passivity—the act of not responding to stimuli, usually in order to preserve a favorable situation or emotional state.

You can argue with the BSU, but you cannot accuse us of not understanding exactly what we are doing.

People thought I was the only black person yelling "racism and protest" on campus, or worse, I was the head of a monolithic body of black militants. The fact of the matter is that there are at least 700 people, of all races and backgrounds, yelling the same thing.

Unfortunately, the media like to single out one leader, and they picked me. The BSU, MEChA, Students United for a Democratic Education, Asian-American Students Association, Stanford Organization for Lesbian and Gay Equality and a few other organizations on this campus are actually trying to change this campus.

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My role in the activist student movement is a very minor part of the massive student movement building across the nation. I am a 140-pound premed, for heaven's sake, so if a nerd like me can bring fear into the hearts of provosts just imagine what a bunch of real, intimidating, committed students of color could do.

The student movement is often led by black students, because we have been exposed to the ostracism, mistrust, misunderstanding and hatred associated with trying to change society, merely by being black in a racist society.

However, black students are only the most organized, not the sole, group. Women, Chicanos, Asians, ethnic minorities and progressive whites have been involved in change; they just don't get their pictures in the paper. Unfortunately, for blacks, we only get our pictures in the paper when we protest or fail and not when we succeed.

My response, and you may quote me, is "Kiss my black behind!" In the BSU, to be attacked is to be effective, since most of the attackers are the very people we are trying to change.

Anyone who actually knows me, has seen that I am actually a very soft-spoken, polite, shy and studious young man. However, this year I have been seen as aggressive and militant because I was the chair of the BSU.

Don't get me wrong. I am assertive, loud and outspoken when I need to be, but I wouldn't use those terms to describe my personality. Now, all of the middle-class white people reading this, say "black man" and then the first five adjectives that come into your mind. I suffer from the same stereotypes and caricatures forced upon all blacks.

The fact of the matter is, that we, like any other political organization, use proposals, committees, petitions, budgets, speeches, letters and meetings in our work.

However, what most students and *Daily* writers see are rallies, protests and marches. Why? Because they are blinded by this racist environment to see blacks as aggressive.

This distorted view is institutional racism at its best. No, we didn't cry wolf, you all haven't experienced racism and therefore don't know when it does and doesn't exist.

I am about to say something which will be misquoted and misunderstood . . . ready . . . I do not like most white people. Now don't get excited if you're white and a friend of mine or are actively committed to helping people.

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Most white students at Stanford don't care or act on anything except their own experience, and I don't like people who don't care. To overcome the effects of living in a racist, sexist, exploitative society calls for active people, not passive ignorant fools who don't mind their own apathy.

If you are fuming mad at me, you are probably one of those fools that most students of color don't like or even worse are a student of color who is not planning on helping their own people.

If you don't understand what I'm talking about you probably also voted against the BSU, SaLSA or Jesse Jackson. We don't like you because you have all the advantages in the world and aren't trying to help or even understand the plight of most of the world which is of color, is exploited and is hungry.

How can you fight against hunger, homelessness or apartheid if you can't even walk into a black theme house? If you can't handle a little discomfort for being different, how can you handle nuclear war?

There are a lot of problems for our generation to solve and as Malcolm X said, "If you're not a part of the solution, you are a part of the problem." Face it folks, we are in a messed-up world where most of its inhabitants don't like us and for good reason.

If you are a conservative or reactionary I hope you are in love with yourself because most of the world doesn't like you. Why not? Because you are in favor of "every man for himself," healthy competition and supply-side economics while people are having trouble eating and staying alive, due to your Keynesian economics and "evil empire" defense policies.

If you are insulted by my "attacks" on "whites" and "people with other views," you have missed my point again. I am trying to stimulate you to action, to involvement and to change of the world for the better instead of the preservation of your few advantages.

I hope we can all see that in this world the only way we can preserve our future is to preserve everyone's future, not just our own.

It is fine to disagree with the philosophy or tactics of the BSU; it is wrong to vote against the BSU because it has always been misunderstood and misrepresented, like most organizations of students of color which are outspoken.

You decrease your chances of being a solution for the future every time you react negatively to a novel idea, viewpoint or action.

If you're white and expect to be a part of the BSU without help-

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ing, understanding or even saying hello, you are the radicals, not we. The black community will continue to assert its cultural autonomy, its right to exist and its right to help other black people escape the dismal conditions facing most people of color.

Not all black people will be involved and not all those involved will be black, but we, as the black community, will continue to struggle, loud and proud, until this campus becomes an institution which serves and respects all peoples.

—Bill King

To the Editor of *THE STANFORD DAILY**

July 5, 1988. I feel that I should take a brief moment to respond to the recent series of letters in *The Daily* and place some of the more controversial sections of my original letter back into the context in which they were written.

At Stanford, as in much of modern day America, controversy and disagreement are discouraged. When this isn't entirely successful, the goal is to keep the differences at an unobtrusive (i.e. comfortable) level. Debate and discourse are regulated as if there is a thermostat at each forum: whenever a student becomes irate, impassioned or even agitated, the immediate impulse is to turn down the thermostat with such phrases as "she's unreasonable," "he's emotional" or "they're radical."

Most students at Stanford have had some training in rhetoric and hyperbole; unfortunately, in many discussions the rhetoric overwhelms the issues. The discussion following my letter seems to have deteriorated into semantic instead of substantive arguments. I would like to restate several of the more "inflammatory" sections of my letter and ask a few questions about the impressions evoked.

"If a nerd like myself can bring fear into the hearts of provosts,

*We are publishing this second letter by Bill King because he would not give us permission to print the first letter without also printing the second, which obviously attempts to soften or explain or justify his earlier statements. — The Editors.

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just imagine what a bunch of real, intimidating, committed students of color could do."

I wonder why this statement was seen as inflammatory since it was written as a plea to get students involved in the "massive student movement building across the nation." Why weren't there any questions about how students can change universities or why students of color are typically seen to be more involved in activism than mainstream students?

"My response is, 'Kiss my Black behind.' In the BSU, to be attacked is to be effective, since most of the attackers are the very people we are trying to change."

Obviously, this statement is more than controversial, it is obnoxious, but then so am I when people become vicious in their attacks upon a community. The appropriate response is "Kiss my African-American derriere." I wonder why no one asked what would lead a normally discreet spokesperson to respond so flippantly. I think when dissenting students are called "militant, radical rabble-rousers" by people who have not met or been involved in discussions with them, the only appropriate response is a facetious one.

"I am about to say something which will be misquoted and misunderstood . . . ready . . . I do not like most white people. . . . Most white students at Stanford don't care or act upon anything except their own experience, and I don't like people who don't care."

This statement is obviously easily misunderstood, therefore I took great pains to make readers aware that the statement should be read within the context of the whole letter. I would ask those thoughtful readers who have read this statement out of context to reread my letter. I am attempting to describe in glaring black and white two major problems in race relations—prejudice and apathy.

I have observed prejudice and apathy in very severe forms this year, especially among mainstream students. The student body has reacted to intense arguments within the University by labeling them "black," "feminist" or "radical" agitation, yet these discussions have continually involved a huge diversity of people and viewpoints. By saying "I don't like most white people who don't care," I am trying to tell the apathetic mainstream community (which is primarily white) to start caring about the problems that affect people unlike themselves.

If anyone's viewpoint is offensive, ask two questions. The first is, "Why does he or she hold that offensive viewpoint and can I help change that point of view?" The more important question is, "How

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can I change the conditions which promote that unproductive viewpoint?"

It is not prejudice that is devastating our society and world, it is more the lack of concern for other people that underlies the prejudice. You have seen my biases. The question is how we can each overcome our own biases and help solve the problems of our communities and world.

—Bill King

EDUCATIONAL DISASTER AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

The course in Western Culture will no longer exist at Stanford University as of the Fall of 1989. It will be replaced by a course in Cultures, Ideas and Values in which only six of the required great classics of the original fifteen will be retained and which will be oriented to the study of race, sex and class.**

Certain issues of transcendent importance for American higher education have emerged from the current controversy at Stanford University over the required course in Western Culture. These are not essentially related to whether the title of the course should be changed to Cultures, Ideas and Values; or to whether a core curriculum of great books should be mandatory for all students; or whether there should be one required course or a required distribution of courses from various disciplines. These are to be sure important educational questions but in accordance with American traditional practices, they can be left to the faculties of different universities to resolve them. Each institution in addition to its commitment to imparting a liberal education to its students has its own history, traditions, and specific goals that will be reflected in the outcome of faculty discussion.

What is noteworthy about what happened at Stanford is that, despite allegations to the contrary, the course in Western Culture or Civilization has not been merely repackaged or revised. It has been radically converted into a politically diluted course in sociology. The concepts of race, sex, and class are perfectly legitimate notions and like a cluster of other concepts such as state, nation, and kinship,

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have a place in the college education for modern men and women. The relevant question here is: Why has the new curriculum focused on them, and why was it necessary to repudiate the course in Western Culture and Civilization to do so?

The answer to that question is suggested by the nature of the criticisms that originally spurred the revision of the course in Western Culture—a course which year after year had been judged by an overwhelming number of students who had completed it to be highly satisfactory. These criticisms centered on the charge that the course was "racist, sexist, and imperialistic." They were made by a small militant minority of students and echoed by a few junior members of the faculty. No specific illustration of the way the course was taught in any of its sections was ever cited by anyone in substantiation of the charge. The use of the epithets implied that race, sex, and class were being taught in an invidious and intellectually unacceptable manner. The only evidence offered was the list of books studied and, inferentially, of books not studied. Much was made of the fact that none of the authors of the core list of works was a woman or a person of color, and that there were no great works from foreign cultures. The Bible was not considered a work of non-Western culture, nor was Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, regarded as a man of color.

When the proposal to revise the course to correct these deficiencies reached the Senate floor, however, there was hardly any mention of the original charges that had inspired the movement for revision. The impact of the Reverend Jesse Jackson's famous march at the head of several hundred chanting students demanding the abolition of the Western Culture course threatened to be more damaging than helpful to the cause. The rhetorical abuse in the student newspaper by members and officers of the Black Student Union, directed against a handful of faculty who had raised some critical questions about the proposal to substitute the revised course, had embarrassed some of its architects. They indignantly denied that the repeated charges of racism, sexism, and imperialism against the existing course in Western Culture, that had been heard at mass meetings and had filled columns of the press, had anything to do with the grounds for urging reform. Occasionally, however, these charges surfaced, as in the remarks of a professor, not in the humanities, who said: "I have no doubt but that the Western Culture requirement embodied chauvinistic, racist, and sexist values. The recommendation for change is, and is perceived to be,

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for a recognition of a need to teach a cultural history, to represent cultural values, the contributions of ethnic and racial groups which were given less than their due." (*Campus Report,* March 9, 1988, p. 28.) Again no evidence was cited of specific contributions of women, ethnic, and racial groups to the dominant traditions of Western culture that in context had not been correctly acknowledged. The speaker seemed blissfully unaware that there was a plethora of courses in the social sciences and history in which these and related subjects were studied, and that the aim of the course in Western Culture had never been to evaluate the contributions of the different ethnic and social groups to Western culture but to study its nature.

Despite denials to the contrary, the truth is that the initiating force and major continued pressure for abolition or revision came from those militant elements in the Stanford community who openly criticized the course as "racist, sexist, and imperialistic." Some members of the faculty, aware both of the falsity and irrelevance of the charge but eager to placate the militant students by gratifying some of their curricular demands, pleaded in extenuation of the students' discontent the avowals of these students that the existing course in Western Culture had failed to cure them of their sense of alienation from Western culture.

Now for one thing, the aim of the course was never to cure students of their sense of alienation—whatever that may be—from Western culture but to enable them to understand the conflicting ideals and traditions of Western culture. These ideals and traditions had contributed to creating the world in which students were presently living. They had been formulated and expressed to some extent by authors who had themselves been alienated by the times and culture in which they had lived and whose works were being studied in the course.

There is something disingenuous about the notion that the dissatisfaction with the course in Western Culture resulted from the special sense of alienation of a comparative handful of students. What about the overwhelming number who apparently were not alienated by the course but were quite happy with it? Further, one of the requirements of graduation at Stanford for all students is that they take a course in a non-Western culture. Why then was it necessary to introduce it into the course in Western Culture? Also, there are additional elective courses in Black Studies, Chicano Studies, Women's Studies, open to all students. If alienation can be

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cured by taking a course or a set of courses, the remedy is easily available. If it cannot be cured by taking courses, what is the point of the proposed revisions that would abolish or add to the core list of great works?

The assertion that the study of the great works that have influenced our present-day traditions generate a sense of alienation among students is really extraordinary. Normally, exposure to and active participation in such study overcomes preexisting feelings of alienation. The confession of a former Columbia College student, now the editor of a distinguished journal of opinion, on this point is highly relevant:

> Nor, speaking as a Jew, do I find it easy to believe these students when they claim that because of race or sex they feel left out or ignored by the great classic texts of the West. These texts, after all, are largely Christian and by no means friendly for the most part to Jews or Judaism. Yet when I encountered them as an undergraduate, I felt that an inheritance of indescribable richness which in the past had often been inaccessible to my own people was now mine for the taking. Far from being excluded, I was being invited in—and so are the Stanford students today.

Perhaps something else is intended. Perhaps it is believed that the alleged alienation results from the way the great books are being taught, from a feeling that their study does not sufficiently develop the proper political consciousness required to purify existing society from the evils of class, racial and sexual oppression? If this is so, then it becomes apparent that for those who believe this, the reform of the Western Culture program is a move to politicalize the curriculum.

The attitudes and assumptions implicit in some of the bizarre criticisms of the existing course, if widely shared, would constitute a profound threat to American higher education. One criticism protested that the content of the works studied and the standards of their evaluation were the products of individuals restricted to "elite members of Western society." But under the social conditions of the past—conditions that were criticized by some of the works studied in the course—and at a time when literacy was often a monopoly of the elite, who else but the elite could be the creators of culture? Western culture has winnowed out the elite contributions of the elite in the light of the continuing power of the great works of the past to illumine, stimulate and challenge the minds of those, elite or non-elite, willing to be engaged by them.

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We are also reminded by some critics that elite ideas are not "the totality of meaningful ideas in a society." Of course, the elite ideas are not the totality of meaningful ideas. If they were, they wouldn't be elite. Yet this tautology is put forward as an objection to the course in Western Culture. There is a wide variety of courses in sociology, politics, anthropology, economic history, etc. in which other aspects of a culture can and should be studied. It is doubtful that any course can do justice to "the totality of meaningful ideas," if that phrase is itself meaningful. Nor is it true that the course on Western Culture is in any way apologetic for Western imperialism or American chauvinism (there is not a single American book on the Stanford list—does that make the course un-American?) or even for political democracy. Personally I believe it can be established that political democracy in the modern world owes more to the dissenting churches and trade unions than to most of the classical tradition. The justification for the study of great works of Western culture is not political although it may contribute to our political sophistication. It gives no warrant to the oft-repeated charge that the program devoted to a critical study of these works "propounds white male values and slights the contributions of women and minority groups to the development of the Western tradition."

The menace to the integrity of the educational process becomes more manifest in the primitive and mistaken view about how human beings learn. This is reflected in the demand by some critics of the existing program that faculty be recruited from "women and people of color" to study ideas and aspects of culture that involve them. Sad to say, even the group which originally opposed the emasculation of the program in Western Culture, in an effort to save it, compromised its principles and urged that books by "women and people of color" be added to the core list of readings.

Where ideas are concerned, the primary consideration should be mastery of subject matter and not identification with the subject studied. One does not have to be a German to study Luther or the German Reformation or be sympathetic to the Nazis to study Hitler. As well argue that men cannot be gynecologists, that only women are best qualified to study family law or that only fat physicians can study obesity or hungry people the phenomenom of starvation, as that only people of color and women are uniquely qualified to do justice to the place, achievement, and oppression of minorities and their culture, wherever relevant, in Western culture. One of the greatest contributions to the exposure and struggle against racism in

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the United States was made by Gunnar Myrdal, a Swedish white man, in his famous book *The American Dilemma.* Race, color, religion, national origin, and sexual orientation are neither necessary nor sufficient conditions for the fruitful study of the humanities or any subject matter. In scholarship as in sports today—alas! It was not always so!—the quest should always be for the best qualified, assuming they know how to teach, as much for the sake of the students as for the integrity of the subject taught.

Some of the criticisms are so transparently without merit that one wonders what is really behind them. For example, it is implied that once a core list is established, it is set in stone, unmodifiable in the light of educational experience, or by the emergence of new interests, and the continuing program of scholarship. Actually there has been some variation in the Stanford core list. But if one looks at the Columbia program in the humanities established in 1937, which is the mother of most required courses in Western culture, one finds that 130 different works have appeared on its core list. It has even been suggested that a core list inhibits academic freedom despite the fact that no one is coerced into teaching the course! As well argue that insistence on the rules of grammar is a threatening imposition of conformity in academic life. Tied to these absurd criticisms is the charge that the existence of a core list is the basis "for a structure of exclusion that makes second-class citizens of faculty" whose primary interest is found in non-European literature and culture. Precisely the opposite is true! Those capable of teaching the core list could easily relate their expertise in non-European culture, wherever relevant, to the issues, problems and values that arise in the analysis of the great works.

One blushes to have to remind those who have endorsed the new course that the criteria of selection of the works studied should be their intrinsic aesthetic, literary or philosophical merit, and not whether the books are written by a person of color or a woman. If it is decided to study W.E.B. Du Bois's *The Souls of Black Folk* rather than Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery,* it is because the first is an intellectually and culturally more significant work than the second, and not because Du Bois is more of a black man than Washington. Similarly, if it is decided to include a work by Jane Austen rather than one by George Eliot, and Edith Wharton or Rebecca West, it is purely because of its literary quality, and not because Jane Austen was more of a women than others.

There is even a more sinister implication in the decision of the

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Stanford Senate. One of the measures setting up the new course provides that the program be supervised by a special committee of nine faculty members, a lecturer or instructor (normally without tenure), three student, members nominated by the official student body, the Dean of Undergraduate Studies, and the Deans of Humanities and Sciences, and Engineering *ex officio:* It then goes on to say, "To achieve the goals and objectives of the program, the membership of the committee shall be constituted taking into account such factors as gender, ethnicity, academic discipline, and field of expertise." (*Campus Report,* April 6, 1988, p. 6.)

This is truly unprecedented, and on its face horrendous. In my long life in the academy, I know of no university body that has established criteria of race and sex in the selection of personnel in setting up a committee to administer a purely academic intellectual function, where only academic discipline and field of expertise are relevant. Where have we heard of this before, aside from South Africa and Nazi Germany? Possibly in the segregated areas of the South before *Brown vs. Topeka Board of Education.*

Let us hope that this provision will not be implemented. That it was included in the motion adopted testifies to the hurried character of the proceedings of the Senate. It cannot possibly reflect the considered judgment of the fifty-five Senators or the thousands of faculty members at Stanford whom they presumably represent.

P.S. One slight redeeming note. At the final meeting of the Faculty Senate, preceding Commencement, a motion was adopted to modify the language of the provision setting up the supervisory committee of the new course. It now requires only that members of the committee be especially concerned with issues of gender of ethnicity, as well as representative of academic disciplines and field of expertise.

—Sidney Hook

**News stories in *The Peninsula Times* of Palo Alto and in *The Stanford Daily*, written by reporters on the scene at the time the Stanford Senate approved the change, describe the repeated threats of disruption of the Senate meeting by a large group of militant minority students if the proposed changes were not adopted. The text in both papers carried graphic pictures of the demonstrators.—S. H.

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BOOKS

KAFKA AND HIS TEXT

KAFKA: TOWARD A MINOR LITERATURE. By Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. Translated by Dana Polan, with a foreword by Réda Bensmaïa. University of Minnesota Press. $25.00.
KAFKA. By Richard H. Lawson. Ungar Publishing Co. $16.95.
AS LONELY AS FRANZ KAFKA. By Marthe Robert. Schocken Books. $8.95.

The enormous volume of Kafka studies is getting ever thicker. But the individual works pouring off the presses are getting even thinner. Of three recent books about Kafka, two are no exception to the law of decreasing returns. However, one violates the rule.

Richard H. Lawson's *Kafka* is a perfectly respectable summary of Kafka's life and of the plots and ostensible meanings of most of his novels and stories. But, on the whole, it throws no new light on Kafka. The book assembles most of the leading interpretations of Kafka's fiction—though unfortunately it does not cite its sources. But it could be useful to students as a "pony." However, Lawson does make some apt, though not very original, comments. He makes much of Kafka's ambiguities that take the fictional form of shifting stances and perspectives. He also emphasizes the point, made by others, that Kafka spurned naturalism and combined realism with fantasy, which is only partly true, for Kafka's fantasies were grounded in psychic reality. Lawson observes too, as have other critics, that Kafka's women do not have the proportions his men do. But to this might be added that his women generally are conceived as people who could help the principal male characters but in the end fail to do so. Such a feminine role is conspicuously evident in *The Metamorphosis*—a role that appears to trace back to Kafka's own feelings about the failure of his mother to intervene for him in his relationship with his father.

Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari is at the opposite pole of criticism. Steeped in the jargon of deconstruction, it is much more difficult to understand than any of Kafka's works: indeed, it is almost incomprehensible to anyone not immersed in deconstructionist criticism. I am not sympathetic to most deconstructionist theory and much of its practice, which is long

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out of fashion in Paris, though it has become the rage in American universities, where it often has been combined with an old, academicized Marxism and the new contributions of feminism. But Deleuze and Guattari, having the advantage of a free-floating, French, speculative rhetoric, have outdone the American deconstructionists in defying the traditional uses of meaning and language. Their main contribution is in defining Kafka as a minor writer—though that fails to explain the fact that he is a major modern figure.

Because of their immersion in the theories and in the language of deconstruction, loaded with signifiers and signs and the rest of its ideological and verbal baggage, it is as difficult to extract their judgments as to summarize their arguments. Often they engage in rhetorical reversals, as when Deleuze and Guattari say of Kafka's famous letter to his father that its neurotic sources were not Oedipal but that its Oedipal features were the result of Kafka's neurosis. In other words, neurosis precedes Oedipus—that is, neurosis precedes neurosis. They also transform simple ideas into complex ones. An example is their elevation of the idea of segments in discussing the place of women in *The Trial* and *The Castle.* They say that each of the women is related to a segment of the plot and to the story as a whole. This would seem to be a complication of the obvious. Perhaps a sense of the quality of Deleuze's and Guattari's analytic method might be conveyed by the following passage:

> Writing has a double function: to translate everything into assemblages and to dismantle the assemblages. The two are the same thing. That is why we have been distinguishing in Kafka's work instances that are in fact enmeshed in each other—first, *machine indexes*; then, *abstract machines*; and finally, the *assemblages of the machine*. The machine indexes are the signs of an assemblage that has not yet been established or dismantled because one knows only the individual pieces that go into making it up, but not how they go together.

These sentences are not untypical. Hence one can say only that the interpretations of Kafka by Deleuze and Guattari have themselves to be interpreted—or as the deconstructionists say, deconstructed.

By far the best of the three books is Marthe Robert's *As Lonely as Franz Kafka.* A French pyschoanalyst and literary critic, Robert has combined the resources of both fields to give us a subtle analysis of Kafka's origins and his visions. The underlying theme of her book

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is Kafka's ambivalence on almost all questions. It is known that Kafka had conflicting views, but Marthe Robert sees his contradictions as the essence of his thinking—which makes it more difficult if not impossible to pin down Kafka's ideas or even to give a clear-cut account of his multiple meanings, as so many Kafka experts have done. Ms. Robert points out that Kafka was both a Zionist and a non-Zionist; a proud Jew and an embarrassed Jew; a socialist and a nonsocialist; a believer in God and an agnostic; a German writer and an uneasy German writer; a man of vision but without formed ideas; a pursuer of women and a recoiler from them; a son both attached to and hating his father; a believer and a nonbeliever in the law; and so on. Hence the meanings of his fiction—and his diaries—if we insist on squeezing meanings out of them, are always double-edged and inconclusive. Incidentally, one of the things Robert appears to make definite is that Kafka was impotent in normal sexual relations, but not with prostitutes. This would help explain his doubts about marriage and the broken engagements.

Though Robert does not make the point, her description of Kafka's pendular thinking and feeling provides a clue to the quality of his prose. So far as I can recall, no Kafka critic ever has noted that the tone of his prose—in individual sentences—is marked by abstractness and by a transcendental resonance that conveys verbally the unresolved beliefs of the writer. It has been remarked that Kafka's language has the detached, matter-of-fact surface of bureaucratic prose, the kind of writing he did for the insurance company where he worked. But I think it is more accurate to say that Kafka invented a prose that is at once abstract and concrete. Thus the most simple and direct statements have a haunting implication of conflicts, meanings, frustrations, and anguish far beyond the palpable references evident at a quick reading.

Let me give a few examples, chosen at random. The opening sentence of *The Trial* seems quite ordinary: "Someone must have traduced Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning." The remark is plain enough. But it suggests the feeling of guilt, the idea of a false but inevitable arrest, and the sense of an uneasy and unresolved life that sets the stage for all the mixed and ambivalent motives of the entire novel. The key word is *traduced* (*verleumdet* in German) which invokes unseen accusatory powers. Similarly, at the beginning of "The Burrow," we read: "All that can be seen from the outside is a big hole, that, however, really leads nowhere. . . . I can make no boast of having contrived this

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ruse intentionally; it is simply the remains of one of my many abortive building attempts. . . . " Again, the reverberations of simply digging a house in the ground open the vista of a lifelong quest for a safe life and the fear of ever accomplishing it that fills the entire story with a dual sense of paranoia and normal activity.

This is not the sensibility or the achievement of a minor writer. In fact, Kafka was one of the modernist precursors of a fiction that does not abandon narrative but at the same time does not surrender it to the realism of the nineteenth-century novel and its debased popular versions today. Kafka's realism, like that of Proust and Mann, told a linear story but not one that pretends to capture the surface of everyday life. In this respect, Kafka has been a model for writing in the modernist and experimental tradition that has not forsaken traditional narrative. As André Gide once remarked: there is no reason why a slice of life cannot be vertical rather than horizontal. The example of Kafka also might be at least one answer to the seemingly endless debate about whether modernism is dead.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

WHO KILLED PRIMO LEVI?

THE DROWNED AND THE SAVED. By Primo Levi. Summit Books. $17.95.

After completing this last book, at the age of sixty-eight, Primo Levi committed suicide. We will never know whether he did so because it had been too painful to relive once again his dreadful past, or because he despaired of ever teaching all but a few the lessons of the Holocaust. In *Survival in Auschwitz,* first published in 1947, his experiences had poured out of him; he had "expelled them." After forty years, after writing also *The Reawakening, Moments of Reprieve, The Periodic Table, If Not Now, When?,* and a collection of short stories, *Other People's Trades,* he stepped back to examine, among other things, the fruits of his labor. Levi undertook this final, detailed analysis of the unique convergence of forces that made Auschwitz possible—in order to prevent their recurrence. Both his fictionalized accounts of survival in the Lager and the more strictly

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autobiographical ones testify not only to Levi's considerable talent as a writer, and to his personal modesty and honesty, but also to an inordinate ability and willingness to bare his innermost thoughts and feelings. It is no exaggeration, I believe, to state that he sacrificed his life so that the crimes of the *universe concentraire* would be remembered.

Even after regaining freedom and consciousness in 1945, Levi recalls, survivors suffered anew—from the shame even the most moral of them felt. How could they rejoin humanity knowing that they had come to accept inhuman conditions such as filth, hunger and promiscuity for the sake of survival; had lived without reflection, reason, and emotions; and had forgotten about country, culture, and family? For from the moment of entry, the camp management was determined to kill the "newcomers'" every instinct of decency, to set each one against every other one, in order to prevent organized resistance. Even inmates designated for the gas chambers the following day were shocked into abject fear not only of their German masters but of fellow inmates: "an infernal system such as National Socialism . . . [must] degrade its victims, make them resemble itself." Only the "fittest," and very few of them, managed to survive; this was not due to superior genes or abilities but to sheer luck: those who had skills the Germans needed (Levi was a chemist) were put to work, and workers received twice as much food (half of what is considered adequate) as everyone else. Excruciating hunger and inexorable fatigue alone, states Levi, would have made a revolt impossible.

Levi takes for granted that his readers know of the atrocities committed at Auschwitz and the other Lagers. But they don't know much about the dextrous attempts to suppress evidence of them. So long as they felt certain of winning the war, for instance, the Nazis expected to "dictate the history of the Lagers": before their gigantic crematoria were operational, they had piled up hundreds of thousands of bodies in a common grave. After Stalingrad, however, Levi informs us, they thought it best to erase this evidence, and they did so by forcing prisoners to exhume the pitiful remains and burn them on open pyres. In 1944, though on the run, the Nazis took time to blow up Auschwitz's gas chambers and crematoria, to burn all the Lagers' archives: were they to destroy every shred of evidence, including the last of the inmates, their deeds would remain secret.

Levi does not assign guilt—to perpetrators or victims. But he wonders what would have happened had the factories not exploited

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inmates as free laborers or routinely accepted a replacement for every dead one—killed either by SS guards or by work. Also, every German who saw the trains pass or noticed Jews being assembled for deportation "could *not not know* about the frightful atrocities being committed." Others knew something but managed to pretend they didn't, and yet others could have known everything but chose to keep their eyes and ears (and mouths) shut. This failure to divulge the truth about the Lagers, or to want to know it, "represents one of the major collective crimes of the German people," and demonstrates the cowardice Hitler's terror had reduced them to.

Levi reports that the systematic degradation of Jews and other minorities resulted in degradation, and in shame, for everyone inside and outside the Lagers. And he deplores the inevitable simplifications of even the most careful and accurate survivors' accounts. For instance, to bear witness meant also to "accept" the prevalent division into good guys and bad guys, into "we" and "them." Instead, Levi focusses on "the grey zones," such as the locations of the Jewish Kapos (and differences among them), and other areas of ambiguity: total moral collapse in both oppressor and victim was a necessary ingredient for the successful operation of the concentration camp. To demolish the new arrival, for example, the SS would kick and punch him right away, often in the face, scream an orgy of orders, strip him naked, shave all his hair, and turn him over to a Kapo who would not or could not treat him much better. Just as in more benign total institutions, such as prisons and asylums, the rookie was derided and subjected to cruel pranks and initiation ceremonies that allowed the seniors to vent their own humiliations.

A number of contemporary films, according to Levi, categorically separate the victims from the persecutors, but without considering that the space between victims and persecutors is far from empty; rather, it is "studded with obscene or pathetic figures . . . whom it is indispensable to know if we want to know the human species, if we want to know how to defend our souls when a similar test should once more loom before us." Moreover, I would add, such films further distort the reality of the camps and contribute to the misrepresentations of this technology of death.

Although Levi is a writer rather than a pragmatic philosopher, he now asks whether Germany was in the grip of collective madness or was rationally developing an inhuman plan; whether there was logical, evil intent (for the sake of the "Thousand-Year Reich"), or whether logic was absent. Notwithstanding the horror of Hiroshima

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and Nagasaki, the shameful Gulags, the useless Vietnam War, the Cambodian self-genocide, and many other stupid atrocities, he concludes that the Nazi concentration camp system remains unique: "Never have so many human lives been extinguished in so short a time, and with so lucid a combination of technological ingenuity, fanaticism, and cruelty." He wants us to remember and to do so with the necessary details and comprehension.

In the course of dwelling on generalizations from his own painful memories, and while reminding us that we are too quickly reconstructing this past, Levi recalls a meeting with a fifth-grader—a bright boy who wanted to know why he hadn't tried to escape. Not quite convinced by the answer, the youngster asked Levi to draw a map of the camp. He studied the drawing Levi made for him and then showed Levi where he could have ambushed the sentinel to cut his throat; how he then could have exchanged clothes with him, run to the power station to cut the electricity in order to deactivate the searchlights and barbed wire: after that, he stated with satisfaction, "You could have left without any trouble."

Levi is not arguing that one must have been in Auschwitz to know what it was like. But he is warning us against flattening out this gruesome history, against fitting it into the "convenient" truths" most people cherish, and which leads them to judge distant epochs and places with the yardstick prevailing in the here and now. Just as such errors have occurred in comprehending biblical and Homeric times, or Greek and Latin classics, he maintains, this is already happening with regard to the Holocaust: "The further events fade into the past, the more the construction of convenient truth grows and is perfected." The children and grandchildren of the victims already are too far removed to grasp it. Each successive generation will be even more removed.

Levi keeps implying that a fanatic like Hitler could take over only because decent people "inadvertently" gave up their autonomy, and that it is not enough to fight anti-Semitism or racism. Instead, we must actively oppose *all* fanaticism and *all* demagoguery. Towards the end of his life, he apparently gave up. But some of us, I hope, will continue to carry on for him, lest the six million Jews, the three million Poles, the Nazis' political opponents, and Primo Levi will have died in vain. How to do so, however, given our cultural resources, remains an open question.

EDITH KURZWEIL

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THE MAKING OF POLAND

THE STRUGGLES FOR POLAND. By Neal Ascherson. Random House. $19.95.
THE POLISH WAY. A THOUSAND-YEAR HISTORY OF THE POLES AND THEIR CULTURE. By Adam Zamoyski. Franklin Watts. $24.95.

In 1645, throngs of excited spectators filled the streets of Paris to watch the arrival of an enormous cavalcade—the Polish embassy with the magnate Rafał Leszczyński at its head. The splendid Arabian horses dazzled the eye: they were not only decked out in silk and velvet caparisons embroidered with pearls and precious stones but also, for this occasion, had been dyed in various colors. Most of them were deliberately loosely shod, so that now and again a horseshoe would come off as a gift for the Parisian folk. This was not a shabby gift at all: the horseshoes were made of solid gold.

In 1831, Paris welcomed another stream of Polish visitors. This time it was not an embassy from an independent country, and the procession, although greeted warmly, was far from triumphant. Thousands of survivors of the failed insurrection against czarist Russia entered France in that year and settled there to form the so-called Great Emigration. Their own country had been erased from the political map of Europe thirty-six years earlier and was not to reemerge for the next eighty-seven years.

Today, in the streets of Paris (as well as London or New York) again the sounds of the Polish language can be heard. And again people who speak it are most likely to be recent émigrés, driven out of their country by political persecution or economic misery. If they are just tourists, they come not on thoroughbreds, of course, but in rattling Polish Fiats. Instead of gold horseshoes, they litter streets with the empty cans in which they brought their food in order to save on hard currency.

This is how the West usually sees the Poles. Their thousand-year-long history presents itself to Western eyes as a history of failure. Adam Zamoyski, who in his immensely readable book recalls the 1645 episode, is quick to point out that the ostentatious splendor of Polish diplomatic missions at that time was misleading: such window dressing obscured the intrinsic weaknesses of the Polish political system and distorted the economic realities. More-

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over, in just a few years Poland was to plunge into a series of disastrous wars, never to recover fully again. Still, it is a fact that at the turn of the sixteenth century the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth was one of Europe's superpowers. With 990,000 square kilometers, it was the largest state in Europe; with a ten-million-strong multi-ethnic population, it equalled Italy and Spain and outnumbered England. With rich and cultivated soil, it drew enormous profits from the grain trade. Most important, its unique political system of "noble democracy" with elected kings, central power kept at a necessary minimum, relative religious tolerance and personal liberties enshrined in laws seemed to have made it a miraculous oasis in the midst of a Europe plagued by wars, religious persecution, and growing absolutism.

Against this background of prosperity, stability, and relative calm of the old Commonwealth, the more recent course of Polish history seems all the more shocking. In Neal Ascherson's words, "No other nation has suffered so much in this century, and gained so little." Not only the last century but the last three have been for the Poles one long series of calamities, punctuated from time to time by spectacular outbursts of reformist or insurrectionist activity, after each of which there usually came an even worse disaster. The liberal and democratic Constitution of the Third of May (1791) made null and void almost immediately by the final Partition of Poland in 1795; the insurrections of the nineteenth century defeated by the oppressor with sickening regularity; the regained independence of 1918–39 smothered by World War II and Communism; Solidarity swept underground by martial law—the pattern repeats itself too often, and the series is too long to be explained by an accidental run of misfortunes. In the traditional stock of patriotic allegories, Poland has usually been presented as a figure of a mother protecting her children. It seems sometimes that this allegory should be reversed: Poland is an underachieving, hopelessly unsuccessful child, whose parents—the Polish people—torment themselves endlessly with the question: "What went wrong?"

The worldwide attention attracted by the most recent of Poland's misfortunes, the suppression of Solidarity, is the reason why this question is asked with increasing frequency by Western historians as well. Only ten years ago one would have had a hard time trying to find a comprehensive and up-to-date history of Poland written by a British or American specialist. The eighties alone have brought about several such books, to mention only *The History of*

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Poland since 1863 edited by R. F. Leslie and, above all, two highly innovative and brilliantly written books by Norman Davies, *God's Playground: A History of Poland* and *Heart of Europe: A Short History of Poland.* Adam Zamoyski's *The Polish Way* and Neal Ascherson's *The Struggles for Poland* resemble Davies's approach in one essential respect: both books attempt to satisfy the demand for a popular, not necessarily academic outline of Polish history, in which the stress should fall not so much on a detailed factographic presentation as a coherent explanation of the Polish puzzle. Who are the Poles of the present? Why do they behave this way and not another? To what extent has this behavior been shaped by the nation's shared historical experience? These are the fundamental questions underpinning both books.

All of them, however, ask these questions in their idiosyncratic ways. Indicative is the proportion of space distributed to what can be called Old Poland (before the 1795 partition) and Modern Poland (the nineteenth and twentieth centuries). Zamoyski's book actually focuses on the history of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, devoting fifteen out of its twenty-two chapters to the epoch before 1795 and only one final chapter to the forty-odd years of Communist Poland. Ascherson's book, on the contrary, comprises the whole history of Poland up to the Partitions plus the nineteenth century in one initial chapter, in order then to devote the remaining eight to the twentieth century (four of which deal with the period after 1945).

This difference in proportion stems at least in part from the difference in authorial position. Put briefly, Zamoyski is more of a traditional, albeit popular, historian; Ascherson is more of a contemporary, albeit historically-minded, journalist. Both authors rely, to be sure, primarily on objective sources and documents, but their characteristic auxiliary devices are, for Zamoyski, a recorded anecdote, and for Ascherson, an interview with an eyewitness. Zamoyski's main point of interest seems to be located in the past; the given for him is the power and glory of the old Commonwealth, and to evoke that glory is the best way to bring into relief the ensuing process of both political deterioration and spiritual achievement of the modern generations. As a consequence, aside from the history of dynasties, conquests, wars, insurrections and the like, his book devotes a large amount of well-informed attention to material and cultural history, from the history of costumes and armors to that of music and ar-

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chitecture. (His remarks on the history of literature are, unfortunately, marked by a certain superficiality and carelessness in the selection of adjectives: the works of the eighteen-century satirist Ignacy Krasicki can in no possible way be called "impressionistic," nor can Witold Gombrowicz's novel *Ferdydurke* be classified as "Surrealist.")

In contrast, Ascherson is mostly interested in the nature of the modern Poles' political consciousness; although he, too, views historical experience and historical memory as the key to this phenomenon, he puts a greater stress on the shaping influence of the events of our age. One could say that in Zamoyski's optics, as in those of many other historians, the watershed event of Polish history is the Partition of Poland; from Ascherson's viewpoint, the significance of this event is undisputable, but it is the birth of modern political tendencies a century later (Roman Dmowski's nationalism and Józef Piłsudski's socialism) that carries more weight for the thinking of today's Poles. This difference is important because the Partition of Poland was one of those experiences that, though tragic, unified the nation spiritually, whereas the divergence of political opinions a hundred years later marked the beginning of a profound fragmentation which today forms the other, perhaps less visible, side of Polish society's responses to its predicament. Characteristically, Zamoyski entitled his book *The Polish Way,* as if one such way existed; Ascherson's *The Struggles for Poland* is by no accident put in the plural.

In terms of focus, point of gravity, and style of presentation, these two books are markedly different indeed. Perhaps their only shared feature is their sheer external appeal, achieved in both cases, among other things, by a truly exquisite choice of illustrations. But their conclusions, too, are similar. Zamoyski admits that "in conventional terms, the history of Poland is one of failure"; her destiny has not been fulfilled as "one of material culture, of political domination or of territorial expansion." However, "The achievements of the Poles lie elsewhere, in the field of political culture and moral civilization, and the mission they have fulfilled has been an ethical one . . . the Poles were playing the part of moral guinea pigs subjected to a series of political experiments. The fact that the rest of the world has chosen to ignore the lessons to be drawn from these is another matter." Ascherson seems to continue this line of reasoning when he says: "The struggles for Poland will go on. They are no

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longer struggles for basic national existence . . . Instead, they are a struggle to establish a truth. This courageous and experienced people in the heart of Europe will never be calm until it is allowed to solve its problems in a way which satisfies its own—very exacting—sense of morality and fairness." One of the most important recent successes of this "ethical mission," if not a total moral victory for the Poles, is that Western opinion, as exemplified by these two useful books, seems to have finally sensed the mission's validity and purpose.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK

A DISPASSIONATE CRITIC

THE ORDER OF BATTLE AT TRAFALGAR AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Bayley. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. $15.95.

John Bayley writes an urbane criticism with an acute peripheral awareness of the comings and goings of the latest critical fashions. His oblique glances at literary theory are incisive, though without the responsibility of argument and refutation. It is enough for him to discover an unappealing implication or to adduce an unacceptable analogy, distance himself from it, and suggest that we too as intelligent readers of literature might do the same.

An example: Terry Eagleton's dismissal of literature as a bourgeois concept, as "what gets taught" in Roland Barthes's denigration of it, evokes in Bayley's mind "an old Marxist piety." "The separation of literature from theory and teaching of it is like the 'alienation' of the individual in bourgeois society." Bayley is not intimidated by the desire for unity. "Suppose what we like about literature is its distance from us," and he quotes Bacon to the effect that we may desire another world which satisfies the mind in the way the actual world or, more strongly, "the nature of things" would deny. "In that case modern literary theory must write us off as incorrigible." This is hardly decisive as an argument, but rather effective as an expression of sensibility.

Yet Bayley is not content with the implication, "live and let live." The current situation of literature and criticism is deplorable

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in his view, though he doesn't quite put it that way. "Feminism, psychoanalysis, phenomenology, structuralism and post-structuralism" share "a similarity of mechanism" which deprives the student of the experience of "the human identity of a book." If "the object of the science of literature is not literature but literariness," then it should be clear "why modern criticism has got the modern literature it deserves." Bayley *is* capable of appreciating distinguished work of a mind not necessarily congenial to his own, as, for instance, in his discussion of Todorov.

Human identity, experience, life: they are reality and value terms in Bayley's critical "discourse" (I would expect a slight shudder from him in response to my attribution of "discourse" to what he writes). Poetry is not about poeticity for him (here his quarrel is with Frank Kermode's *The Sense of An Ending*), but about real things: " . . . poetry and literature [make] things *more* like things, not less like them. Wordsworth's poem was about a particular fine morning, and meeting a leech-gatherer, and joy and dejection and religious example." Elsewhere he finds support for his view that literature is about the real in an unexpected place, in Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being,* which, he claims, "neatly turns the tables on today's theorists about the novels." Against the prevailing view of the fictionality of fiction, Kundera shows a direct correlation between the "thoroughness" of the fictional imagination and its sense of reality. The trouble with much contemporary fiction, in Bayley's view, is the lack of conviction in the fictionality of fiction.

There are two apparently disparate impulses at work in Bayley's discontent with contemporary theoretical discussion. On the one hand, he finds in the structuralist and poststructuralist preoccupation with "codes and strategies" a disrespect for "facts and objects." (The first essay begins with a quotation from an essay by Lionel Trilling that appeared in *Partisan Review,* in which Trilling expresses nostalgia for a time when the intellectual had confidence that "he can *know* something—in what year the Parthenon was begun, the order of battle at Trafalgar, how Linear B was deciphered.") On the other hand, Bayley wants to protect the utopian ambition of literature, its yearning for a counterlife to the actual one in which we live. One way in which Bayley harmonizes these two impulses is by insisting on their interdependence, as he does in his admiring discussion of John Jones's *Dostoevsky*: "[Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's] vivid sense of actual life—*zhivaja shizn*—would be nothing without their longing for a new life—*voskresenie*—regeneration and resurrection. . .

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to arouse our longing, in fact, and ironically, for the world of the *novel*. This is an unexpected asset of the 'deeper realism': to make us feel and live as the folk in an ordinary novel can't." Bayley might have quoted Kundera here: "The characters in my novels are my own unrealized possibilities . . . Each one has crossed a border that I myself have circumvented. It is that crossed border (the border beyond which my own "I" ends) which attracts me most. The novel is not the author's confession; it is an investigation of human life in the trap the world has become."

How does Bayley measure up to his own standards for critical achievement? His observations of the "facts" of a writer's life and work are often keen and finely phrased. What emerges are particular identities, not products of a "similarity of mechanism." "[Kafka and Dostoevsky] use objects and people for the same purpose—to bury them in the mind, in obsessions, preoccupations, boredoms, so that they become part of the furniture of consciousness rather than that of the external world." Bayley's gift (impressively revealed in his book on Tolstoy) is to see the life of the author in the work. "Solzhenitsyn's greatest joy was in being able to teach once more, to feel the chalk, as he says, between his fingers." In a moving essay on Pasternak and the Russians, Bayley evokes Pasternak's familial character, his "feeling for the family of art," for "the Great Russian people, their sufferings, their endurance, their loyalties, their 'true way.'"

The urbanity of Bayley's manner often mutes a polemical bias, which resists what he takes to be mistaken ideological constructions of reality. The judgments are not entirely expected. Thus his extensive reading of Soviet and East European dissident literature leads him to the view that it suffers from "a parochialism of protest." He doesn't buy Joseph Brodsky's version of the familiar argument that the best of the dissident writers have produced a successful counter-fantasy to the fantasy (in the dishonorific sense) "that serves as the official Soviet version of life in Russia." Bayley sees something "fatal in this logic," an imitation, not a transcendence of the enemy. Perhaps this is so, but what is required is a more sustained examination of the issue, which the brief review and Bayley's urbanity make difficult. Bayley remains an admirer of Brodsky, Voinovich and others, and he doesn't press matters, because, one surmises, to do so might place the admiration in jeopardy.

In his review of Vassily Grossman's massive *Life and Fate,* Bayley resists the parallels Grossman draws between "the Nazi and communist systems" in a perspective that one might characterize as

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realistic, if not realpolitik: "Patriotism and decency are all very well, but what won the war was the sheer brutal discipline and drive of the Red Army and the Party . . . No one . . . can fail to be struck by the extraordinary achievements of that vigorous and dynamic totalitarianism, achievements in the tradition of Genghis Kahn himself." The appetite for a fuller exposition is whetted, but unsatisfied.

Bayley's generally admiring review of Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* is continuously qualified by a questioning of the narrator's judgments, for instance, on the reality and value of kitsch. "It is unfortunately typical of Kundera to run a good idea into the ground . . .the term 'kitsch,' as used by Kundera, oversimplifies the whole question of the mechanism by which we accept life and open our arms to its basic situations. All good writers, from Homer to Hemingway, have their own versions of it." The comment is characteristically provocative but hardly adequate as a rejoinder to Kundera's splendid meditation on kitsch.

This collection consists mainly of pieces on Russian and East European dissident writers: Solzhenitsyn, Pasternak, Akhmatova, Voinovich, and Kundera, among others. One is struck by what may be called a Western ambivalence in his response to them. He is an admirer of their work and a despiser of the system that oppressed them and against which their imaginations work. But there is a decided note of superiority in his judgments, a feeling that the dissident imagination is insufficiently free, ultimately constrained by the hated system, and it cannot do whatever justice should be done to the system, as Bayley, in the freedom of the West, is capable of doing. The issue becomes political as well as literary.

Bayley writes from an unbeleaguered position, so that while he is free to see hyperbole and distortion in the work of those who participate in the struggle, what is lacking in his complex urbane responses is the sense of pressure and urgency one gets in the work of the participants. One wants, however, to conclude on a note of gratitude. Bayley's critical independence is instructively provocative and refreshing. He is one of the happy few writing criticism these days who manages to slip free of most of the ideological constructions of literature and life: structuralist, poststructuralist, Stalinist, and even anti-Stalinist.

EUGENE GOODHEART

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MORE IDEOLOGY AND UTOPIA

LECTURES ON IDEOLOGY AND UTOPIA. By Paul Ricoeur. Columbia University Press. $35.00.

Lectures on Ideology and Utopia presents the transcribed notes for a course Paul Ricoeur taught in 1975. He has not reworked them, so the lectures are somewhat less polished and more redundant than a book would be. But the issue of the infection of knowledge by ideology is so important and the clarity Ricoeur brings to the subject so welcome that the rough spots are easily overlooked. Marx, Mannheim, Weber, Althusser, Habermas, Geertz, Saint-Simon, and Fourier are all considered here as Ricoeur retraces a debate to which he intends to make a contribution.

Ricoeur, of course, identifies himself as a practitioner of the hermeneutics adumbrated by Heidegger and spelled out by Gadamer. "Ideology" has been a key term for the suspicious reader, and Ricoeur sets out here to establish the term's positive meanings. The stakes are high: the preservation of a humanist core within political thought. Ricoeur's real target is Althusser; he wants to refute both Althusser's contention that the humanist Marx of the *1844 Manuscripts* is not the "real" Marx and his rejection of all Ideology as "distortion" which can be dispelled only by a rigorous adherence to the "science" of the mature Marx. Althusser no longer is as important as he was in 1975, but the radical attack on humanism that he represents continues, albeit more often now on terrain defined by Nietzsche and Foucault. Ricoeur's revitalization of the humanist tradition speaks directly to current debates, while his attention to political issues is welcome because the political consequences of debates in aesthetics and interpretation are often taken for granted—in silly ways that quickly become cliches. (For example, "the death of the author" is hailed as a liberation from bourgeois possessive individualism without considering the consequences of the individual's disappearance.)

Ricoeur begins by stating the antihumanist position. A negative understanding of ideology considers intellectual or cultural activities as untrue because they distort or disguise the material conditions governing men's lives and cover up the interests that motivate cultural stands. The ideological must always be interpreted (reduced

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to its real causes) if we are not to be misled. The classic problem confronted by such a view of ideology is how the interpreter himself can claim to be nonideological. If all ideas are distorted manifestations of material conditions and interests, then Marx's idea of ideology cannot be exempt, a conclusion first reached by Karl Mannheim and now known as Mannheim's Paradox. Ricoeur shows convincingly that neither Mannheim's attempts to imagine a disinterested observer of social phenomena nor Althusser's notion of a Marxist science successfully resolves this paradox.

Ricoeur himself offers two strategies to elude Mannheim's logical quandary. First, he insists that we must replace a model of superstructural (ideological) activities based on material realities with a model linking ideologies to beliefs about meaning and purpose. A focus on motives (an idea Ricoeur derives from Max Weber) explains how the superstructure can influence the base. A purely causal scheme, which ignores individual beliefs and motives, cannot account theoretically for the contribution of ideology to society. The concept of "motive" also serves Ricouer's humanistic goals since it emphasizes the human agent.

Ricoeur's second attack on Mannheim's Paradox introduces the term "utopia" by insisting that utopia, not science, offers the best alternative term to ideology. We escape complete immersion in ideology here and now by speaking from a "nowhere" (utopia) that allows us a distance from current realities. This nowhere is fictional and imaginative, but it serves to shatter the unity of the present to allow for critique. Ricoeur argues that all attempts to expose ideological distortion must contain some utopian element, some notion, however hazy, of an as yet unrealized social realm in which the injustices and inequalities that motivate ideological cover-ups do not exist.

Once motives are taken into account, ideology becomes linked to legitimation. The political, Ricoeur believes, deals fundamentally with issues of power, but no ruling group can successfully motivate other social groups solely through the threat of force. Political ideologies provide the legitimations that motivate obedience. Thus, ideology is conservative since it reinforces existing hierarchies. But a "gap" always exists between the ruling group's "claim" to rightful authority and the populace's "belief" in that claim's validity. The tension in ideology between its truth value and its being seen as distortion is due to this gap; ideology represents the ruling group's struggle

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to secure a belief which, to some extent, is always withheld. Utopian thought, usually associated with groups not in power, withdraws belief in current social arrangements and imagines a completely new organization of power or a society in which power is abolished.

If ideologies are tied to motives, however, a final step must be taken: the acceptance that ideologies are inevitable so long as it makes sense to think of humans as motivated beings. At this point, Ricoeur turns to Habermas and Geertz in order to argue that every society is founded on a primitive set of beliefs, a preexisting symbolic structure. Ideology identifies this set of beliefs, since no culture can claim absolute truth for its values; yet only adherence to a fundamental set of beliefs qualifies the individual as a member of this society rather than of another one. "In its function as integration, ideology is . . . basic and ineluctable."

Such statements of humanistic faith will hardly satisfy the antihumanist. But Ricoeur also works hard to show that the antihumanist position is philosophically untenable, irrespective of its political or moral content. The antihumanist must resort to humanist concepts in order to formulate his position. The complexity of motives, and the influence of beliefs (as distinct from interest) on behavior, retain an explanatory value that cannot be sidestepped completely, just as the concept of purposive human action cannot be altogether jettisoned. Antihumanists may dream of starting a civil war that brings about a complete political and social transformation, but Ricoeur's works suggest that they are much more deeply within the humanist tradition than they would like to believe.

JOHN McGOWAN

TOURISTS AT HOME

THE MISALLIANCE. By Anita Brookner. Pantheon. $14.95.
PERSIAN NIGHTS. By Diane Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $17.95.

The Misalliance is not a novel, really, so much as a portrait of a lady, a handsome miniature of a certain kind of woman, of a certain age, childless, alone and adrift in her own private universe. Blanche Vernon's husband has recently left her for a flighty young

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computer programmer, called (too fittingly, perhaps) Mousie, and, in a larger sense, the whole world has left her too, for the flashy novelties that Mousie represents. The setting of *The Misalliance,* and almost its only subject, is the curtained life of an elegant, intelligent, self-possessed woman, alone at her window on long summer evenings, looking out on the world from which she is excluded, and wondering to herself, without anger or self-pity, what it avails her to have prudence, patience, and forbearance in an age when all are out of style.

For Blanche is a model of old-fashioned goodness and Old World breeding in a time that appreciates neither, a kind of noble Hermione in a video arcade. She is one of those eminently civilized women who can use words like "behoove," "volage," and "noisome" with scarcely a trace of self-consciousness, and who consoles herself on lonely nights by taking Plato to her bed. Yet all her strengths are liabilities in a modish world that cannot take her on any terms except its own: because she is uncomplaining, she is seen as unfeeling; because she is strong, she is regarded as tough; because she is learned, she is deemed to be odd. Blanche's greatest sin is to be irreproachable.

The Misalliance explores this predicament not so much by putting Blanche into the world as by putting the world into Blanche. For Blanche, like many a solitary person, lives mostly in her own head, organizing her perceptions into the tidiest of patterns and inhabiting a private mythology. Considerably closer to art than to life, she gradually comes to see her world through the lenses of the neoclassical painters she so admires in the National Gallery—divided, that is, between the brilliant, charmed amoral gods who frolic careless in the clouds, and the well-intentioned, martyred souls below who are forever struggling to do the decent thing. The relevance of this scheme to her own life is almost painfully apparent, as sensitive, sensible, selfless Blanche is again and again confronted, and conquered, by a new breed of pretty young things who cannot imagine a world outside themselves. The simple, sadly perplexed question that the novel keeps asking is why men so often abandon good women for impossible ones.

Brookner herself obviously feels a strong sense of kinship with her heroine. For she too is a subtle classicist in an unsubtle pop-star age, bringing to the brittle surfaces of contemporary London a ceremonial fluency and an unfashionable sense of irony. And she too, an art historian when not engaged in writing novels, seems most

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at home amid the settled verities of still life. Her loveliest effects are painterly: "She saw the park at Versailles, always deserted in its farthest reaches, golden leaves settled in drifts around the bases of the statues, the water in the stone basins still, undisturbed by the fountains, and mirroring the slow clouds in their lofty movements." Mirroring the slow clouds in her lofty movements, Brookner excels at decorative domestic touches, at catching flowers and curtains, fabrics and china, the play of light on lusterless London evenings. "A shaft of sun struck through the window, as an almond biscuit, essence of bourgeois sweetness, crumbled into sugary dust on Blanche's tongue." Such is a Brookner epiphany.

In a sense, indeed, Brookner has the style and sensibility of a collector of antiques; her prose gleams with a burnished vintage elegance, and her weighty, beautifully carpentered paragraphs resemble Chippendale desks in which the sentences are arranged like impeccably organized drawers, each of them aglitter with bright jewels. Socially too, Brookner moves almost exclusively within a rarefied Jamesian domain of minute observations and fine discriminations, the small dinner-party world of the English upper-middle class, untouched by anything needy, and unchanged since the age of Bloomsburials. As a well-bred heir to the Grand Tradition, Brookner is habitually loath to raise her voice. Indeed, the discretion of her novel, and its distance from all vulgarities and headlines, is announced in its very first sentence: "Blanche Vernon occupied her time most usefully in keeping feelings at bay." The ambiguity about where the emphasis should fall (on "most" or on "usefully"?), the nice use of "usefully" to dissociate narrator from character, the scrupulous vagueness of "feelings" (what kind of feelings are being kept at bay, and whose?)—all usher the reader into the most decorous of drawing-rooms.

In a sense, then, *The Misalliance* itself ends up becoming very similar to the plush, exquisitely appointed, somewhat narrow room that Blanche inhabits; it is as lovely, as shuttered, and as sad. And much in keeping with the Woolfian tradition, very little really happens in the book: its plot is as impalpable as the shift from spring into summer; its moods develop as subtly as the changing light in Monet's studies of the Thames. Blanche is never haunted by the wild spirits that trouble her counterparts in Bowen or in Woolf; nor does she even share very much, except for her costly innocence, with the tea-cozy spinsters of Pym. Indeed, Blanche moves in almost no

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circles except her own mind, and her mind, like that of anyone alone, tends to move in circles of its own. At times, therefore, the book returns so often to its central contrast between women of no substance and excellent women that the point, for all its understated delicacy, may come to seem a little overstated.

In the end, though, Brookner's modest, flawless chamber is largely redeemed simply by the fact that it is wonderfully *inhabited.* In Sally Beamish, the languidly imperious temptress who reclines in her unmade life, treating the world as her personal plaything, Brookner has fashioned an unforgettable image of the kind of young beauty who captivates people stronger than herself, and masters life by mocking it, a perfect eighties Rosamond to Blanche's Dorothea Brooke. And in the attractive composure of Blanche herself, weak only in her dreams, Brookner invokes all the pathos of a passing age, knelled by the knowledge that "time misspent in youth is sometimes all the freedom one ever has; that is why the gods are always young." Over the course of a few short chapters, Blanche gradually becomes so real as to be sympathetic, and so sympathetic as to seem downright heroic. So when at last she resolves to throw aside her duty and presume for once upon the world, one almost feels like cheering. Without a hint of strain or fuss, Brookner has somehow moved from asking how a woman can please a man to wondering how a woman can please herself, and yet she has posed the issue with a subtlety too fine to be simplified by doctrine, and a civil grace that marks the distance between feminism and a feminine position.

Diane Johnson's novel begins at almost exactly the point where Brookner leaves off, with a self-determined, intelligent woman, in early middle-age, embarking on a trip alone, into the unknown, and so into an unknown self. Chloe Fowler, the heroine of *Persian Nights,* is, as her name suggests, a somewhat ingenuous and Victorian woman, old-fashioned enough to enjoy tatting, cooking, and childbearing, yet shrewd enough to recognize herself as "the most unliberated woman she knew." Like Blanche, she is sufficiently proper to conceive of adultery only with her husband's old friend, and like Blanche, she looks on with wry bemusement as men of her age throw over their wives for thoroughly unsuitable young girls. Like Blanche above all, Chloe "regretted this curse of reasonableness, and longed to be, but knew she could never be, flamboyant."

Unlike Blanche, however, Chloe gets the chance to take a holiday from self, if only, perhaps, because, as an American, she oc-

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cupies a much more open and empowered world. Where Blanche only walks through museums, Chloe actually works in one, and where Blanche comes almost to resemble an ageless and bodiless figure locked in some mythological frieze, Chloe is, for all her bookishness, an active contemporary woman living in a world of sex, of politics, and of sexual politics, In a sense, indeed, Blanche and Chloe do not inhabit different worlds so much as different ages, as different in their way as England and America. One might almost say that the Anglophile Chloe, who wishfully likens life in an American compound in 1979 Iran to the "life of an eighteenth century village, say, in England," is the kind of woman who longs to be an Anita Brookner heroine but is doomed by circumstance to inhabit a much more modern world.

All of which is another way of suggesting that Johnson's settings are much more banal than Brookner's impressionistic landscapes, yet also more exciting. For although Chloe is a modest homemaker, with quaint habits and PBS tastes, she is also a decidedly Californian woman, a peroxide blonde who shuns red meat, sticks to diet drinks, and frankly expresses her admiration for male bodies. Enthralled by the Islamic veils that she sees as both a refinement and a repression of the sexual urge, she is more of a feminist, and less of one, than Blanche could ever be, at one moment maintaining, rather stridently, that "to the eye of a guard, all women are interchangeable," at the next wondering dreamily "how Muslim men were in bed. Maybe they were terrific, intense, insatiable; you heard of men with harems who had to do it ten times a day."

Chloe brings to Shiraz, in short, both a mind overstuffed with rose-colored images of pavilioned sensuality torn from some unexpurgated copy of *The Arabian Nights,* and a highly realistic openness to romance quickened by the last-minute disturbance that has kept her husband at home. For more than two hundred pages, *Persian Nights* is little more, in fact, than a matter-of-fact account of Chloe's unsettled and exhilarated impressions of her strange new home, as well as a fairly standard tale of Californian suburban life, spiced up with thoughts of dysentery. In true soap-opera fashion, the American couples in the medical community in Shiraz swap partners, gasp at poverty, discuss their therapists, and long for egg creams.

Persian Nights is saved from becoming just another story about analysts and adulterers only by the menacing, fleetingly glimpsed presence of Iran in the background. For if the Americans in Shiraz

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are more interesting than they would be at home, that is only because they steal into different selves abroad, gathering secrets and prompting speculations. In the helter-skelter confusion of Iran in 1979, everyone is strange to everybody else, and everyone is suspect. Iranians watch Americans watching Iranians, none of them knowing who is Savak and who C.I.A., all of them assuming only the worst. By day, the Americans move through a prefabricated world of coffee and gossip; by night, they are alone again, and uncomfortably aware of shadowy presences at the edge of their vision—a figure at a window, a corpse in the dust, wild dogs howling in the dark.

With these penumbral shapes seeping across the Americans' vision, as ineluctable as blood across a Kleenex, the novel slowly gathers momentum until, very suddenly, in an extraordinary twenty-five-page scene at the ruins of Persepolis, the Iranian world once and for all blots out the American. Suddenly, the lights go dead, and the American sightseers who have come to watch a sound-and-light show are lost, separated from one another, alone in the dark. Through the long and vertiginous hours that follow, the tourists can only cower in the desert, listening to footsteps, distant calls for help, the occasional sound of gunfire. By the time the light has returned, unknown local forces are shooting it out down below, while the visitors remain crouched behind their rocks, guiltily aware of how much they should be doing and how little they really can do.

And suddenly, by the end of this wild and remarkable scene, *Persian Nights* has been transformed from a mild Forsterian comedy of manners into a palpitating drama. Suddenly the Islamic Revolution is no longer just an exciting topic for faculty-club discussion, but a deadly political struggle with stakes far deeper than the visitors can fathom. And suddenly, the blithe illusions that the Americans have smuggled in through customs are exploding in their faces, as their casual inability to distinguish one Iranian from another becomes a terrifying inability to separate good from bad.

All the visitors, then, undergo their own kind of Revolution. Chloe, for example, has until now grown steadily more Iranian—slower, more sensuous, dense with secrets; she has even taken to wearing a veil. After Persepolis, however, she is suddenly aware that the veil is not just an exotic kind of sexual aid, but also a set of blinders; it makes her unseeing as well as unseen. And as she is swept up in the country's turmoil, in Tehran for the first time, surrounded for the first time by everyday Iranians, and out in the

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streets, she is forced for the first time to recognize—like Sarah at the end of *The Raj Quartet*—how deeply she is implicated. In the final, clamorous scenes of the Americans' inglorious flight—fighting and fretting over boxes of caviar to take away with them—Johnson slyly notes how their destinies for the first time reflect those of the people around them. And the violence in the Iranian streets is more than matched by the turmoil in the American hearts, as they struggle with the mixed feelings of leaving danger behind. For the saddest goodbyes of all, as Johnson knows, are those we say to ourselves, at foreign airports, as we shed the daring and irresponsible selves we have come to acquire abroad and recollect our normal working lives.

Persian Nights becomes, therefore, a penetrating meditation on Abroad, and on the price we pay for seeking unrealities. Abroad eroticizes us, propelling us into a heightened state of sensation, but finally, our flirtation with the unknown makes claims on us we did not seek. Abroad, we have the luxury of imagining ourselves heroic, able to change every life including our own; but in the end, as Chloe learns, the thrilling cloak-and-dagger schemes that she dreams up to help out various Iranians are mostly ways of helping her image of herself. Abroad, we are free of identity, but in the very same breath, we are also loosed from every kind of certainty. *Terra incognita* is seldom *terra firma.*

Diane Johnson has none of the gorgeous finish of Brookner or the chamber-music beauty. Hers is an altogether looser style, with nary an ugly sentence, and nary a striking one. When her characters thrash out "penis envy" on the streets of Shiraz, one winces, perhaps, as Blanche might do, and when she heads her chapters with quotations from Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám,* one senses the literary critic hijacking the novelist. The dazzling scene at Persepolis is almost blocked out by the wealth of its symbols (the outbreak of violence coinciding with the coming of Chloe's period, for example, and the final struggle centering upon the all-too-relevant image of an American archaeologist selling arms to rebels in exchange for artifacts, precious pieces of their past). As their occupations might suggest, Johnson is the more literary of the two authors, and Brookner the more artful, for better and for worse.

In the end, however, the distance between the two is best measured, perhaps, by the different kinds of English that each applies to her title: Johnson's describes, with straightforward irony, the romance of the visitor who finds in her Persian nights more mystery

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and more darkness than she bargained for; Brookner's passes an altogether more detached and ambiguous kind of sentence. That may be because Johnson is using her slightly flimsy characters to point up a breezy moral lesson on the deceits and seductions of being a tourist at a revolution; Brookner is crafting a much more private elegy for the kind of woman who is a tourist everywhere, even, and especially, at home.

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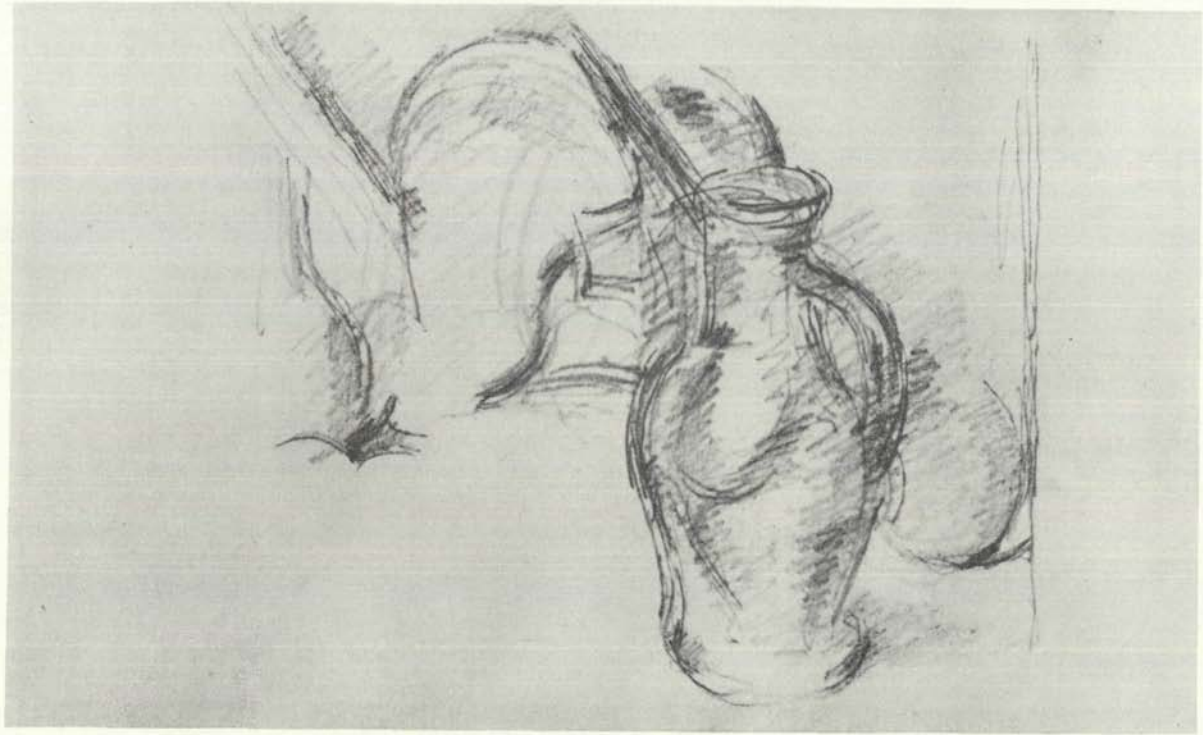

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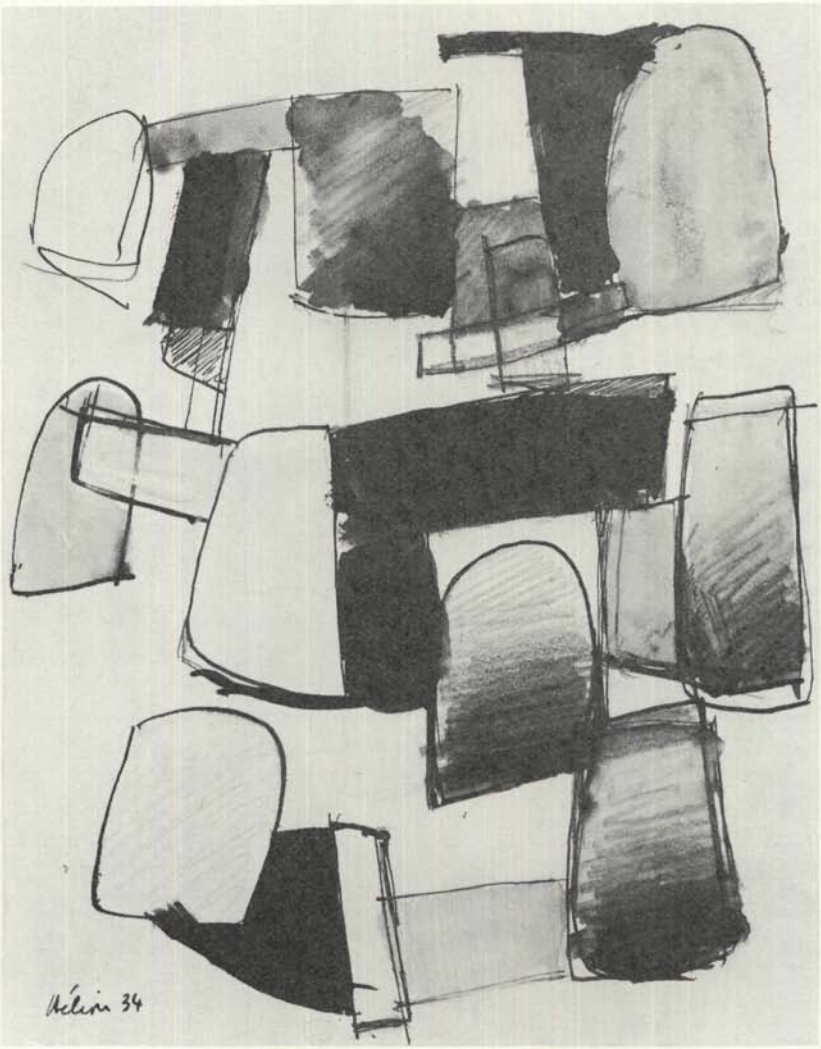

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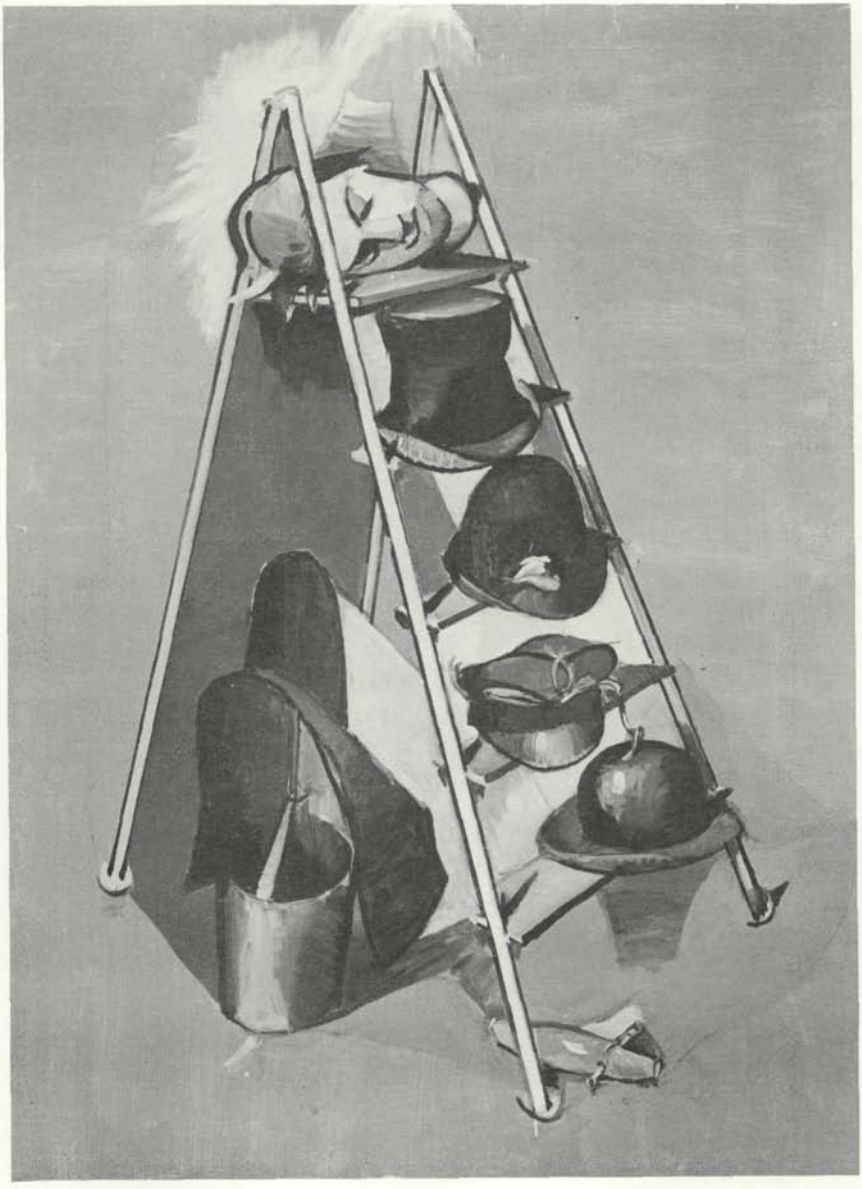

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